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# THE MEMOIRS

OF THE

CELEBRATED AND BEAUTIFUL

# MRS. ANN CARSON,

DAUGHTER OF AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY,

AND WIFE OF ANOTHER,

WHOSE LIFE TERMINATED IN THE
PHILADELPHIA PRISON.

SECOND EDITION,

REVISED, ENLARGED, AND CONTINUED TILL HER DEATH,

BY MRS. M. CLARKE,

Authoress of the Fair American, Life of Thomas L. Hamblin, Edwin Forrest, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, 1838.

NEW-YORK:

Sold at No. 167½ Greenwich st. and N. E. corner of Nassau and Greenwich sts.—Wholesale and Retail.

RB E182.C32

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2 vols. in one

## THE AUTHORESS' ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

On the issuing of the first edition of the following work, I anticipated receiving my proportion of the pecuniary part resulting from the sale, which was rapid—for near two weeks, forty and fifty copies were sold every day—therefore, it was evident a second edition was requisite to meet the public demands—but the publisher for reasons best known to himself, absolutely declined any further interest in the affair, and Mrs. Carson's conduct, after the book had succeeded, fully justified him with the respectable portion of society; he had served her from feelings that did honour to his heart. She abused his philanthropy, by turning her money to the basest purposes—got into prison once more, where she died; and so powerful was the popular prejudice predominating against her, that I could never induce any respectable bookseller to publish a second edition for me.

I am, thank Mis-Fortune, no favourite with Dame Fortune, who has set her great wheel firmly on my head—intending, I suppose, to hold me in, if not absolute poverty, humble obscurity—well, thought I, be it so, I have still the power, as Burns says,

To laugh and sing,

Thank Heaven, the blind jade cannot kill me.

Thus situated the book has lain dormant for many years, though frequently enquired for. I had no money to purchase paper and pay for printing and binding, which must be done before a book can be brought out for sale, therefore I fancied I had only played

——— "Labour Lost,"

in writing it. But

That Great Power that reigns unseen,
Whose word is not an idle dream,

has, I trust, willed it otherwise. On my visiting Philadelphia in the Summer of 1838, as my permanent residence was then in New York, I called at the office of a young man with whose parents I had long been intimate, and with him I found

"That Friendship is not a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame
But leaves the poor to weep:"

For after some desultory conversation on matters and things in general, he enquired why I prolonged my residence in New-York? I re-

plied, for obvious reasons too tedious to mention, one was a fixed determination not to return and reside in Philadelphia, though it is

My dear, my native home,

unless I could support the same style of living I had ever been accustomed to in the city—if I must be poor, my dear sir, let it be among strangers. The citizens of New York are in general, a gay, liberal minded, cheerful, sociable people: they value money, and practice, as Burns says,

Every wile

that is justified by honour, to get it—but they respect talent, and reward it much more promptly than the Philadelphians do, though perhaps not so permanently—and I believe I shall remain there until I die: although I should like to be laid in Christ Church burying ground, along with my mother, and Doctor Franklin—the one I loved, the other I respected more than any other person in the world, excepting General Washington.

I dropp'd a bitter, bitter tear,
And dash'd it off with trembling fear:—

but he observed it, (what escapes the eye of sincere friendship?) and said, Madam, why do you not re-publish the Life of Ann Carson? the right of property rests in you alone, and I frequently hear it enquired for. Simply, sir, said I, because I have not the means, and cannot get a bookseller to publish it on shares, as Mr. D. did. Pho, said he, is that all the reason—then I will furnish the means: send all the different persons connected with the business to me, I will satisfy them, and you can repay me by the sale of the work in a year or two: this settled the whole affair. I am now able to present the public with an enlarged edition of that celebrated, and often called for, book. This may be my last publication, and its proceeds will probably, smooth my passage to that

Long-sought home, the GRAVE,
And lay my mortal part where nature craves
But the spirit soars to Him who gave it breath
Oh! may that, never know eternal death
But from the Creator e'en here forgiveness find
And bid the world farewell; to God resign'd.

I am the public's

Very humble servant,

M. CLARKE.

November 28, 1838.

# INTRODUCTORY LETTRES.

MRS. MARY W., TO MRS. A. S.

*Richmond, Vir. April 6th*, 1822.

MY DEAR ANN,

THE pleasure I enjoyed in your society a few short years ago, has left an impression on my heart and mind nothing can obliterate, transient as was our acquaintance. It was like an elysian dream, felt to be lost to me forever. That ever busy gossip Fame, has circulated a rumour of misfortunes, of which you are said to be the victim, that wring my heart to agony; and although I am unwilling to give that fusty dame more credit than is generally due to her, yet as I know you to be a favourite protegée of misfortune, who seems to have adopted you at your birth, and presided over your life hitherto, I dread the worst for you, and anticipate a host of horrors as surrounding you. Great God I exclaim, must a heart tender, affetionate, generous and sincere, again be lacerated by a cold unfeeling world; and a mind, liberal and informed as yours, become the inhabitant of a loathsome prison, and an associate for the dregs of society! subservient to the keepers, chosen from the lowest grades of mankind, with hearts rendered callous to every sentiment of humanity—minds arrogant, imperious and uninformed, therefore illiberal; such men will ever prove tyrants, when invested with a little brief authority, to those who are unfortunate enough to become subservient to it; while, to their superiors, they are fawning sycophants. Or proud haughty inspectors, some of whom, if their deeds of darkness could be brought to light, no doubt merit confinement more than you can possibly do. I know your mind rises superior to the common forms of society,

spurning duplicity; and the rumours now in circulation bear such symptoms of authenticity, that my heart is agonized by them; and my imagination, ever prone to torment me, pictures you as suffering every pang the human bosom can feel. Yet such is my knowledge of the goodness of your heart, that I cannot even for a moment doubt the rectitude of your intentions; yet I have often trembled at that proud independence of mind which is so peculiarly your own, as a source from whence deep and bitter afflictions might arise. Women are at best poor dependent creatures; before marriage our parents govern us with despotic sway; and the customs of society, more arbitrary than the laws of the Medes and Persians, demand from us even the sacrifice of the heart's best and purest emotions, which must all be immolated at the shrine of false delicacy, and the opinion of our friends; who forsooth, because they have outlived the age of feeling and sentiment, imagine they possess the power of restraining the soft impulses of all-powerful Nature in our hearts. And it is only by a deviation from the emanations of our Creator, and a conformity to the dictates of that worldly virtue prudence, we can ever hope to merit the approbation of our friends and relatives. Therefore, wo be to that female who presumes to think for herself, or seek for happiness through other optics than the glass of good Madam Prudence. Now you, my dear Ann, are too much the child of nature to sacrifice your feelings to the world's behests, and for obeying the dictates of an affectionate heart and a strong mind, have fallen a victim to that world. Be that as it may, rest assured my friendship and affection are for you as strong and sincere as ever—no time can obliterate the one, nor misfortune change the other. If you are now at liberty, hasten to me on the receipt of this; my house shall be yours, your children shall become mine by adoption, and on the bosom of friendship, in the calm shades of retirement, find a balm for the sorrows that have tortured your heart, and I fear driven reason from her throne. The enclosed will obviate all pecuniary objections; use it freely, as a memento of the friendship of

Your's sincerely,

MARY W.

MRS. A. S., TO MRS. M. W.

*Phil. April 15th*, 1822.

YOUR friendly epistle, my ever dear Mary, is the first balm that has soothed my lacerated heart for some months past. But it is like you, to pour the balm of Gilead into the wounds of a traveller such as me, robbed of every earthly consolation. I perused the dear, the well known characters, with a sensation of pleasure I never expected to experience again; the tears of satisfaction they excited poured down my burning cheeks, cooled the fever of my mind, and soothed the anguish of my aching heart; to be by you remembered with friendship, when I fancied myself forsaken, it was delightful. Yes, Mary, the report that reached you was correct; I have been condemned to a loathsome prison, but innocently condemned; one single word implicated me in a transaction to which I was a total stranger. It has often been said that woman never should write, alas! I have written once to often. You, in some respects my dear Mary, mistake the character of the keepers; mine were generous and humane—one, one tyrant alone had the barbarity to increase my sufferings. For a time they were certainly dreadful, yet I spurned his power—my fortitude raised me above oppression. Pardon me if I do not cannot accept your generous invitation; indeed I will not carry my miseries into the abode of domestic happiness, such as I know you enjoy. You invite me to find a balm in the bosom of friendship, in the shades of retirement. Alas! my friend, can that produce the letheian draught that will eradicate *memory?* Mary, you can form no idea of the wretchedness of my situation at present, but this aching heart and burning brain endures them all! Yes, endures all without a murmur or a sigh;

> "The outward smile conceals the inward smart
> And tears alone relieve my bursting heart."

I scorn complaint. My present feelings are like those of a wretched criminal, condemned to suffer death upon the rack a respite is given, yet he anticipates a renewal of his agonies, when his wasted strength shall return to enable him to endure further torment. This proud heart

of mine smiles in calm disdain on those who seek to humble it—I ne'er will cringe or bow to mortal man. I have lost all that could sooth the ills of life, save my children and it is there only I am vulnerable. Through them alone the world can torture me; for oh! a mother's fondness hangs on my heart, and I find I am a woman still. Your friendly, though too flattering letter, will, when far from you, be to me a source of pleasure; and however strewed with thorns my future path may be—nay, should the storms of heaven and earth conspire to wreck this shattered bark, your idea will, amidst them all, afford a gleam of sunshine that will cheer my deepest gloom. Educated in ease and plenty, accustomed to an active life and the gratification of my taste and feelings, I have now to seek the means of subsistence, with a mind unsubdued by the storms of adversity, a name stigmatized by unmerited obloquy; what method shall I adopt? indeed *I* know not. Hitherto my own industry and attention to business has been my sources for independence; but now that popular prejudice has closed every avenue to *honourable* employment against me, I am like a wounded deer pursued by the hunters, though I may for a short time keep them at bay, yet I fear I shall ultimately become their victim. How then could you receive so stigmatized a being as your bosom friend and companion? No, no; such happiness is not in reserve for me, nor could my proud spirit condescend to become dependant even on you, my best and dearest friend; you must therefore excuse me, and mpute that to an independent spirit, which the world might call pride in your ANN SMYTH.

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MRS. MARY W., TO MRS. ANN SMYTH.

*Richmond, June 1st*, 1822.

MY DEAR ANN,

YOUR proud, nay, I will say haughty refusal of my, I will acknowledge, selfish request, has mortified though not disappointed me. How could I expect that you, who possess talents so pre-eminent, and a soul so nobly independent, could seclude yourself in my hermitage—

the idea was too preposterous; but the desire I feel to attach you wholly to myself created the wish, and what we desire we expect to attain. However, bear it ever in memory, should those storms you anticipate beat your bark on an unfriendly shore, or your hopes be shipwrecked on the shoals of disappointment, there is still an anchoring harbour to receive you,

> Where unseen, unknown you may reside,
> And calmly glide a-down life's tide.

Meanwhile, if you can devote your time to it, and memory will endure the retrospection, I entreat you to commit to paper the principal events of your variegated life. Singular and dreadful they must have been, thus to have driven from society a woman formed not only to be an ornament to it, but a useful member. Where slept your guardian angel in that fatal hour, when human laws united you to a man who could leave you for years unprotected, in the bloom of life, to labour for the support of three infant children? the whole has so much the air of a romance, that was I not convinced, too fatally convinced, of its actual existence, I should doubt its truth; but I know I can depend on your veracity and candour, for a simple detail of facts. The perusal may cost me many tears, but you know how predominating a sensation curiosity is in a female bosom, therefore, do not disappoint my high raised expectation by a second refusal; for while I retain the precious *morceau*, I shall still fancy you are with me; and as I retrace the tale of woes you have endured, written by your own hand, my tears will flow in sympathy with your afflictions; and though I may execrate the authors, I shall still love the sufferer; and perhaps, at a future period, sooth her mind to peace, by leading her hopes from earthly to heavenly joys. My dear Ann, farewell! though I flatter myself we shall meet again on earth, or, if not here, in realms of never ending bliss. God grant the prayers of your ever affectionate

MARY W.

## Mrs. A. S., to Mrs. M. W.

*Phila. June* 14, 1822.

What a task have you imposed on me, to recall scenes of pain and pleasure long past, and over which the wings of time have cast the shades of oblivion, nay, even memory has imbibed the letheian draught, so famed in days of yore, and I have half forgotten the miseries that at one period of my life drove me to the verge of *madness*. How kind and soothing are your professions of friendship, and how truly feminine are the indulgences you manifest for my errors, (for oh, Mary, that I have deeply erred is an incontrovertible truth.) Were all the professedly virtuous women like *you*, small in comparison to what it now is would be the lot of unfortunate females in this world; that I do not add one to the number is more extraordinary than any thing that has yet befallen me. No mercenary motives have ever influenced me, nor have I ever sacrificed my person or prostituted the feelings of my heart. Such a derelection from Nature's laws I have ever held in the most sovereign contempt.—From desire for amusement I may have been a gay coquette, but had I been blessed as some married woman are, with the fond protecting care of a husband, no man would have presumed to offer me that admiration and adulation which tempted me to trifle with the gay flatterers that courted my attention. That I have been careless of appearances has been the rock that has wrecked my peace, for on appearances rather than facts have I been accused. Pursued with a virulence that might be called rancor, and at length condemned to a contempt unmerited, yet in compliance with your request, as the last tribute I can pay to your disinterested friendship, commenced at a period when persecution pursued and drove me from my home, from my maternal duties, and sent me a wretched wanderer from the place of my birth to seek an asylum among strangers. It was then your friendly bosom became my solace, and, though but partially acquainted with my misfortunes, you soothed my wounded feelings by sympathy and consolation; would I had then taken your advice and returned no more to my birth-place, but the dear idea of home drew me hither. Now I am lost for ever. Man

delights me not, nor woman either. Towards the first my heart is cold as Alpine snows—the latter has deceived, duped and betrayed me—therefore, I despise and hate them. My dear Mary, it was a female that betrayed me into the hands of mine enemies. One that I had sheltered and protected—the playfellow of my youthful days—the friend of my riper years.—Her testimony was of no consequence, yet the pious and good citizens of this city of brotherly love, condemned to labour and imprisonment, merely from popular prejudice, not a conviction of my guilt, a female born and educated in its bosom, a woman who had been a wife, a mother, a house-keeper for years in its most central part; one in whom confidence the most implicit had been placed by all persons whom business brought her acquainted with *entre nous*. Justice has with her sword severed me from society. I stand alone, a blank in creation; but let those who have brought me to this, tremble for the day of retribution will arrive, and that God that sees in secret will amply avenge me in public on mine enemies. Pardon, dear Mary, this digression; I am become an egotist, therefore your request will be congenial with my present humour. I will, as you request, commit to paper, and for your perusal, only my whole history, as well as that of my family, and be assured "I will naught extenuate nor set down aught in malice." To you, as to the great Author of my being, my most secret thoughts and actions shall be revealed. From that flow of the milk of human kindness that swells your bosom only can I hope for pardon, when to you I unfold the intricacies of this widely erring heart; and yet I think it merits not too rigid a critic, for really I never intended doing wrong, but somehow or other my evil genius continually led me into quagmires, and then left me to extricate myself as well as I could. Had I suffered my head to rule my heart, Prudence might have preserved me from worldly censure. I am no hypocrite, and the action I dare commit, I dare to acknowledge. You shall therefore soon see *Ann* and all her faults in *propriæ personæ*, till then expect not to hear ought from or of me. I shall go, I know not whither; my mind is a chaos, I dare not revert to the past—the

present is dreadful, and to anticipate futurity is horror. I, that was once the gayest of the gay, now am what? a *non entity*, a blank in creation. But I will not despair —to God alone I will commit my fate; where his power directs thither will I bend my steps, and from thence address my pacquet to you. Till then once more adieu, —how dreadful is the pang that rends my bosom when I think it may be a long, a last adieu. Oh! Mary it is too much but it must be so, farewell for ever; in this life we meet no more, that we may in heaven will ever be the prayer of your's,

ANN SMYTH.

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MRS. A. S. TO MRS. M. W.

*Phila. Sept. 14th*, 1822.

You no doubt, my dear Mary, imagine from my long silence that I am no longer an inhabitant of this world; the enclosed however will convince you of my existence, and compliance with your request; the writing of the MS. has employed all my interval of leisure and relaxation from labour, as I am now compelled to toil for a poor subsistence. Heaven has in mercy restored my health of body and mind—I am now tranquil, nay, frequently does a beam of my former gaiety exhale from the gulph of depression, in which my almost unparalleled misfortunes has sunk my spirits, and irradiates my mind. And if I am not happy, I am fully resigned to the just dispensations of an all-directing Providence, to whose rod of correction I humbly bend, and to whom alone I now trust for support and protection. I am, as you will learn by the post-mark, still in Philadelahia; indeed I cannot yet quit this city; the future establishment of my orphan children still demands my attention and exertion, for would you believe it, my dear Mary, William Flintham and Christian Febiger, who, my sad story will inform you, is the brother of captain Carson, and joint administrator with the first named gentleman to their aunt's estate, has, with the most unparalleled cruelty, detained from these helpless orphans the small pittance which they heired in

right of their father from that lady for upwards of four years, leaving them friendless and destitute, without the means of support, abandoned to the mercy of strangers. O Mary, when I think on this injustice, my blood curdles in my veins;—yet these honest men will condemn their needy brethren to years of imprisonment for passing a counterfeit note. Shame on such laws, that upholds villainy when masked in form of law, and practised under the garb of religion. But your astonishment will cease when I tell you that these gentlemen have for their counsellor Thomas Bradford, jun. whose father, Thomas Bradford, sen. stands security to my children; and that William Flintham is brother-in-law to this able and confidential counsellor, you will perceive how the whole business has been conducted; suffice it to say, that it has involved their guardian in a law suit, which, I trust, will terminate next December; then I can take them under my own protection, and bury myself in some secluded retreat, where, unknowing and unknown, I may sink obscurely to a peaceful grave.

THE

# MEMOIRS

OF

# MRS. ANN CARSON.

My maiden name you know, my dear Mary, was Baker. My grandfather, on my father's side, was a native of Leicestershire in Great Britian; he was by trade a house-carpenter. Fortune smiled on his industry, and he enjoyed in age the blessings of health, ease and independence. I have often heard my father say his abode was the emblem of rural elegance, neatness and comfort. The first alloy to human happiness his family ever experienced, was occasioned by the death of my grandmother, for which her children were inconsolable: this event took place when my father was but ten years of age. My grandfather soon after married his housekeeper. This marriage so incensed his children, that my uncle Edward, his eldest son, who had been raised to the same trade as his father, bid adieu to his native place, and embarked for America, which was then a colony, dependant on Great Britain, and at that period looked on by the high-spirited and enterprising Englishmen, as the land of *Promise*, on his emigration he brought my father with him, then twelve years of age. At this time the disputes between Great Britian and the colonies (which terminated in the *Independence* of the latter) had commenced; remonstrances and replies were passing, thus, party spirit began to disturb this once happy region. My uncle Edward in a short time became disgusted with the new country, and

returned to England. My father having, during this short period imbibed a strong portion of the then prevailing mania for liberty, equality, independence, and the rights of man, soon evinced his enthusiasm by concealing himself from his natural protector, till he quitted the country; and remained in Philadelphia. After my uncle's departure, my father emerged from his concealment, and articled himself to captain Gustavus Cunningham, as an apprentice to the sea.

With this man he continued several years, enduring all the severity a harsh and cruel master could inflict on him, in addition to the hardships incidental to a sea-faring life; but he was in a land that holds liberty and equality for its motto, and had the prospect of becoming a citizen of that country when his apprenticeship expired; this idea supported him through all his trials, and enabled him honourably to fulfil his contract with captain Cunningham.

On the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and her colonies, captain Cunningham took the command of an American privateer, and made several successful trips against the enemies of our country, till at length they were taken prisoners, carried to New York, and put on board the Jersey prison-ship. Here he endured every misery that could possibly be inflicted; deprived of liberty, light, and food, only permitted once in twenty-four hours to even inhale the air, and that but for a short period. I have often heard him say, death would have been preferable to what he was condemned to suffer. His hair, of which he had a profusion, all fell off; his health and spirits declined. Thus he suffered for many months, but at length was exchanged, and returned to Philadelphia with a heart panting for revenge on his persecutors, and more than ever inflamed by love for the cause he had engaged in, and the country he had adopted as his own. He then entered as an officer on board the Rising Sun privateer, commanded by captain Stephen Decatur, sen. with whom he made several successful cruises, and acquired a considerable sum of money. He then changed his situation from the Rising Sun to the famous privateer Holker, which was at that

time the pride of seamen, and the terror of all British merchantmen.

The United States had then few, or no regular ships of war; so that all our naval enterprises were conducted, and the ships owned, by private individuals. Amongst the number, Blair M'Clenahan held the first rank, and was owner of the Holker. My father continued on board the Holker some time; during this period he had fallen in love with my mother, then a celebrated beauty in Southwark, and just entering in her fourteenth year. Had you, Mary, ever seen her, you would not wonder at the deep and lasting impression her charms and affectionate disposition then made on the susceptible heart of a young man, ardent, and enthusiastic. Suffice it to say, that flattered by the declared adorations of this young hero, her heart soon felt a mutual passion. and was as favourably received as his most sanguine wishes could desire.

My mother's father was a native of Ireland, as was her mother; (his name James M'Cutchen) and on their emigration to America they settled near Brandywine-creek, in the state of Delaware; his occupation was that of a farmer. Here they resided some time: he then removed to Philadelphia, where in it my grandfather commenced grazing, which business engaged the attention of numbers of foreigners. He was so successful that his family lived in ease and plenty; wealth poured on him; but, in an ill fated hour, he was induced to enter into pecuniary engagements for a person he then fancied his friend, and endorsed notes to the amount of all his worldly wealth. The failure of his friend reduced him to penury, while *Mr. Garrett*, for whose debts my grandfather suffered, having secured his property, continued in affluence.

Such are the deficiencies of our laws, that while an honest man sinks into poverty, the villain that effected his ruin continues rolling in wealth, and laughs to scorn his too confiding friend. This was the death of my maternal grandfather; with broken spirits, and a heart tortured by treachery and ingratitude, he sunk to the grave, and was soon after followed by his eldest son, his partner, then an active enterprizing young man,

who, unable to support the misfortunes of his family, died of a rapid consumption, in a few months after his father. My grandmother endeavoured for some time to keep her family together, till Providence propitiously enabled them to provide for themselves. My father then received the old lady into his house, where she remained for several years, until my uncle Samuel, (my grandfather's third son) more fortunate than his father, having amassed a fortune, settled on her an annuity, which he continued until her death.

But to return to my father. The command he held on board the Holker, and the calm courageous spirit he ever evinced, made him beloved by the men, and so fully gained the confidence of the proprietors, that on captain Lollar resigning the command of this celebrated vessel, they offered her to his acceptance.

My father declined the offer from motives of delicacy towards a superior officer, whom he thought best entitled to the command, but accepted the situation of first lieutenant; soon after this arrangement the Holker proceeded on her cruise.

There is certainly a power unseen, unknown, that presides over the fates of men; in this instance it was manifested in my father's favour. During the short time the Holker was going down the river Delaware, the new commander proved himself so unlike the former noble one, (captain Lollar) that my father became disgusted; and excited by his ardent proud spirit, he, on the pilot's resigning the vessel to the captain at the capes, jumped into the pilot-boat, and once more returned to Philadelphia. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this action saved his life. A few days after my father left the Holker, she was chased by a British vessel of superior force; every sail was spread to the breeze to save her, for by flight alone she could hope to avoid her impending fate, for some time she fled before her pursuers, anticipating a happy escape; till the bark could no longer sustain the heavy press of sail crowded on her; the beams opened, and this celebrated little vessel was received into the bosom of the ocean. Many on board perished by this unfortunate event. My father would certainly have become a victim, as he had never learned the art of swimming. However, he

lost all the property he had on board, as in quitting the vessel, he did not take any thing with him; but, on his return to Philadelphia, he was rewarded for all his sufferings and losses, by receiving from her father, the hand of his lovely and beloved Jane. They then established themselves in a style suitable to his rank and fortune; the first being highly respectable, and the latter easy. Blessed and blessing, he for a time enjoyed all the raptures of domestic happiness in the arms of his young and lovely bride; he became the father of an infant daughter, as my mother entered her sixteenth year.

Soon after the close of the revolutionary war, my father became a partner with my uncle Robert Loague, the husband of my mother's sister. They purchased a schooner, and commenced business in the West India trade, in which he continued but a short time. The command of so small a vessel not according with his views, he resigned her to another captain, and entered into the employ of a merchant who gave him a larger one, in which he continued several years.

During his absence my mother sold his share of the schooner, to take up a note of grandfather's, and save his sinking credit. By this action my father suffered considerable loss: but he kindly forgave my mother, and attributed her imprudence to the best motives, filial affection; their regard for each other was mutual, their happiness uninterrupted.

Shortly after this, my unfortunate self made my *entree* into this vale of tears, for such indeed it proved to me. I was their second child; my father continued in the mercantile trade with considerable success; his family increased rapidly; and I can truly say that my days of childhood and youth were uninterrupted; scenes of perfect happiness unalloyed. I received my education at the best seminaries Philadelphia then afforded; no expense was spared, but the volatility of my disposition, and that haughty independence of mind, which has so strongly marked my riper years, interfered too much with my studies, and prevented me from obtaining that pre-eminence I ought to have acquired.

Could children duly appreciate the value of their time, while their tender minds are capable of receiving

those precepts, fraught with wisdom, that good and wise men have laid down for their information, and forward the views of their fond parents by paying that attention to the lessons marked out for them by their preceptors, how invaluable would that era of our lives be to us; it is then the human character is modeled, and the seeds sown from whence we are to imbibe the principles that will mark our future destiny, as we advance in life. Oh! could we think of the anxiety of our parents, the expense they incur in our education, and the blessing that it may prove to us, how few would waste, as I did, those precious hours, days, and years, in idleness, frivolity and carelessness; and would teachers be more attentive to the solid and genuine improvement of their pupils, by enforcing the performance of their duties on their minds, not as they do, in a light trifling manner, but with a proper understanding, more real utility would rise from our seminaries than they at present afford; for notwithstanding my carelessness in studying, and repeating my lessons, and the wild volatility of my disposition, I was ever a favourite pupil of my preceptors, who suffered all to pass with impunity. Thus encouraged by those who ought to have restrained me, I grew up a proud, careless, self-willed girl, in defiance of all my fond mother's care, who, having a number of children to share her attention, could not govern me with that despotic authority so essentially requisite for a mind as firm and decided as mine naturally was,

At school I formed an acquaintance with too young ladies, whose names I will not mention, and with them passed those hours in diversion that ought, in justice to myself and parents, to have been devoted to study.

I must here also remark on the gross impropriety of associating boys and girls in the same seminaries, as at school I imbibed those seeds of coquetry, which have essentially injured me in the estimation of the world, and acquired many of those opinions that have tinctured my mind with ideas almost masculine. I was ever an admirer of personal beauty, and my young mind even then aimed at conquest; we all had our favourite beaux, and ever ambitious of excelling my companions to attract and hold the attention of the

handsomest boys in the school, was an object to my young heart of pleasure and triumph.

My mother's anxiety to make me a proficient in needlework, was more conspicuous than the cultivation of my mind, (she being a matron of the old school;) in this I forwarded her views by an unremitting attention to my work; I therefore became complete mistress of my needle, and excelled in plain sewing and fancy work. This gratified my fond parent, who overlooked many of my failings in consideration of my attention to, and excellence in, this her favourite branch of my education; this, and writing, were the only arts I ever excelled in while at school. My father's profession keeping him so much from home, the care of the family devolved solely upon my mother, and as there were six of us, all small at one time, *viz.*, five girls and two boys, she could not be expected to have time to eradicate from my mind those weeds, a luxuriant but uncultivated soil will generate. Thus I grew up fair to the eye, and of a pleasing exterior; my heart was warm rather than tender, generous, humane, and susceptible; affectionate to those that were kind to me; but haughty, cold, and vindictive to those that attempted to controul my will, or restrain my pleasure. Fond of dress, and amply provided with the means of gratifying this my favourite propensity, vanity formed a conspicuous trait in my character. My figure increased rapidly; I was ever uncommonly tall of my age; before I had attained my fourteenth year, I was of the middle stature. This rapid growth gave me the appearance of womanhood, before age justified the idea, or my understanding was sufficiently cultivated to render me a suitable companion for gentlemen of my father's standing in society and profession.

Sea-faring men are generally possessed of strong minds and extended ideas; their profession carrying them to every quarter of the globe, and the extensive intercourse they have with persons of all ranks of society, gives a liberality to their minds which few, if any other class of men ever acquire. This, united to their education and habits of command, give them a superiority over landsmen, in appearance and manners, that render them objects of attraction to females generally, and ought to be an incentive to girls, situated as I was, to seek by reading

to impress their minds with ideas congenial, with that of their companions; (understand me, my dear Mary, it is to naval officers and East-India captains that this compliment is alone due,) but ever careless and gay as the lark that hails the new born day

> "I talked, laughed, danced and sung,
> Conscious that I was gay and young."

Time flew on the wings of pleasure, as every succeeding sun arose but to greet me with some new delight. My father's affairs continued prosperous. The luxuries of the West Indies were in our family added to the delicacies of our plentiful city. I knew not a care but to amuse myself or perform my part of the plain work of the family. The first check my vivacity ever knew was occasioned by my father's being detained in France for eighteen months by the French embargo. On his return, he had contracted a habit of indolence and a disgust to his profession, which prevented his engaging in business for three years. This neglect on his part, and his keeping my mother in total ignorance of the actual state of his affairs, at length introduced pecuniary embarrassment, that awoke me in common with the rest of my family from our dream of pleasurable tranquillity. My father became melancholy and thoughtful; some deep distress seemed to prey upon his mind and consume his spirits. In vain did my mother with tears entreat him to inform her of the change in himself, of which all were sensible, but the source remained a profound secret. No prayers, no tears, could extort it from him. Concealment preyed on his health for a considerable time. From this lethargy of indolence he was aroused by his former commander, the late Stephen Decatur, sen., with whom he had served in the revolutionary war.

And here let me pay to departed merit, a tribute of respect that flows from a grateful heart, sensible of the virtues of this great and good man. He was at once the champion of his country in her time of need, and the philanthropic citizen in the days of peaceful security. A sincere friend in private life, an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, and, in cases where humanity awoke his sympathy, a benevolent man. Useful in his private

station to his fellow citizens, as he was terrible to their enemies in the day of battle; as one of our naval commanders his name will ever stand foremost on the list of the brilliant characters of our country; for when the names of Barry, Decatur, Truxton, and Dale are forgotten, degraded indeed must be the character of the United States. By the friendly admonitions and exertions of Captain Decatur was my father aroused to once more take an active part in the cause of his country.

At that period the mercantile interests of the United States were materially injured by the depradations of the French republic, which had long endeavoured to draw us to unite with them against Great Britain.

But our great, our glorious, our patriotic *Washington*, had, with a prudence peculiar to himself, accurately steered us through the dangers of war, by declaring a strict neutrality towards all the European powers. This wise measure had been warmly reprobated by numbers of enthusiastic citizens, as inconsistent with the gratitude we owed to France; party spirit ran high, but Washington was true to the interests of his country; and, from motives of revenge, both France and England committed such severe depradations on our trade at sea, that it was found necessary to defend our rights as a free and independent nation, and protect our legal trade by making reprisals on their privateers. For this purpose several large vessels were built and fitted out, partly by the merchants commissioned by government, and some by the nation itself.

At this period Commodore Decatur, (the father of our late distinguished hero) Barry, Truxton, and Dale, were the commanders in our then infant navy. The United States' sloop of war Delaware, was the ship that Captain Decatur commanded; and on board of this vessel my father entered as first lieutenant. On his leaving Philadelphia, my mother accompanied him to New Castle, where she remained a short time. On her return, she, with horror indescribable, learned the deeply embarrassed state of his affairs, by finding all his cash drawn out of the bank, and that the only dependence she had for her family's future support, was some real estate she thought unencumbered. She communicated to my elder sister and myself, with many tears, the situation of my

father's affairs; and this, I can truly say, was the first sorrow I had ever known. We then agreed to retrench our family expenses, hoping by frugality and economy to continue our independence. But alas, this dream was transient as the sunbeams through a shower. On the pilot's return from leaving the ship Delaware at the capes, he brought my mother a letter from my father that caused our fancied independence to vanish. In it he candidly showed her the true state of his affairs. After deploring that imbecility of mind that had prevented his making the communication at an earlier period, when part of the evil might have been averted, he then informed her that even the house in which we resided was mortgaged to Captain Davis, for a considerable sum he had borrowed to defray family expenses. My father was ever a man of the strictest honour, with a proud spirit, and nice sense of justice. Legal robbery was not then so general as it has at present become. Then for a man to go to jail and pay his debts by the act of insolvency, and continue in affluence, was not thought of; to pay debts by the insolvent laws was an indelible disgrace, and scarcely thought of by any persons that valued their reputation; therefore to pay his debts with aught but cash, was out of the question with my father; for this reason he had borrowed money to satisfy his creditors. The family were now, in some measure, reduced to a dependence on my father's pay and success in business. This was a precarious support for a family consisting of seven children, five of them girls educated in ease and plenty, and taught to look forward to brilliant prospects in their future establishment in life. How were their views obscured, if not annihilated, and themselves reduced to comparative poverty. This we bore with patience, and some degree of fortitude; every retrenchment was made in our household establishment consistent with comfort. My grandmother returned to the house of my uncle, Samuel M'Cutchen, then a lieutenant in the navy of the United States.

My mother, from habit and her early marriage, was considered by my father incapable of conducting any business, and we knew not what method to adopt to add to our scanty income, my father's pride forbidding the idea of his daughters' learning any trade. Had he per-

mitted my mother to keep a *shoe, grocery,* or *grog shop,* now at this time our family might have been opulent, and some of its members probably lawyers, doctors, and even clergymen. The parents of numbers of our various professional characters were then of that class of society; nay, some are said to be of spurious birth, and only bear their father's name from courtesy, not marriage. Thus we see the sons of shoemakers, taylors, demireps, and low mechanics, placed on a level with men of rank, family, talents and education, merely because their parents had money to pay the way for their introduction into the courts of judiciary, where many of them are merely animated statues, or prating jackdaws, whose malicious propensities will not suffer them to plead even in favour of their clients.

Pardon this digression, and suffer me to proceed with my story. My father continued in his station of first lieutenant on board the Delaware, until Captain Decatur was promoted to the command of the Philadelphia frigate, (which his son Stephen afterwards burned under the Tripolitan castle, after she had fallen into the infidels' possession.) My father then took the command of the Delaware. This promotion added considerably to our income, and increased our comforts. Captain Carson was then second lieutenant on board the ship, and continued in that station for some time. This, I may say, laid the basis of my misfortunes, as it was then my acquaintance with him commenced.

I had just entered my fourteenth year when my father returned from a cruise he had made in the Delaware as commander. His first station was off the Havana; here his situation was highly lucrative, as well as agreeable; but it was of short continuance. The ship was ordered to cruise off the island of Curracoa, where my father's mental, as well as bodily sufferings commenced; the yellow fever soon made its appearance on board the ship; the number of the sick increased daily, until nearly all the company were unfit for duty, or had fallen victims to this scourge of our country. The miseries my father, his officers, and crew suffered, are past my power to picture. To an unhealthy climate was added an intemperate surgeon, and to his ignorance and imbecility my poor father's intellect fell a sacrifice. For a long time his constitution

resisted the mass of infection by which he was surrounded, while the vigour of his mind continued unimpaired; but at length nature sunk exhausted on the bed of sickness, he caught the epidemic that had carried to the grave so many of his brave seamen. As he was no longer able to perform his duty, the command devolved on his first lieutenant, Mr. Jones, and as he also soon after fell sick, the care of the ship was committed to Captain Carson and two seamen, who were the only persons on board capable of doing duty. This state of wretchedness was increased in a short time, before my father was even convalescent, and while a great number of the seamen were but partially recovered, Captain Carson was likewise compelled to quit the deck, and for some time the lives of the three officers were despaired of; they all lost their eyesight, owing to the reflection of the sun on the salt-pits, and the whole ship's crew exhibited a scene of misery that beggars description. The surgeon, anxious to restore my father's health, threw him into a salivation, which reduced him to infantine debility, and then permitted him to drink freely of any intoxicating liquors he chose; this threw the disease on the brain, and his reason was sacrificed on the shrine of ignorance, intemperance and servility.

As soon as information of the unfortunate situation of the ship and crew reached Washington, despatches were sent ordering her immediate recall. Once more my father's bark launched on the wide bosom of the ocean, but alas, her commander was insensible to her progress, nor had he one single interval of reason until he made the Delaware capes. Totally unconscious of the lapse of time, or the miseries he had endured, he was led on deck, and his eye at once encountered the dear and beloved land of his adoption. Nature struggled within his bosom, the veil of insanity was rent from his senses, he stepped forward and demanded how long they were out, and when the pilot had left them. His officers joyfully gathered round him, pleased to behold this partial restoration of his reason. How often have I heard my father relate this incident to his children, and descant on this first of human blessings, intellect. From this time he became convalescent in body, but his memory was so impaired, that he was, ever after, totally incapable of transacting

any business. This was my father's last, and, to him and his family, too fatal voyage.

On the arrival of the ship Delaware at New Castle, where all the United States' ships were stationed, he wrote to my mother to join him there. I was then dangerously ill with the first severe sickness I had ever known, but impelled by affection to the best of husbands, my mother resigned me to the care of a woman who had been brought up in my grandfather's family for many years, and whose fidelity fully justified the confidence my mother placed in her, and hastened on the wings of conjugal affection to her husband, whom she found in a state of mental and bodily imbecility, that shocked and alarmed her tender heart. After a severe struggle, I, in a few weeks, partially recovered my health. My mother then wrote me, desiring, as soon as my strength would permit, I would join her and my father in New-castle, and as Captain Ross's wife would shortly visit that place, it was their wish that I should accompany her; adding her reason for requiring my so early attending my father was, his having several confidential letters to write, that he would trust to no one but myself to be his amanuensis; and ever obedient to my parents, as well as desirous of seeing a father I loved and venerated, I hastened on the wings of filial affection to obey her summons, and though debilitated by my recent indisposition, I was ready to accompany Mrs. Ross when she required me, and arrived at New-castle in the packet, according to their wishes.

Here I must relate an anecdote, trifling in itself, (told to me some time after by Captain Carson) but at that time flattering to the vanity of a young high-spirited girl of fifteen years of age, who had ever been treated as a child. Anxious to see my father, and not knowing whether he was on ship-board or ashore, I stood on the deck of the packet, gazing at the brilliant assemblage that met my eager eyes, and desirous of catching the first view of my fond parent, or even the vessel that contained his beloved form. Thus watching for him I encountered the gaze of a fine looking officer, who was standing with a spy-glass, reconnoitering us as we advanced towards the shore; need I add this was Captain Carson. He observed me steadily for some time, then presenting the glass to his companion, exclaimed, by heavens, Patterson, that

young and handsome female must be your sister; for I never saw so striking a resemblance, except in those allied by ties of blood. On the beach we were met by several officers. I was introduced by Mrs. Ross as Captain Baker's daughter. We were then escorted up to an hotel, kept by Mrs. Betson; where I was folded in the arms, and pressed to the bosom, of my dear and tender parent.

Great God! and have I survived his loss?—have I outlived the affection of all my family?—am I indeed the daughter of that truly good and noble man, who was educated in, and lived only to defend a country, that has poured out its vials of wrath and vengeance on my devoted head. Yes, I feel I am still his daughter; misfortune and persecution has failed to subdue or humble my proud spirit; and though compelled to become the associate of vice, and an object of contumely, still my mind and principles are unvitiated.

But to proceed: this was my debut in the society of gentlemen; hitherto I had been in some measure secluded from the company of our male visitors, particularly officers, (whom my father, though he had been in the custom of receiving all the young men hospitably, and affording them his support and protection in their naval career; and in many instances performing the duty of a parent to them, particularly to those whose family had not sufficient influence to promote their interest, by numbers of whom he was looked upon as a sincere friend and father, he being a man of the most humane, generous, and liberal sentiments;) yet he never suffered his daughters, whom he regarded as a sacred deposite from the Creator, to join the company, of whom he formed the head; and who, he was aware, were generally dissipated young men. His ideas of the delicacy and dignity of the female character was high, and almost peculiar to himself; a pupil of the old school, he wished us to be educated rather as retiring, than forward girls. Judge then what were my feelings to find myself, as I soon did, an object of general attention; and to some of admiration. I was released from my leading strings; the watchful eye of my tender parent no longer restrained my youthful and exuberant fancy, and I entered into all the dissipation so eagerly pursued by my young companions.

My mother had some time before this introduced me occasionally into her parties at home, but then our male visitors were generally married gentlemen, and here I must digress, to mention a circumstance that took place in our house some time previous to this, my introduction into company as a woman.

My mother had one evening a party at our house, cards were introduced, and my eldest sister and myself brought into the parlour, as they were at a loss for numbers to make up two sets at palm loo, I was placed at one of the tables, at which was seated one of our late *potent judges*, then simple *Mr. Anthony Simmons*, and his lady. The game appeared for some time to turn in my favour, my success had gratified me; at length fortune reversed her wheel against me, and when I had fancied myself almost triumphant, and was anticipating my victory, the lady who sat next me threw down her cards, and at once displayed, to my astonishment and mortification, a palm flush. Irritated at my failure, and disappointed in my sanguine expectations, I arose in a rage, threw down the cards in a violent paroxysm of passion that surprised the company, and called up the animadversions of this Sir Solomon; who then observed to my mother, rather impertinently, that he feared my high spirit would ultimately mark my fate with some strong lines either of success in this life, or *vice versa*. Although this gentleman is not highly celebrated for his profound wisdom, yet here, alas! he was indeed a true prophet. I was for this sally sent from the parlour in disgrace, and in private, suffered a severe reprimand from my mother. For several succeeding days I amused myself and sisters by ridiculing *Sir Solomon's* awkward gait, and the uncouth formation of his legs.

How early in life do the propensities of our nature exhibit themselves, mine extended to the love of satire and fun, and not unfrequently, in my mature years, have I, for a frolic, sacrificed that sanctity that ought to be a woman's protection, and erred only in appearances, when the world had actually pronounced me guilty.

But to return to New-castle; let any candid reader imagine the situation of a young girl, between the age of fifteen and sixteen years, taken from the bosom of retirement (for mark me, Mary, all my school beaux and

childish coquetry had vanished into the shades of oblivion, or were buried in the misfortunes of my family) and placed at once in a conspicuous situation, surrounded by gay, gallant, dissipated officers from all the states in the union, some of whom vied with each other to gain my approbation and favour. Thus were the seeds of vanity and the love of conquest cherished in my heart; the useful and industrious mechanic was to me an object of contempt; so also were the storekeepers; but above all, I held the gentlemen of the bar in the greatest abhorrence. Considering them destitute of every principle of honour and humanity, willing to espouse the cause of a villain against the friendless widow and defenceless orphan, bought and sold to the highest bidder by the all powerful charms of *lucre*. None were to me thought worthy of any consideration, but such as were denominated defenders of the rights and liberties of their country. Thus were the early prejudices instilled in my bosom by my father, when I could but lisp his beloved name, confirmed by my association with gentlemen that in some measure participated with him in their dislike to men of business. My prejudices towards the gentlemen of the law were removed as my reason expanded, but my dislike towards mechanics and tradesmen had suffered no change. I have ever found them ignorant, mean, and selfish; and when invested with power, arbitrary, cruel, and vindictive.

As the yellow fever had commenced its ravages in Philadelphia, my father rented a house in the vicinity of New-castle; thither we all removed. Thus restored to the bosom of his family, and the comforts of domestic life, he soon recovered his bodily health, and took regular exercise in a carriage, attended by one of his officers, and generally accompanied by part of his family.

Among the variety of visitors that daily frequented our house, was a Mr. Willock, the purser of the United States' sloop of war Pickering, and as he was my *first lover*, give me leave to introduce him to your notice. Very soon after my arrival at New-castle, in one of my morning rambles with my young female acquaintances, I met this gentleman; he was dressed in blue, with a black belt and dirk, which at once bespoke him an officer: an exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst

from the lips of my young companions; he was a stranger, and exceedingly handsome, therefore attracted the attention of our little group of belles, but of none so much as myself; he advanced towards us, politely bowed, and passed on. For some time we amused ourselves conjecturing who he could possibly be; his morning walk, the *bouquet* of exquisite flowers he carried in his hand, at once convinced us he was a man of sentiment and refined taste; none of us had ever seen him before. The next day solved the enigma; he was introduced to my father along with Captain Hillyard, commander of the Pickering; those gentlemen continued our daily visitors, We had not been long acquainted with Captain Hillyard, before he declared himself a sincere admirer of my elder sister Eliza, and requested permission to address her. She was then in her seventeenth year; the extreme likeness we bore to each other in our persons was such, that in infancy we could only be distinguished by an insignia affixed to our arms. Prior to this, Mr. Willock, in one of our solitary rambles on the shores of the river Delaware, declared his attachment to me, and requested leave to propose himself to my father; I heard him with astonishment, not unmixed with pleasure, laughed at his serious manner, ridiculed the idea of marriage, and forbade him, on pain of my displeasure, ever to mention the subject to my father. I was but a child, and knew not the tender passion, nor dreaded its baneful effects on the human heart, nor its influence on the affairs of life. But I have since found to my cost, that

> Love rules the court, the camp, the field,
> Life's dearest joys and ties it yields.

He, however, was not deterred by my levity, nor plea of childhood, but persevered in his tender professions. His attentions became so pointed, that they attracted the notice of my mother; of course my morning and evening rambles suffered considerable restriction. Every argument was used on the part of my lover to induce me to allow him openly to declare himself, and he obtained from me a reluctant consent to speak to my parents on the subject, who willingly consented, particularly my mother. He was rich, and his situation lucrative, which at once

conciliated her good will; nor had my father any objections to make to the proposed alliance. Mr. Willock was therefore received as my destined husband by the family.

Some time previous to our quitting Philadelphia my mother had formed an intimacy with a then very respectable family in Southwark. Mr. Hutton, Sen., was a ship-carpenter, of high consideration in his business, and a man of the most unblemished reputation. His family consisted of five sons, and ours of five daughters. A circumstance so extraordinary seemed to be a bond of unity between our parents; his sons were all young men of superior natural abilities, which were cultivated and improved by an extensive acquaintance with our best English and French authors, and associating only with their equals in education and talents; while their minds, manners and morals were indeed such as to command the esteem and confidence of all who had the happiness to be acquainted with them. This perfection of character gave them, in the estimation of our family, so high a degree of consideration, that they were received with the most unbounded friendship and confidence, particularly by the female part. So great was my mother's attachment to these fascinating young men, that she considered them as her sons.

John Hutton, the eldest son of this agreeable family, had been raised to the seafaring life; he has since become the husband of my sister Eliza, one of the most amiable, mild, unoffending of women. The second son, Benjamin, was an interesting, agreeable young man; he had learned his father's trade. The third son, Nathaniel, to whose boyish attachment I trace the source of all my misfortunes, was then a handsome, romantic youth, between the age of sixteen and seventeen, apprenticed to one of the first mercantile houses in Philadelphia. Joseph Hutton, who will hereafter fill a conspicuous place in this work, was then a great overgrown schoolboy. It was my unfortunate fate to attract the attention of two of these young gentlemen. Benjamin loved me (or so said his mother) with a sincere affection, but if he did, to me he never told his tale of love. So, whether the old lady only fancied the same, or that it really had existed, cannot now be determined; be that as it may, she certainly

was desirous to unite us, but fate had for me decreed a more untoward destiny.

The rumour of my intended marriage with Mr. Willock reached the ear of Mrs. Hutton, and we were most agreeably surprised by her appearance in New-castle, in company with her husband. For no sooner did that good dame, who had a decided passion for match making, hear of the probability of my entering the matrimonial state, than she determined to try her skill in match-breaking; this intention she soon realised by her visit to New-castle, where, if entreaties and remonstrances could have prevailed, I should have been preserved from all the evils I have suffered, by being united to one of her sons.

Meantime, Captain Hillyard was received very favourably by my sister Eliza, and all the family; her prospects for life were apparently brilliant, and promised a happy termination to her present unestablished situation, with a man who appeared every way worthy of her. But what are human views?—transient as the glittering meteor.

During these negotiations, Captain Carson was our daily visitor, but never appeared to evince any particular partiality for me warmer than friendship, till he discovered that Mr. Willock was my declared and favoured lover. This, to use his own words, awoke him, as from a dream, to a consciousness of the passion he had secretly cherished for my unfortunate self. He resolved no longer to bury the secret in his own bosom, and therefore commenced his attack by gaining my father on his side, who already loved him as a son, having participated in each other's afflictions, and endured the dark hour of adversity together; this friendship, united to my father's imbecility of mind, so far predominated over his high sense of honour, that he sent for me instantly, and interrogated me on the state of my affections, asking me particularly if I loved Mr. Willock, which I candidly answered in the negative: this brought the whole matrimonial negotiation with Mr. Willock to a decided determination, and Captain Carson soon became the Adonis of the day; he was ever uniformly allowed to be a handsome man, his natural advantages were increased by his naval uniform, and a certain air of command which I had ever admired, as well as his dashing appearance. But to the

tender affection that ought to be the basis of all matrimonial engagements, my heart was an entire stranger.

A change took place in the prospects of my sister Eliza about this time, that entirely altered the colour of her destiny from the brilliant white, to a gloomy black. The Pickering sloop of war was ordered to sea before the preliminaries of their marriage was settled, and a few days after she left the capes, a violent storm arose, in which it is supposed she was lost, and all on board perished, as she was never heard of afterwards.

The termination of the yellow fever in Philadelphia returned our family to the city, in which removal we were attended by Captain Carson and several officers. Habit had by this time familiarized me to the gay society of these gentlemen, and all my *mauvais honte* had evaporated; I no longer blushed and looked like a child, but was as womanly in my manners and conversation as I was in my external appearance, and received the assiduous attentions of Captain Carson with all the *sang froid* of a female, conscious of my own value, and gratified by his assiduities.

On the termination of the yellow fever in the city, my mother determined to receive a few gentleman boarders, properly recommended, and for this purpose, a house in Dock-street had been prepared for our reception, to which we removed; and to increase our income, eight gentlemen, were taken. My father, not aware he had a right to receive the half-pay allowed to those officers who had lost their health in the public service, did not immediately solicit for it; and being wholly incapacitated from engaging in any employment by his late deplorable illness, he sold his real estate, paid his debt to Captain Davis, and appropriated the residue to the use of his family.

On my father's resigning the command of the Delaware, it was supposed that his first officer, lieutenant Jones, who had been a long time in the service, would have been promoted to that ship; but here we were disappointed by finding the command given to a man totally unacquainted with naval tactics. Lieutenant Jones was transferred to a smaller vessel, and Captain Carson succeeded him, in regular routine, to the first lieutenancy of the Delaware, under the command of the potent Captain Spotswood.

To convey to your mind an idea of the claims and abilities of this gentleman, I must inform you he was a Virginian by birth, and nearly allied to one of the leading democratic families in that state; educated for trade, without an idea superior to traffic, his mind was mean and imbecile to a degree, and although my father had used every endeavour to impart to him a portion of the naval knowledge he possessed, all his efforts proved in vain; so weak and mercenary were his ideas, that one day, as they lay at anchor in Havana, a French ship of war, as she was leaving that port, fired a broadside into the Delaware. On this Captain Carson, forgeting he had a superior officer to obey, and impelled by that courage of which he had a large portion, so natural to his family, siezed an axe and hastened to cut the cable, with the intention to pursue and avenge the insult offered to the American flag. This mean and cowardly commander, in a peremptory tone, gave orders that the cable should not be cut, alleging they could not afford to lose a valuable anchor. The French ship was thus suffered to escape, triumphing in having insulted the American flag with impunity, as the only resentment evinced was by a boy of twelve years of age, who seized a large musket and resolutely fired after her; this little naval hero, whose strength was not equal to his courage, fell prostrate on the deck; and as he was Captain Carson's younger brother, his attention was diverted from the insult, to the child, who he thought was killed, or it is not improbable that the commands of Captain Spotswood might have proved ineffectual to restrain his resentment at the outrage offered to his favourite vessel.

While the ship Delaware lay at the Havana, where a number of British vessels then were, the officers were frequently in the habit of dining at a public table together; here captain Spotswood's conversation generally ran on trade, frequently observing, if he had such articles in the United States, what large profits might be realized on them; nay, he has been known to fill his pockets with orange-pealing, saying they would do for his puddings when on ship-board. This conversation and conduct, so inconsistent with the character and ideas of naval officers, who consider traffic as an object be-

neath their attention, drew on him the contempt of all the officers in the port, and even a portion fell on the vessel herself, if not on the whole navy; in consequence of this, the officers of the Delaware were frequently insulted while on shore, by the haughty sons of Britannia.

The following incident will convey to you a more adequate idea of Captain Carson's personal courage and attachment to his country's honour, than any thing I have yet written; the captain of marines having, when on shore, received an insult from a British officer, which he tamely passed over, Captain Carson's spirit was so aroused, that, he being the eldest officer on board, determined to espouse the quarrel, and prove to the saucy Englishmen that all Americans were not as pusillanimous as Captain Spotswood; he therefore challenged the insulting Briton. Captain Carson was severely wounded, the ball passed through one thigh and was extracted from the other; his sufferings, in consequence of this duel, was severe; but he ever gloried in the action, as it tended to obliterate a portion of the contempt which the American flag had incurred from the imbecility of this commander.

I will now return to myself. Having never had any predilection for the society of females of my own age, and precluded, by my father's engagements with Captain Carson for me, of amusing myself with our male visitors as I had formerly done, a total change took place in my habits and disposition. I became serious, studious and retired; reading was my favourite source of amusement, and I pursued it with avidity. I forsook all company, confining myself to a chamber appropriated to the children's use, called the nursery; here, with my younger sister Sarah, then a girl just entered in her teens, I constantly passed my time, and seldom seen the elder branches of the family during the whole winter. My only visitors were two young ladies considerably older than myself, and rather of a gay, social disposition; now, whether those ladies were attracted to the house by a desire of my company and conversation, or by the gentlemen that boarded there, they only can determine; suffice it for me to say, that their visits to me were frequent, and I became strongly attached, especially to one of them.

My eldest sister, Eliza, assisted my mother in the care and management of the family, and being fond of company, my retirement did not interfere with my duty to my parents.

I have before this introduced Mr. Nathaniel Hutton to you, as an intelligent, agreeable and interesting youth; a lapse of two years had changed this pleasing lad into a gay, sensible, high-spirited, but romantic young man, whose exuberant fancy, and glowing imagination, led him at his hours of relaxation from business, to explore the fields of imagination, and in the poet's glowing fancy, his mind delighted to cull the buds of Parnassus, rather than trace the dull historic page. A congeniality of taste and sentiments on my part, soon attracted him to my retirement, where, in a short time, he became a constant visitor. The mischievous urchin Cupid, had implanted in the heart of this romantic youth an envenomed arrow, too deep to be easily extracted. The intimacy subsisting between our two families, was of so close a nature, as to render no impropriety in his visits apparent; and as my mother and sister were generally engaged in domestic avocations, he soon found his way to our secluded apartment, where he became the director of my studies, which were the most improper a girl of my age could pursue, being chiefly confined to novels, plays, and poetry, all calculated to inflame the imagination, counteract the operations of reason, and fill the mind with ideas too refined and fastidious for real life. Heroes floated before my mind's eye, dressed in all the glowing colours the poet's fancy could pourtray; and love seemed the only deity worthy a place in my heart. This course we had pursued for some months before our parents suspected that aught of evil could result to us from this close intimacy, which in consequence of their too blind security continued, while I imbibed the delicious poison that vitiated my mind from the pernicious books I then perused.

And here I must digress to give you, my dear Mary, my opinion on the danger of suffering a young, ardent, and docile mind, to inhale the sentiments of authors, who, however celebrated they may be for their talents, ease of style, and elegance of language, ought to be condemned to eternal oblivion for the impurity of their ideas, and the

grossness of the scenes they present to the eye of innocence and unsuspecting youth. I do sincerely declare, that half the inconsistencies of my life originated from the perusal of Rosseau, Gesner, Ovid, and various other authors of the same description, which Nathaniel Hutton recommended to my perusal. Whether he then looked forward to the corruption of my principles, by thus vitiating my mind, I cannot say, but if so, thank heaven he failed in his base attempts, and they were afterwards numerous, to seduce me from my duty to Captain Carson. If such were his intentions, it was certainly the most deliberate, diabolical, system of seduction ever concerted by the most experienced libertine. From this dream of security and confidence in Nathaniel's integrity, my mother was awakened by Mrs. Hutton, who had discovered her son's attachment to me, he had candidly acknowledged the situation of his heart, and engaged her to become an advocate in his cause. Mrs. Hutton made the communication in *propriæ personæ* to my mother, who started at the information as if an adder had crossed her path. True to her engagement with Captain Carson, she candidly informed Mrs. Hutton that my hand was promised, and with my own consent, to another, nor should I ever forgo the voluntary promise I had made Captain Carson through my parents, whose honour stood pledged for the fulfilment of it. In vain Mrs. Hutton represented to her the probable miseries that would finally result from a union in which mutual affection was not consulted, and were there certainly was no congeniality of mind; perhaps fancying that the attractions of her son (and he certainly had many, both personal and mental) had or would make an impression on my young heart. Here her fondness for her children, or her vanity, deceived her; alas, such was not to be my happy lot; for I feel assured, had my mother consented to this union, all the miseries that have attended us through life would have been averted; and I must do Mrs. Hutton the justice to say, that her motives were purely disinterested, for on my mother's objecting to Nat's extreme youth, Mrs. Hutton proposed that as she had no daughter, I should become her's by adoption, and that our marriage could be postponed until Nat had attained to riper years.

What a lapse of time has passed, since that period, yet

the remembrance of the affection I once felt for that woman, will, in my hours of retirement, steal over my senses, and absorb the recollection of the unfeeling severity with which she has since treated me, in my days of affliction.

She said I encouraged the attentions of her son, yet affection never influenced me. I looked on him as a handsome youth, whose attention flattered my vanity, gave an eclat to my appearance in public, and whose ardent and almost indelicately expressed passion pleased, though it never pained me. But even of his passion, I thought not at that time; to hear him read, to peruse the authors he recommended to me, and to pass away my days in ease and quiet, was the ultimatum of my wishes —and even when informed by my mother of the proposals made to her by Mrs. Hutton, it made so slight an impression on my mind. Young and thoughtless, I paid attention to the tale which I imagined had no other foundation than the old lady's brain; therefore I continued my usual course of reading, and received Nat's visits, as I did those of my two female acquaintances, as a pleasing source from whence I drew too much amusement to sacrifice it to an old woman's story; and as to me Nathaniel never attempted to declare his passion, as, I had no right to infer such a sentiment existed, for all the heroes I had read of, told to the fair object of their affection the tender tale of love; to sighs that breathed added words that burned. I therefore thought that as long as Nathaniel did not tell me of his love, I had no occasion to dismiss him from the house. We therefore continued to meet daily; read and laughed together as usual; and this career we continued until the return of Captain Carson, which took place in the spring. He then became a boarder in the house, as well as his brothers, and was a daily witness of Nat's visits, and as in him they excited no jealousy, I continued to receive them as I had formerly done, under the idea of friendship.

And here, I solemnly declare, that so free was my heart from any predilection in Nathaniel Hutton's favour, that had Captain Carson at that time expressed the slightest dissatisfaction, or even disapprobation, of his visits, they had been instantly forbidden. But as these gentlemen were on terms of intimacy, and my engage-

ments to Captain Carson generally known to the family, I had not even a right to fancy Nathaniel felt more for me than any of my sisters, or that his visits might not be as much to my sister Sarah, who had been our companion during the winter, as myself.

In June Captain Carson and myself were married by the command of my father, who was lying very ill. I then wanted two months of being sixteen years of age. Oh Mary, how cruel, how weak in parents thus to almost force, or compel a girl, scarce past the days of happy childhood, to enter into a state that forever afterwards stamps her future fate with happiness or miseries extreme. I shrink back now with horror at the idea; the bare recollection is enough to drive me mad. I did not love Captain Carson, to that passion I was a perfect stranger: it is true, my girlish vanity was flattered by his dashing appearance, elegant figure, and handsome face; nay, my pride was gratified by being the bride of a United States' officer, and my sense of right satisfied by my obedience to my parents in becoming his wife.

My eldest sister Eliza, had been married two months to John, eldest son to Mr. Nathaniel Hutton, sen. and this connexion certainly justified the intimacy and familiarity with which Nathaniel had been received by me previous to my marriage. About this period, my father's unfortunate malady had returned to so great a height that he became dangerous; and one day, shortly after our marriage, Captain and Mrs. Decatur, having called on us to pay a morning visit, the commodore seriously remonstrated with my mother on the impropriety of suffering him to remain at liberty, advising her to put him under the care of the physicians belonging to the city hospital, whose skill might restore his mental faculties, if not to perfect health, at least to convalescence. To this prudent advice my mother listened in silence, but expressed no intention of compliance at that time; shortly after my father called her in a loud authoritative tone; she hastened up stairs in obedience to his summons, when he instantly caught her by the throat, and her life would certainly have fallen a sacrifice to his insanity, but for the courage and resolution of Mrs. Decatur, who, alarmed by her cries, flew to her assistance, and thus preserved her. This incident determined her; he was soon placed in the hospital,

where he remained a short time, and returned partially cured, though his unfortunate malady incapacitated him from attending to any business.

Previous to my marriage, Captain Carson, finding that neither fame nor fortune could be acquired in the United States' service under such a commander, and as there was no war, his services were not essentially requisite, a lucrative situation being offered him on board the East India ship China, bound for India, he accepted it and quitted the United States' navy. A few days after our marriage, that large and elegant ship dropped down the river to the bar, where, for want of sufficient water to cross it, she was necessitated to remain, and as he was the chief officer, his duty required him to be on board; from thence he addressed a letter to me, requesting my company on board the ship, to remain with him until she sailed. In obedience to his wish, accompanied by my elder sister, and attended by Captain Lambert, I reached Chester, a small town situated on the banks of the Delaware river, fifteen miles from Philadelphia. Captain Carson soon joined us, and took myself and sister on board the long boat; in a few hours we reached the ship.

The next day Captain Carr, the supercargo, surgeon, and two gentlemen passengers, were added to our company. On finding my sister and self on board, Captain Carr jocularly expressed his pleasure, telling Captain Carson he was glad that the ladies were on board, as women usually brought bad weather, and of course they might now expect a storm. This prediction was soon realized; for that night a sudden and violent storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, came on; the ship was struck by the etherial fire, which terrified us, but did not materially injure the vessel. She then crossed the bar, but one trouble was soon succeeded by another; the rising of the water had withdrawn one obstacle that opposed the progress of the China, another soon arose that appeared equally formidable, in the form of a mutiny. The seamen refused to proceed, alleging there was not hands sufficient to work the ship for so long a voyage. Alarmed at this declaration, Captain Carr requested Captain Carson to hold a parley with them, (he being a general favourite among the seamen) and to agree to ship other hands. In this negociation he had his usual suc-

cess; harmony was soon restored, and the ship proceeded to New-Castle. But these two misfortunes occurring so rapidly in this my first debut on the watery element, so highly disgusted me with seamen, and a seafaring life, that no subsequent remonstrances or persuasions of Captain Carson, could ever induce me to venture to tempt the boisterous ocean with him. On our arrival at New-Castle, we took up our abode at our usual residence, Mrs. Betson's hotel.

I must here introduce you to this good lady, with whom I was so great a favourite, that when the probability of my becoming the wife of Captain Carson was made known to her, accompanied by Mrs. Summervill, her sister, a merchant's wife in Philadelphia, she actually came up to the city to endeavour to persuade my family from suffering the match to take place; assuring my mother that Captain Carson was, to her knowledge, an extremely dissipated young man, possessed of a haughty, overbearing temper, and that she feared the marriage would prove my ruin.

Alas, how truly have her fatal predictions been verified; how vainly did my guardian angel endeavour to prevent my too, too fatal union with a man so ill calculated for a protector to a young, gay, volatile girl of sixteen; but as you justly observe, misfortune had marked me as her own; in this instance she prevailed over my better genius, for all good Mrs. Betsons reasons and remonstrances were lost on my mother, although she assured her that, as Captain Carson had boarded with her, she well knew his propensities were bad, and his temper imperious; but the die was cast; the dark hour of my fall arrived; the path was gloomy, without one twinkling star to guide my way. My mother was obstinate in error, and I became her willing sacrifice; for the fatal union took place that overwhelmed me in a vortex of ruin, and unmerited obloquy.

I must proceed rationally and methodically. On the sailing of Captain Carson, I returned home to my family. Here I found a great change had taken place during my absence; my father had been again removed to the hospital, as the return of his malady rendered it dangerous to suffer him to be at large. My sister Eliza, after our return, went to reside with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hutton.

My sister Sarah was deeply engaged in her studies. Thus I was left to enjoy myself as I pleased, free from control, care, or sorrow. Nathaniel Hutton again commenced his daily visits, and I my studies, but without the society of my sister Sarah. Nat was silent in regard to love in language, but occasionally wrote verses expressive of his passion for me; these he gave to my female friend Sophia B. who imprudently gave them to me. I carelessly committed them to the drawer of the bureau, where they remained very quietly till the return of Captain Carson.

It was at this time that Captain Harris, a gentleman from Boston, who had been particularly recommended to my father, commenced boarding in our family. He soon appeared melancholy and dejected, and the gentlemen had frequently rallied him on being in love; indeed I myself thought that the mild and unassuming virtues of my sister Sarah had made an impression on his heart. True, Nat,s jealousy had frequently pointed to me as the cause of his melancholy; but I ever ridiculed it as the mere phantom of his imagination, under the impression that my situation as a married woman would preclude the thought of any man experiencing any other feeling than friendship for me. Captain Harris's ship sailed for Lisbon; he quitted the family abruptly, and appeared exceedingly disturbed. For me, I thought no more of him for a considerable lapse of time; various occurrences and circumstances soon banished him from my memory, till recalled by an accident singular and unexpected.

The ship China was bound on a trading voyage; the first port she touched at was the very unhealthy one of Batavia. Here Captain Carson was taken extremely ill, and his life despaired of for some time. Report, ever prone to exaggerate evils, had rumoured he was dead. This tale, it appears, had reached the ears of Captain Harris, who, meeting with Captain Moore, who had some time been married to one of my particular friends, Miss Harriet O. he very imprudently informed Captain M. of his passion, and the probability that I was at that moment a widow; and delivered a letter to him, requesting Captain M. not to present it unless he was satisfied Captain Carson was no more. This letter contained a declara-

tion of his sincere and ardent affection to me, which attachment had been the cause of the melancholy, as he then considered his case hopeless; but hearing of Captain Carson's death, he had written to me this disclosure, hoping by an early application to ensure success; and that as his own vessel was bound to Boston, he had presumed to write to me by Captain M., his friend. But with that rashness natural to the Irish character, Captain M. presented me with the letter without any preliminaries, and I as foolishly, after the perusal, threw it in my drawer, where, with Nat's poetical effusions, it peaceably remained till Captain Carson's return from India. This it was that first implanted that too baneful weed, jealousy, in his bosom; and laid the basis for all the miseries I have since endured, both mental and bodily.

But to return to myself: during Captain Carson's absence, the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia; all the family were immediately sent to the country, except my parents and myself. I remained with them, as they refused to quit the scene of danger, and I knowing no duty superior to that I owed to them, determined to remain also, even at the risk of life. Mrs. Moore, who I before said was my particular friend, became my companion, she having no family, and her husband absent in the line of his profession. She very soon caught the prevailing epidemic, and I became her only attendant and nurse, as a nurse was not to be procured for love or money. Her disorder soon yielded to the power of medicine, and the united skill of Drs. Monges and Proudfit. By these gentlemen's prescriptions the infection was eradicated from her system, but terminated in a confirmed nervous fever, that kept her low, weak, and languid. From her my mother caught the infection, and was soon confined to her bed. I was then compelled to become nurse to her and Harriet both, as well as superintending the family. We had then three or four boarders, and only one servant, the other having quitted us as soon as Harriot took sick, during this day of peculiar distress, Nathaniel Hutton evinced the sincerity of his attachment to me; forgetting all apprehensions for his own safety, he participated in my fatigues, which he alleviated by every means in his power, setting up with my patients part of the night, that I might enjoy that repose so requisite to enable me

to support the fatigues of the day; the morning he generally passed in shooting birds for them, as all kinds of poultry were scarce and dear. Thus were his days and nights devoted to my assistance, nor could a father's commands remove him from the city, or my abode. My mother soon recovered her health, but my poor Harriot languished, drooped and died. A few days previous to her death, she called me to her bed side, and informed me she had a secret of importance to communicate to me; but my deep distress rendered me incapable of attending to the communication at that time. The next day beheld me a victim to the same cruel disease that then was making its ravages through the family. Before my recovery she was, alas, no more an inhabitant of this world of wo.

What language can pourtray the agony of a warm, tender, and affectionate heart; on losing by death the chosen friend of its infancy. I had loved Harriot with all the sincerity and affection my heart could feel; and when informed I should behold her no more in this life, the anguish that wrung my bosom was indescribable: she was removed from me without a last, a sad farewell; there was madness in the thought, although communicated to me by the attendant physician with all the precaution that prudence could suggest. This considerably retarded my restoration to health, and poor Nat had to tremble at the dread of losing me, while his heart was bursting with sorrow for the melancholy fate of poor Harriot.

During this period, I had been fully impressed with the idea that Captain Carson was dead, as nothing ever contradicted the report, and for several months we had not heard aught of him, save the rumour of his death. Judge then of my surprise, when some time after I became convalescent, as I was sitting by the fire in my own chamber, (Nat as usual reading to me) my sister entered, and rather abruptly informed me that there was news from Captain Carson, brought by a person who was then in the parlour below. I listened with astonishment, which was increased by hearing a noise, and the footstep of a man coming up stairs; the door suddenly opened, and I beheld Captain Carson in person, alive, and in perfect health. O Mary, think what must have

been my feelings at this moment; I shrunk back in horror and dismay at his offered embrace; a thousand incomprehensible sensations rushed on my heart; conscious of the hopes Nat had cherished, sympathy for his disappointed affection, gratitude for recent kindnesses, and a something like horror at seeing one I had supposed numbered with the dead, rise as it were from the bosom of the ocean, come to exercise an authority over me, from which my heart recoiled. True, I was his wife, but it was obedience, not affection, that made me such, for the short time I passed with him, had not been calculated to form any tenderness in my bosom towards him, and the accounts I heard of his death, all conspired to create a sensation of horror similar to what I should have felt at beholding a supernatural being. My mind, enervated by my recent indisposition, and the scenes of death I had encountered, all united to chill the vital fluid of my heart. Of course our meeting was not the most tender, and his evident displeasure at finding Nat a visitor in my chamber, rendered it formal rather than affectionate. Neither of the gentlemen spoke to each other, and Nat soon took his leave. O, what a night was this;

"Tired Nature's calm restorer, balmy sleep,"

closed not my aching eye-lids, and if for a moment my senses sought a temporary oblivion, I awoke in terror.

"Thought rushed on thought, for every hope was lost,
And rack'd my soul with more than Fancy's force."

My husband and lover, each by turns, tortured my feelings, and banished sleep. Nor did captain Carson's mind appear more serene or composed than my own. But what were my feelings compared to those of my unfortunate friend Nat's; romantic and enthusiastic, his heart was torn by various conflicting passions, all his high raised hopes at once dashed to atoms; and his feelings more deeply wounded, because more impassioned. The distress we had encountered together, tended to soften our hearts and endear us to each other; he had the happiness of seeing me partially restored to health

but to behold me consigned to the arms of my husband; the woman whom his fancy had pourtrayed as soon to be his for ever. It was in vain that his parents strove to calm the stormy passions of his soul, their efforts were ineffectual; nor was it until Aurora, with her rosy fingers, was tinging the mountain's dewy tops with her saffron light, that sleep closed his weary eye-lids, and lulled his every care to rest. The trial was certainly a severe one, and let the prudent part of the world condemn it as they will, he certainly excited my pity, which you know is twin sister to love, this was to me a dangerous sentiment; he was amiable, my friend, and I was bound to him in gratitude. Yet had Captain Carson's conduct to me been such as was consistent with his situation as a husband and a lover, my heart might have beat in unison with his; and the fulfilling the duties of a wife, would have been less arduous then they afterwards proved. A few days after his return, he set to rumaging my drawers, where he found all Nat's poetry, and Captain Harris's letter; these excited his jealousy, and he vented his anger on me in terms unmanly and unjust; for heaven is my witness, and to that God that sees the secrets of all hearts I appeal for the purity of mine; no, not even in idea had I ever swerved from the duty I owed him as a wife. It was my unfortunate fate to inspire passion when I did not even desire that admiration all young women generally expect; how then was I reprehensible living under the care and protection of my parents? I had continued where he left me; Nat was his and their most intimate friend, and the families were allied by marriage. I declare I then regarded him only as a brother; yet the censorious world had even at that period condemned me, while watching the sick bed of the dying Harriot, and my tender mother. Thus has every action of my life been misconstrued. Was it even probable that I could, or would carry on an intrigue with any man with scenes of death, sickness and distress surrounding me?—was this a time for a young married woman to indulge in an illicit passion?—Nat was no Lothario, nor I a Calista. True, I was sensible of his attachment, aware of his hopes, and often wished that fate had made me his, but hitherto discretion had sealed his lips. Nor was his attachment evinced in any other way, than by his attention and de-

votion to me in my hour of distress, and if I had not been sensible of this affection, Captain Carson's outrageous jealousy would soon have told the tale, as his secret was better known to his family and friends, than myself.

Captain Carson now determined on having an estalishment of his own; he therefore rented a house in Lombard-street, which he furnished in a genteel manner, and thither I removed. This was my first departure from my family, and to me the house appeared as a tomb; no fond parents to cheer me with their approving smiles, no kind sister to converse with; in sad and gloomy state I sat "like patience on a monument smiling at grief," my mind, sunk and depressed by the death of Harriot, and the loss of Nat's society, which habit had rendered pleasing, but whose visits Captain Carson forbid, I was really miserable; to this I may add Captain Carson's paroxisms of ill-temper, which was a continual source of grief to me; he was at once my tyrant and my slave, for his naturally haughty and arrogant temper frequently yielded to his sincere affection.

Was this the way to gain the heart of a girl that had hitherto been treated with kindness by the tenderest of parents, to be thus torn from them and exposed to his ebullition of jealousy? on me he vented every stormy passion of his soul, continually upbraiding me with Nat's partiality, and hinting suspicions that had no foundation but in his own fancy; this inconsistent, cruel, unmanly and ungenerous conduct, turned my heart from him with chilling indifference; I learned to scorn and despise him, only regarding him as a slave does an austere master whom he is compelled to obey, and to whose authority he must submit; was it not natural to expect that a heart young, ardent, and glowing with nature's purest feelings, would turn with abhorrence from its tyrant, and sigh for its former young and sympathizing companions? With an imagination inflamed by the poet's glowing pages, that I had so long been in the habit of perusing, these scenes, so different from all I had read and fancied, completed my disgust; yet at intervals, as I have before observed, his stormy passions would subside, his love for me triumph over his jealously, and he then became the most humble of lovers; for some time the softness of my

nature sunk under what I considered his cruel treatment; tears, hysteric fits, and sleepless nights wasted my strength and exhausted my constitution, but

> Constant dropping wears the rock
> That could withstand the thunder shock.

Insensibly Captain Carson's reproaches and ebullitions of temper lost their power to wound; my spirit rose in proportion as his power over my feelings declined, and I began to recriminate, by upbraiding him with an intrigue he had been engaged in with a lady of quality in Europe, and from whom he had received a superb ring; retort followed an attack, and I soon found that victory generally inclined to my side; he became more mild as I grew haughty and resentful; my fierceness increased, his declined, and the victory became decidedly mine. I, conscious of the means by which I had subdued his hitherto ungovernable temper, lost all that mildness of manner so peculiar to my sex, and became in my turn his tyrant; by these means I acquired a power over him insensibly, which I held during his life; but, alas, my happiness was lost for ever. I was no longer the mild, tender, gentle girl I had hitherto been, yet something I must be, nature did not create me for a *non entity*, so I became a heroine, and bravely bid defiance to Captain Carson's authority. My affections, thus buried in domestic misery, lay for a time dormant; yet still Nat had my first friendship, pity, and esteem; he was in my head, my heart had only an aching vacancy, a void that wanted some object to fill.

The unfortunate Mary Wolstonecroft, when forsaken by the ingrate Imly, sought consolation in the theory of religion for a time, and the practice of philosophy; she justly observes in her letters from Norway, none but the Creator can fill the heart he has formed with confidence of not being forsaken. Would to heaven I had followed her plan, and sought the happiness from above, man had robbed me of; but of religion I knew only its external formalities, to its pure etherial spirit I was as total a stranger as the Hottentot, or wandering Arab. I was young, the world called me handsome; I had been admired, and, the gossip Fame said, beloved tenderly, ar-

dently, by a man, young, sensible, accomplished and attractive. My tyrant was madly jealous, while I was innocent as the playful infant lying in sportive ease upon its mother's lap, for the arrow which Cupid had designed for me, as yet lay dormant in his quiver, my heart was untouched with love for any man. Was it not singular, that a heart so calculated to imbibe the passion should for years remain insensible. My vanity, and where is there a being without a portion of that in their composition, was flattered by Nat's partiality; and Captain Carson's jealousy only irritated me for a moment, while his caprice laid him open to my power. I therefore, like a skilful angler when he has ensnared his scaly prey, suffers him to play on the hook; but, conscious that I could not hope for an emancipation from the fetters my parents had rivetted on me, without disgrace, at which my mind recoiled, I determined to wear them as easy and as elegantly as possible. Life had for me many charms; I had a fond father, a kind mother, an affectionate uncle that commisserated my sufferings and sympathized in my sorrows, tender sisters and brothers, with a variety of kind friends and acquaintances; was I then to forget all these blessings, and ungratefully fly in the face of my Heavenly Father, because the man to whose protection my parents had consigned me was not the perfect being he had appeared to them? No, no, the cold grave had no charms for me; and as I must live, I endeavoured to make that life as happy as possible. How easily might Captain Carson have rendered my dormant affections his own for ever; as it was, cold duty and some obedience was all he obtained from me; love had hid his childish face behind a tree of his mothers' roses, intimidated by the Captain's fierce frown, nor dared to enter our abode; he kept his arrow safe till opportunity offered him to send it barbed to my bosom; it came at length, and rankled in the wound.

Captain Carson, during this period, had been offered, and accepted, the command of the brig Ohio, owned by Joshua and Thomas Gilpin, bound for the East Indies; after a lapse of two months, to me months of misery, he sailed. To please him I accompanied him as far as Newcastle, where I remained a few days until his departure, and then returned to my desolate home: soon after his

leaving Philadelphia I discovered I was in the way to become a mother; this gratified me as I hoped the little stranger would henceforth be a bond of unity between us, and that I might yet see some domestic happiness with him. I once more commenced a career of pleasure; card parties, plays, and dress, succeeding each other, occupied my time, and banished the remembrance of the last two months I had passed with my capricious *cara sposa*. I was young and to amuse myself was then my only object; Nat I seldom seen but with his family, my friendship and intimacy was uninterrupted; to say the truth, I really loved all the Hutton family. I will here, relate an anecdote of Mrs. Hutton, to convince you how innocently I was drawn into a situation that gave room for censure, by me unmerited.

During Captain Carson's first voyage, Nat's folly was so great that he actually fell sick, and was so debilitated as to be incapable of attending to his business; his indisposition baffled the skill of several physicians, who declared they could do nothing more for him: terrified at the idea of losing her then favourite son, in the morn of life, his mother, to whom expense was no object when put in competition with the life of her darling, sent for a physician of the first eminence in Philadelphia; he attended him for some time, but finding that the *materia medica* produced no effect, declared it as his opinion the malady was seated in the mind, and that medicine could do nothing for him; his mother then imparted to the doctor his ill-placed passion for me, who recommended, if possible, that I should be brought to the house and induced to become in part his nurse and companion, as that was the only chance for his recovery: this the old lady very artfully effected, by the following stratagem. My sister being married to her son, and settled in their family, old Mrs. Hutton, with a deceit peculiar to herself, called on my mother, and with apparent kindness invited me to come and pass a short time as a visitor with my sister Eliza. Young and unsuspicious, I readily accepted her invitation, and was thus trepanned into a situation the most dangerous and improper in the world. Not violently in love with my husband, and constantly exposed to the company of a handsome young man, as romantic in his ideas as myself, whose pallid looks and en-

feebled frame excited my compassion, and called for my tenderest attention to alleviate his pains. It is needless to say that this experiment produced the desired effect. Nat recovered rapidly, was soon able to walk and ride out with me; I delighted to see his health thus restored, cheerfully devoted my time and attention to him. Suspicion was for some time lulled to rest, and nothing but congratulations on his restoration to health was heard from all our friends and acquaintances.

I must here beg pardon for my digression, and proceed with my story: a few months disgusted me with house-keeping; I gave up the establishment and returned to my mother. Here I was not long suffered to remain idle, being engaged in preparing for my expected stranger, whose birth I hourly anticipated, when the (by me dreaded) yellow fever made its appearance in the house next door to our's, and I was soon compelled to remove to the small town of Darby, a distance of seven miles from Philadelphia, where my mother had taken a house. A few hours after my arrival at this litte village I gave birth to my first son, John; and I must here acknowledge the kindness of the inhabitants of Darby; it was supposed that our household goods and apparel could not arrive in time for my accomodation; I was therefore amply supplied by these friendly people with every requisite to equip myself and little stranger with neatness and comfort, whose entrance into the world was at so inauspicious a moment, that I had scarcely time to welcome him for anxiety to escape from the terrific epidemic. Here we resided six weeks, and was treated with all the politeness and hospitality we could desire or expect. My health daily improved, and in nursing the little urchin, and tracing in his baby face the likeness of his father, I found a new source of pleasure.—Nat Hutton, my books, and all were forgotten as I pressed this my first darling boy to my bosom. Oh! what language can pourtray the rapture of a fond mother, as she hangs delighted over the first pledge of matrimonial love: all Captain Carson's caprices, jealousies, and petulancy were forgotten and forgiven as I kissed the baby lips of his infant boy, and felt I was a mother. The fever subsided, and I again returned to the city: Captain Carson was then expected daily, and I longed to present to him his son; I anticipated

the pleasure he would enjoy, and fancied our mutual happiness would be secured for ever; but he did not arrive as early as was expected, and my first delight had expired ere his return, and my son John was near five months old when his father arrived. On our return to Philadelphia I resigned all my former pursuits, devoting my time wholly to the care of my infant, who was seldom or ever from my sight, and whose growth was rapid as his beauty was fascinating; his grandfather almost doated on him, as did the whole family; for my part I never went out to pay a visit without his being carried with me. Above a year had rolled on since I had seen Nathaniel Hutton, my young admirer, until one day I went to pay a visit to my sister Eliza, taking my little son with me; he had fallen asleep, and was laid on the sofa with a slight covering thrown over him. As Nathaniel entered the parlour he politely bowed, and advanced to throw himself on the sofa where my infant slept; his mother eagerly called to him to take care; hastily he snatched the covering off and beheld my boy, he turned pale, apparently shrinking back with horror, and in haste quitted the parlour. Trifling as this incident was, yet my mortification was extreme, as I could not imagine why the beloved little object that gave me so much pleasure should be to him a source of pain and anger; flushed with resentment at his rude behaviour to my darling babe, on his return to the room where we were sitting I regarded him with looks of displeasure. From that moment I saw him no more for a long period.

Soon after this Captain Carson arrived; I was now to feel a portion of that pride and pleasure I then enjoyed, when smiling I presented to him his infant cherub, and he enraptured received from my arms the darling babe, and pressed him to his parental bosom. This fondness for his son I gladly hailed as the harbinger of peace, and future domestic happiness; and for a time I enjoyed a degree of peaceful pleasure I had never expected; all jealousy was banished, my conduct met his warmest approbation, and my attention to his son aroused all his dormant tenderness. I might say that flame which the altar of Hymen had sanctioned, was rekindled in his bosom; and I regarded him as the father of my child, and really

began to love him very affectionately. Oh! days of domestic felicity, too perfect to be permanent, why so transient?—or why does memory live only to torment me thus?—recall those hours of fleeting joys, but to embitter my present misery? when I contrast the times I then passed, with those that have since gone over in dreary prisons and loathsome cells, subjected to a monster in the shape of man, and to beings I considered greatly inferior, I ask myself, am I indeed that same Ann Carson who was the idol of a fond husband, the darling of her parents, and an object of envy, consequently a victim to its concomitant detraction, to many of my prejudiced female friends.

On Captain Carson's return I was again established in a house of my own in Front-street, and he soon after took the command of the Pennsylvania packet, then in the East India trade. This halcyon calm was interrupted by the Captain's folly; he gave a dinner to his friends, and among the rest he invited Mr. Nathaniel Hutton, jr. Was it not madness in the extreme, to again introduce into his house a man whom prudence ought to have told him was inimical to our peace? and whose society I, young, gay, and inconsiderate as I was, had sedulously shunned; a man of whom he had been jealous to madness, and on whose account I had been the victim of slander. The dinner was excellent; no pains, no expense, was spared to make it so, and, on my part agreeable; indeed, so pleased was Captain Carson with it that on my retiring he informed me, he intended to return with his male friends at supper, which, he politely said, he hoped would coincide with the dinner. At this compliment, Nat rather too gallantly observed, that Ann never done any thing that was not charming. This little unmeaning sally of politeness, at once aroused the hidden embers of jealousy, that had before destroyed our peace, and, like Pandoras's box, a host of evils proceeded from it. On what a slender chord hangs the happiness of a young woman whose husband's optics are discoloured by this green-eyed monster jealousy; "for then trifles light as air are confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." Again, at intervals, all our former quarrels were renewed, and I was again in my own defence compelled to become a vixen, or be the slave of his eternal and distracting jea-

jousy. This change in his conduct was as a severe frost to a young and flourishing plant, the rose of love then beginning to expand in my heart, was thus early nipped in the bud, and fell as would a flower, alas! to rise no more, and in its place an aching void only remained, tender, but painful in the extreme. Oh! is there a misery so great as that of a wife being compelled to fear the man she has promised to love, honour and obey?—can a woman love the being she fears?—impossible—at least to a generous and noble nature it is so—and such was the fate of your unfortunate friend. On slavish, dull, insensible souls, fear may operate so far as to influence them to assume the mask of affection from policy, but for me I was no politician, and scorned deception; yet I had a heart formed for love, love the sincerest, tenderest, and most durable. That love might one day perhaps have been my husband's; but no, he cast it from him by base and mean suspicions, that enraged me, and ultimately tended to his own degradation. What cause had I ever given him for the suspicions, he had so frequently pointed out to me?—none; for on his again sailing for India, which he did six weeks after Nat's injudicious introduction to our house, he might have continued his visits had I been so disposed. My mother having removed twenty miles into the country, to a pleasant situation denominated Montgomery-square, and my attachment being such for her, as to render a separation painful, I shut up my house and fixed my residence with her; thus endeavouring, by seclusion from society injurious to my peace, to preserve that unblemished reputation which ought to be every woman's care. Under the maternal protection of my parents, I flattered myself, in defiance of Captain Carson's jealousy, that I should be secure from censure or temptation. Here I remained for some months, nursing my son and watching his daily improvements. This delightful calm was at length interrupted by my evil genius in the form of Nat Hutton, who, accompanied by his elder brother Benjamin, thought proper, under the sanction of family friendship, to interrupt our harmony by paying us a visit, and remaining there two or three days. During this visit, he for the first time made to me an indirect declaration of his inauspicious love. The two gentlemen, my sisters Sarah, Mary and

myself, where walking in the garden, our roses were in full bloom, and very beautiful; Nat plucked one of the finest of them, which my sister Sarah desired him to give to her, he refused, observing, that the rose was an emblem of love, and should only be bestowed on the object of our affections; adding, I will give it to Ann, at the same moment presenting it to me. I rather thoughtfully and confusedly accepted the flower, a pang rent my heart, it was not the matter of his speech, but the manner that was impressive. Good God! thought I, will this man never cease to remind me of his passion, to recall to mind scenes long past, and over which time has cast the shades of oblivion?—am I ever to be the victim of his boyish follies?—does he, in defiance of all the barriers that surround us, and in the face of my family and his own, proclaim it to me? In a few days the gentlemen took their leave, and departed with seeming reluctance. Solitude had now lost its charms for me, the society of my family became irksome, the conversation of the farmers, our neighbours, disgusting. Restless, anxious and uneasy, I lost my appetite, my health declined, and my mother, alarmed at this change, sent for a physician, who immediately prescribed change of air and scenes as the only restorative. In compliance with my mother's anxious wishes, and the advice of the physician, I returned to Philadelphia, intending to reside with my grandmother, as my own house had not been prepared for my reception. A rumour then prevailed that the fever had made its appearance in different parts of the city, which greatly alarmed me. But the family friendship of old Mr. Hutton did not suffer me to remain long with my grandmother, for no sooner did the account of my indisposition reach him, than he paid me a visit, and advised me to remove to a small place he owned in the country, where his family usually resided in the summer season, and where they then were, adding, I will send my son Ben with the gig to drive you out this afternoon. I had prepared for my removal, my little son playing on the carpet, when a loud rap announced a visitor. It was Nat, hope and joy illumined his countenance while he advanced to meet me; I uttered an exclamation of surprise, observing, in a low voice, that his father had informed me Benjamin was to have been the companion of my

ride. His countenance changed, the illuminations of hope were dispersed, and a deadly paleness succeeded, while in a smothered voice, scarcely articulate, he said, am I then become so hateful to you Ann, that you refuse me the trifling gratification of being your escort to our country residence? I endeavoured to conquer the unpleasant feelings that pressed on my heart, and laughingly said, it was of little consequence who drove the gig, and in a few minutes we were seated together and on our way to the country. This was the first time I had been alone with him for near two years. I was still a nurse, and my little boy who accompanied us, became to him an object of attention and love, that in some measure relieved the awkwardness of my situation, during our ride out to the place. Here I remained near six weeks. Nat was almost a constant visitor, generally walking out in the evening, and returning to the city in the morning, a distance of seven miles. This walk he performed after his duty in the counting-house was finished for the day. These visits his mother peculiarly attributed to me, but to do Nat strict justice, he never in his conduct towards me in all my visits to his family, gave me any reason to suppose myself the object of attraction; his time, when there, was generally passed in reading, or strolling in the garden or surrounding woods, where, with his favourite Petrarch or Rosseau, he spent many hours in profound solitude. During his intercourse with the family, his conversations and attentions with me were friendly and polite, but no more than etiquette rendered proper. Therefore, seeing no cause for apprehension, and fancying his love was becoming of the platonic kind, I became perfectly easy, and met him with an unconstrained pleasure. Again we conversed, read and walked together as in former times; Captain Carson's jealousy was forgot, and I was again happy in the society of a congenial mind. This pleasing intercourse continued until my health was perfectly restored. My halcyon days expired, for prudence required that I should return to my mother's at Montgomery square. I obeyed her dictates, not that I apprehended any danger from the renewal of my intimacy with Nat, whose passion I then fancied had ameliorated into friendship, but I considered that my parent's house was the most proper place for me to reside

in the absence of my husband. To them therefore I returned; the situation was beautiful, the society agreeable, and as respectable as could be expected in a country place. My principal employment was nursing my boy, but all my leisure hours were devoted to reading. My sister Sarah had attained to the age that rendered her an agreeable companion, and her taste for reading strengthened her mind. Together then we pursued our studies, nor ever found the day too long. This rational scheme of life I pursued, and lived happily in the bosom of my family, till the return of Captain Carson again recalled me to the busy, bustling haunts of men. My dearest boy could, at his father's return, walk, and lisp papa. This line of conduct would, may any person have supposed, secured me the affection of Captain Carson, and with it his confidence. But every effort on my part, proved in vain; he was jealous, haughty, capricious and so vindictive, that on any trifling cause of discontent, or frivolous dispute, his steward, who officiated as his servant, and resided in the family, was instantly called, and ordered to pack up his baggage, and see it put on board the ship. Thus was I tormented and put to shame in the eyes of my own servants. I had married Captain Carson without loving him, was it then possible for me ever to imbibe or feel a permanent affection for him? The flame his kindness kindled in my heart one day, his stormy temper extinguished the next; accustomed to the kindest treatment in his absence, from all my family and friends, and experiencing only the extreme of misery when with him, at my own house, both became alike hateful to me; for can human nature love a being that tantalizes, teazes, and even domineers over her?—impossible. The slave toiling beneath the burning sun, and shrinking from the lash of a cruel overseer, can still anticipate a respite from his labour when the sun shall have sunk down beneath the western waves, or be secure from punishment if he fulfils his duty by performing the task marked out for him. But alas! I could never find a mitigation of my sufferings, night nor day; a word, a look, might raise a storm in his mind. Thus was my naturally haughty temper, rendered fierce and untractable from self-defence, and I began to detest the tyrant who thus destroyed by his presence the tranquillity I enjoyed in his absence. To

tell the truth, I was a spoiled child, and never could from my infancy endure the slightest contradiction. If Captain Carson ever presumed to command me, I recoiled with abhorrence from this assumption of power; and, when after our differences, his harshness melted away, and he would sue for forgiveness, I would repay him back with scorn and contempt. Thus I learned how to control and despise him, yet did my heart pant for the sweets of conjugal affection, which I seemed to be debarred from by the being that ought to have created it for me. I was very young when married to him, my heart unbiassed by any attachment, and preferring him to all his competitors, he had received my unreluctant hand and vows of fidelity. Had he then endeavoured to gain it, my heart would soon have accompanied them, as I certainly admired his personal beauty; but his haughty soul disdained to solicit or try to gain the affection of a girl he fancied bound to love him, and like the Turkish bashaw, who, when his female slaves are endeavouring to attract his attention by their blandishments, haughtily throws a handkerchief to the happy she with whom he condescends to pass an hour. So did Captain Carson fancy that I was compelled to meet and return his love, when he condescended to be in a good humour. To this kind of conduct, I never could or would, bend. I was an American; a land of liberty had given me birth; my father had been his commanding officer; I felt myself his equal, and pride interdicted my submitting to his caprices. Therefore the ill treatment I received from him, (but which many a simple wife might consider good) in his paroxysms of ill temper, I resented when it evaporated, and love triumphed over his natural impetuosity. Thus we lived: can any thing on earth equal the misery of matrimonial infelicity? to find a tyrant where we expected a soothing companion, and to know that dire suspicion is corroding the bosom on which we depend for protection, sympathy, consolation and confidence. If not to a husband, where can a woman look for happiness? Had Captain Carson been, in his ill treatment, uniform, habit might have taught me to endure with patience, and pride would have given me fortitude. But his temper varied as the wind, and I knew not what to depend on permanently. Tears, hysteric fits, and agonies the most

intolerable, I endured for some time; but that high temper that had once impelled me to throw up my cards at the table, and put the whole company into confusion, now stood my friend, for finding the prediction of Judge Simmons, for which I then ridiculed his bandy legs, realized, I resolved to use the only means of self-defence nature had given me against such arbitrary authority. I became the tyrant in my turn, and he bowed in submission to my sovereign will and pleasure. This career was pursued for some time. Nat Hutton was Captain Carson's constant visitor, and to him at length my heart turned for sympathy and consolation. He therefore became the repository of all my misery. In these, our confidential conversations, he warmly deprecated Captain Carson, applauded my spirit, temper and conduct, and was my public advocate and defender with the family. Thus repulsed by my husband, soothed, flattered and defended by Nat, was it to be wondered at that I recoiled from the austere authority of a husband, or that I rejoiced when, two months after, I beheld the sails of his vessel set for another voyage to India.

Once more I accompanied him to New-castle, and gladly beheld the swelling sails bear him from the shores of Delaware to India's coast. His departure I again hailed as the harbinger of peace, and I returned to my house rejoicing. That I beheld him with pity is a fact. I have shed a thousand tears of regret for his infirmity of temper; these regrets called up vain repinings at the austerity of my fate in thus uniting me to a man so ill calculated to be happy himself, or to render those he was connected with so: we were paired, not matched; and I frequently reflected on what would probably be the difference in my domestic life, had it pleased Providence to have given me a husband more even in his temper, kind and indulgent. But the die was cast; I had drawn a blank in the matrimonial lottery, and perforce was obliged to submit to destiny.

After his departure, I returned to my mother's abode, and resumed my former habits of reading, which I pursued with avidity, until interrupted by the illness of my son, who was seized with a disease in his neck so singular, that I became seriously alarmed. On its first appearance, the country physician thought the disease tri-

fling in its nature; but, as the child grew worse, I wrote to Dr. Proudfit in Philadelphia, who advised my immediate return to the city. With his advice I complied, and for many months every other care subsided in maternal anxiety for this my darling boy, whose complaint Drs. Poudfit and Wistar pronounced an hereditary one; and so it proved, as my father since died of that dreadful disease. However, it pleased God to restore my son to perfect health, as the skill of those two medical gentlemen, both eminent in their profession, made a perfect cure, and my bosom once more became tranquil. After his recovery, finding myself lonesome, I took boarding with Mrs. R. in Third-street, opposite the Mansion-house hotel, where I resided for some time, until my family's return to the city.

By the active exertions of my mother, my father had, some time previous to this, been placed on the half pay establishment; their circumstances were therefore easy, although not so affluent as my mother desired. With her I again went to reside, until Captain Carson's return. She had taken a house next door to Mr. Hutton's, in Front-street below Catherine: to this house I removed from Mrs. R's. Nat Hutton I had not seen since Captain Carson's leaving Philadelphia, as we tacitly seemed to avoid each other. His term as an apprentice expired, and he had some time before this period been sent to India as supercargo, by the house of Willing and Francis. Thus parted from him, I forgot all my apprehensions on his account, and for some time my life was like a serene summer's day, without a passing cloud; I knew no care, no discording domestic jars destroyed my peace, my health was good, I grew tall and of a full firm figure. Thus I lived: each succeeding day passed as the other had done: all was a dead calm, till the arrival of Nat Hutton from India. I was sitting quietly in the parlour, when his mother abruptly entered and announced to us that the ship was below, and she hourly expected to embrace this, her favourite son. It is impossible to describe what I felt at this intelligence; a pang struck on my heart: it was not pain, it was not pleasure, but a compound of both, and such as I had never before experienced. On that afternoon he arrived, and was welcomed by all except myself with unfeigned joy. I endeavoured to avoid

him by keeping close within the house; and as he did not visit me, I fancied that time, change of scene, and the variety of objects he had since encountered, had banished my idea from his mind; therefore, as I imagined myself forgotten, I determined not to seek his attention. The afternoon passed over, the shades of evening were closing in, and the parting day had lost its shadowy light, when I walked to the front door to inhale the evening breeze; the houses had grass-plots in front, and the yards were separated only by a slight paled fence. I was leaning on the fence when the form of Nat, not now a boy, but a full grown handsome man, met my view; he advanced with hurried steps from his father's house, pushed back the offered hand which I had extended towards him, and clasped me in his arms, exclaiming, heaven had indeed rewarded him for all his toils, in thus suffering his ship to arrive before that of Captain Carson. Fortune, he said, had favoured his exertions, and smiled on him, as he had realized a sufficiency to enable him to act as he pleased; to this rhapsody I listened with terror, and breaking from his embrace, I flew to my chamber; here I gave vent to the agony that filled my soul; a thousand tears and sighs succeeded each other. My alarm in some measure subsided, but I again beheld, in imagination, all my former sufferings revived: I retraced Captain Carsons unwarrantable jealousy, the anger of my parents, the mutual disagreement of both families, the censure of the world, all assailed my tortured brain, and I almost wished for death to relieve me from the torrent of evils that seemed rising to overwhelm me. The image of my boy, then a lovely prattler, between two and three years old, rose to my mind's eye, and all the mother rushed upon my heart. Yes, cried I, clasping him to my tortured breast, for thee, my infant, will I brave them all, and live alone, for thee; nor shall this insidious young man ever render me forgetful of the duties of a wife and a mother. No, never will I disgrace the being to whom I have given life, whom I have fondly cherished at my bosom; your father's cruelty may torture me, the world may censure, nay, condemn me, yet will I remain guiltless in action and intention: would to God I had sought by prayer the protection of heaven, then had I escaped all the miseries and degradations I have since encoun-

tered. But I will proceed with my story; the arrival of Nat was celebrated a few days after, by a large party at the house of his father, to which all our family were invited; but I declined the invitation, assigning as my reason (to his mother) that I thought it improper. Mrs. Hutton at first ridiculed my objections, and then assured me that Nat had forgot all his boyish follies, he was now a man engaged in the active pursuits of life, and had no time to think of tormenting me. Thus over-persuaded by her, I forgot all my prudent resolutions, and once more voluntarily met him. From this time my follies commenced; he became not only a daily, but an hourly visitor; morning noon and night found him at our house; he was as my shadow; his love was whispered daily in my ear, and hourly evinced in every action. Thus was I circumstanced with Nat, who, if I did not love, I certainly felt more for than I did for any other man I then knew, when I received a letter from Captain C.: in it he desired me to meet him at New-castle, and to prepare to accompany him to Europe.

This command was like the knell of death to me; every evil seemed light as air, in comparison to this his imperial mandate. What! to separate me from my tender parents, kind relatives, friends, and country, to be made the constant companion of a man who had already rendered me miserable! what could I expect from him when destitute of all other protection? the idea was too horrible; my whole soul recoiled from it with trembling terror. However, in compliance with his request, I went to New-castle, and took boarding at Mr. Bennet's hotel; here I remained for three weeks, in hourly expectation of his arrival. The house was crowded with gentlemen from various places; and I being the only female in the family, except Mrs. Bennet, who was indisposed, I was entirely alone among them. This you will allow was an awkward situation for a young woman of twenty, with an infant child to take care of: here I have spent whole hours in tears, shut within my chamber, reflecting on my solitary situation; but Nat, ever attentive to my comfort, and careless of the opinion of the world, let me not long remain in solitude. Three days had scarce passed ere he presented himself before me. Great God! what were my sensations when I beheld him jump from the gig, and

make inquiry for me? I listened anxiously to every passing footstep, I scarcely breathed; gratitude, fear, and joy alternately struggled in my bosom; I dreaded the censure of the world, yet I rejoiced to find one being in that world that cared enough for me to consider my unprotected situation, and hastened to relieve it by affording me that protection my age and sex demanded. Yet still I was conscious that there was some degree of impropriety attached to his remaining with me, therefore I commanded my feelings so far as to remonstrate with him, stating to him, that however unpleasant my present situation was in a public hotel, without a protector, that as I had been censured, most grossly censured on his account, I must for the future be more circumspect in my conduct. He listened in silence, laughed at my fears, which he said had no foundation but in the brain of the old women of Southwark, and that he flattered himself I had too much good sense to suffer the stories of the illiterate and malevolent to influence me to banish him from my society; but I was inexorable; no intreaties could prevail on me to allow his continuance in Newcastle, and with reluctance he bade me adieu. Thus left alone, once more, I anxiously anticipated Captain Carson's arrival daily, nay, hourly. I watched from the window of the hotel each passing sail, and, by the aid of a spy-glass, I have often fancied, when I could discover a large ship beating up the bay, that it was the vessel on which my fate depended. Alas, constant disappointment awaited me—no ship for me appeared—all boldly spread their canvass to the breeze, and passed on to Philadelphia. Each succeeding day but called up fresh expectations, and the setting sun sunk but to see me fatigued, mortified, and disappointed. Three days after Nat's first appearance at New-castle, he returned, and with him came my elder sister Eliza. Impropriety could not then be urged to decline his attendance; sanctioned by her company and presence, I accompanied him in several excursions around the country. They remained a few days with me, when my sister, who grew impatient to be at home, returned to Philadelphia. Nat accompanied her home. The next day brought him again to New-castle, nor could all my remonstrances prevail on him to leave me. Scandal became busy at my expense, and every

gossip in the town thought themselves justifiable in asserting any suggestion of their imagination against me. Tale succeeded tale from both male and female scandalmongers, till, had I been the vilest of my sex, they could not have said more than they did. These tales were repeated to me by my pretended friends; I heard and knew all that was said, but, conscious of my own innocence, I determined, as they had condemned me, to "brave the grim world's fury" as to what had passed, but still I urged Nat to leave the place, and no longer give a foundation for the rumours of scandal which he must be sensible would assail me from all quarters. By persuasion I obtained his promise that he would not again visit me at New-castle; he therefore bade me adieu, and hastily left the place. Now, tell me in what instance I was here to blame? I had, by the commands of my husband, gone to the place he directed me, my child my only companion, and when that rash, headstrong young man followed me, I was powerless to prevent his visits. Yet I became a sacrifice to the envy and malevolence of all the detracting characters, and, I am sorry to say, they were not a few in New-castle. I have often reflected why Capt. C. thus placed me in a situation so improper for a young woman; was it to give a colour to his jealousy, or to try how far my compliance with his wishes would extend? Of Nat's views and intentions I have no doubt, for they were all fully explained to me subsequently, although then I really fancied his heart as pure and free from guilt as my own. It is true, he made the strongest professions of love, and to them I had listened with a complacency that perhaps encouraged him to persevere; yet, I felt no inclination to comply with his reiterated solicitations to leave Capt. C. I did not love Nat, or perhaps that passion would have banished every principle of virtue from my bosom; yet I felt for him a sensation warmer than friendship; how to define this inexplicable feeling I know not. Dare I say that it originated in habit?—We were companions in childhood; he had been my friend, my confidant, the guide of my taste, the selector of my books, my assistant and counsellor in the hour of distress, and when I beheld him kneeling at my feet and pleading for a return of the passion that consumed him, I could not drive him from me with that firmness my situation

demanded; and although I loved him not, yet his personal assiduities flattered my vanity, and lulled reason to a perfect stupor; for where, is the woman that does not prize the love of man? True, she may not love his person, yet is the passion he professes gratifying to her vanity, and soothing to her feelings; and, if to these be added esteem for his mind and character, dangerous indeed is her situation. I was thus peculiarly circumstanced; the authors I had read ever treated love as the first of earthly blessings, and many of them had written of marriage as the grave of that delightful passion. My husband I did not love; he never, even by courtship, attempted to gain a tender interest in my heart, but had taken my hand as my father's gift, not my own; this was honourable, but not affectionate. Now Nat, deeply read in romance, was versed in all the arts of pleasing, and powerfully impressed with poetic ardour, painted to my imagination the raptures of mutual love in two hearts, young, artless, and ardent as were our's. He derided not human ties, but spoke of them as fetters forged by human laws to bind dull souls together, that had not animation enough to unite themselves, nor truth sufficient to abide by each other at all hazards;—he bid defiance to every danger, and would I but be his, Capt. C. might sue for, and obtain a divorce, we could then marry and be for ever blest. With this sophistry he flattered my vanity, and deluded my judgment. I heard him with a mixture of pain and pleasure I cannot describe, yet my heart recoiled from all his proposals of an elopement, and I returned to Philadelphia, innocent as the babe that was my constant companion. Had I loved, I could not have resisted his dark insidious entreaties; but that passion was a stranger to my bosom for any of his sex, and yet I had a heart susceptible of the sincerest affection, but it required something to awaken it. The fire may lie hid in flint for ages, if it comes not in contact with the arousing steel. This was my situation; a sense of honour, duty, and perhaps a spark of affection, bound me to Capt. C. He was my husband, the father of my darling boy; our union was sanctioned by the laws of God and man; the blessing of my parents also sanctified it. These were ties too strong and sacred for Nat's sophistry to dissolve: he therefore found all persuasion unavailing.

My patience being exhausted, I returned to Philadelphia. Captain Carson did not arrive for near a month, and when he did, alas! how changed. Dissipation and intoxication was visibly pourtrayed upon his countenance; his voyage had been disastrous in the extreme on his return, but favourable on going to Canton. On the arrival of the Pennsylvania Packet in India, the gensang which was on board being sold to a merchant in that place, it was proposed to smuggle it. This measure Captain C. highly disapproved of. Mr. —— having never been in India before, was not aware of the danger such a measure would be attended with to all parties. On this subject Captain Carson was well informed, as he had been several voyages to that country. He remonstrated and persuaded Mr. —— not to attempt so dangerous and nefarious an action, as the loss of the ship and cargo, as well as the imprisonment of the whole crew, would, probably, be the consequence of detection, it being next to an impossibility to elude the vigilance of the officers employed for that purpose; and from the well known integrity of Joshua and Thomas Gilpen, the ship owners, he was inclined to think the plan would excite their resentment hereafter. But Mr. —— persevering in his intentions, he wrung from Captain Carson a reluctant consent to aid him in the business. They therefore proceeded with every success they desired, till the ship had taken in nearly all her cargo,—a few days more and the whole had been completed. Captain Carson's duty required his attendance on board the ship, while Mr. —— remained in Canton, to see the cargo put on board the boats that conveyed it down the river to her; every exertion was used, every precaution taken, the last boats were hourly expected; the day past and still they came not. Captain Carson became uneasy, and determined to go up to Canton to inquire the cause of this delay. He had not long left the ship for that purpose, when he met the officers coming down to her. They stopped his boat, and forced him to return with them to the ship, where he witnessed, with pangs, that he often told me beggared description, her seizure according to law. He was then suffered to return to Canton with them, where he had the mortification to find Mr. —— a prisoner. Every effort was made for the release of that gentleman, and the

redemption of the ship and cargo. Three months elapsed before it was effected. This delay was attended with a disagreeable consequence, that of losing what navigators call the trade winds. Captain Carson was therefore obliged to bring the ship round by the north-west passage, which was extremely dangero s at that season of the year. Off the Cape of Good Hope they experienced a violent hurricane; the ship was a mere wreck, and they were obliged to put into that port to refit. After her repairs were completed, she again proceeded on her voyage; but it seemed as if fate had determined to punish all the crew for the ill conduct of Mr. ——, and chosen the finny tribe as their auxiliaries, The ship was struck as if she had encountered a shoal; a leak was soon discovered to have been sustained, but from what cause they could not imagine; it neither increased or decreased, but the water continued to pour into the hold at the rate of five feet an hour. The hands were continually at the pumps, until her arrival in Philadelphia, when, she being sent to Kensington to be repaired, it was discovered that a sword fish had penetrated through the copper and bottom of the ship, forming the leak which had caused the crew so much labour and perplexity. The safe arrival of the Pennsylvania Packet at her destined port, terminated Capt. C's. trouble for that voyage, but the various and uncommon misfortunes he then encountered, had produced a severe depression of spirits, and the habits of intoxication, so peculiar to all his family, were resorted to as an exhilarating excitement in his hours of depression; this operating on a temper not naturally harmonious, produced a confirmed irritability of disposition, and a fierceness of character to which he fell a victim, and I became the sacrifice. Nearly the same effect was also produced on Mr. ——, and in their fits of intoxication several quarrels ensued, in one of which Captain Carson confined that gentleman to his state-room, and on his release from confinement, gave him orders to keep to the larboard side of the deck, to prove to him that he alone must presume to command there.

To convey to you an adequate understanding of the haughty, imperious, overbearing propensities of Captain Carson, I will here relate an occurrence

of that gentleman's conduct to Mr. Flemming, his chief officer on board the Ohio, during their voyage to Canton, in the Indian Seas. Some differences of opinion occurred between that gentleman and Captain Carson that ended in high words on both sides; this so enraged Captain Carson that he flew into his state-room, drew his sword from its sheath, returned to the cabin, and made a furious pass at his unarmed officer, who adroitly avoided the blow. Captain Carson, thrown off his guard, endeavoured to recover his position, but his foot slipped, and he fell on the floor; by this fall he severely wounded himself in the thigh, or it is probable Mr. Flemming's life would have been the sacrifice of his impetuosity; as it was, he confined Mr. F. to his state-room for several weeks, nor was he liberated until his services were required to repel an attack made on the vessel by the Ladrones, a piratical, savage people, who inhabit the islands of that name, situated in those seas, and who make it a rule to sacrifice all Europeans that have the misfortune to become their prisoners. These barbarians surrounded the little vessel in six large boats, each containing one heavy gun, and a hundred men. The contest was warm and bloody. Many of the savages fell victims to their temerity. The crew of the Ohio fought with desperation, for they were aware that they had no mercy to expect from their savage foes; but all their courage could not have saved the vessel, had not Providence, under whose especial care they seemed to be, sent a brisk gale, that soon wafted the rejoicing crew far beyond the reach of their assailants.

The termination of the Pennsylvania Packet's inauspicious voyage, was also the termination of even the shadow of domestic peace I had hitherto enjoyed.

All the gossip stories about Nat were repeated to him, with exaggerations so gross, base and scandalous, and yet false, that his former jealousy became, in his opinion, certainty; and added strength to his habit of intoxication, which produced a degree of phrensy almost amounting to madness. The effects of this I felt severely; but proud in conscious innocence, I braved his ill humour, and supported my authority in the house. Harassed with jealousy and distrust, Captain Carson determined to send me and my infant son into the country; I obeyed his

commands to that effect cheerfully, eager to escape from his society, and domestic quarrels of all kinds. During this time Nat's conduct was highly improper—he not only continued to give the colour of facts to all the tales in circulation, by his attempts to visit and follow me—by frequenting every place I visited—and appeared determined, if not actually, indirectly to effect my ruin or separation from Captain Carson. The latter he desired as the first wish of his heart, and frequently advised and persuaded me to leave him and retire to some place of concealment, there to remain till a divorce could be obtained; we might then be united for life; but this advice I rejected; Had I followed it, what a scene of horror, what an accumulation of miseries would I not have escaped—but they are now past, *one* only hope hangs on my soul, let me but realize that, and *Ann* will die contented. But to return; Captain Carson, on my consenting, hurried me into the country, to a small village called Jenkinstown, twelve miles distant from Philadelphia; there I took up my abode. Was not this the height of folly—to separate me from my family, and place me in a situation the most public and exposed, to conceal me from the prying eyes of a lover as ardent and enthusiastic as Nathaniel Hutton! What was the consequence? why, in three days, he, accompanied by Mr. E., a young gentleman as wild, romantic, and enthusiastic as himself, appeared in the town. Whoever has resided in a country village must be conscious that in a situation so public, men of any figure immediately excite suspicion and create commotion; every eye is fixed upon him, every ear is open to hear who and what he is, while Rumour, with her hundred tongues, creates him the man of the moon, descended from his ærial station to surprise dull mortals, and arouse them from their earthly pursuits to something more exalted. The rumour of Nat's absence from the city aroused Captain Carson's vigilance, and he sat off on foot from Philadelphia for my residence. This he reached about one o'clock in the morning. I had been some time wrapt in the arms of sleep, my little boy softly slumbering by my side, when I was awoke by hearing a noise at the parlour window, and soon after a man's foot tread lightly over the floor of the adjoining room. A person pushed rudely against my chamber door, de-

manding admittance; I started in affright from my bed, and, in a voice scarcely articulate, inquired who was there; in the reply I recognized my husband, who, in a stern voice, bade me unlock the door.—Thus reassured, I instantly obeyed him, when, to my surprise and horror, I beheld Captain Carson with his sword drawn in his hand; I retreated to bed, while the chamber and adjoining apartment underwent a strict examination. Every place being properly searched, his jealousy subsided; he then offered a thousand apologies for his unjust and cruel suspicions, folded me in his arms, and wept on my bosom. Stung to the soul by his apparent contrition, I felt willing at that moment, to go to the most remote parts of the earth with him; this mildness awoke a tenderness in my heart, and if he had persevered in this line of conduct, all would have been well.

Even at this distant period of time, when I reflect on what must have been his mental sufferings, tormented by that horrid fiend jealousy, and his heart filled with the most sincere affection for me, I lament with tears his unfortunate destiny, the infirmity of his temper, and the obduracy of my own heart; but, alas, I was at that time a stranger to the power of the passions, and the impetuosity with which they overwhelm the human understanding, and banish reason from the mind. The next morning presented a scene of tumult. Captain Carson walked down to the principal inn, kept by Mr. M'Cauley; the first object that struck his observation was Nat Hutton and his companion. His jealousy again revived, a challenge ensued, seconds were chosen—but the inhabitants taking the alarm, the report of their intended meeting soon reached my ears. I instantly hastened to the inn, where, by my influence over Nat, persuasions and entreaties, I obtained a promise from the parties that they would postpone the business to a future period, the affair was hushed up. But it was high time for me to decamp, as the village was in an uproar: and no doubt the wonder lasted nine days; nay, perhaps many of the old folks talk of it yet.

Nat and Mr. E. instantly mounted their horses and rode off, while I was hurried into the stage, and in two hours was again seated in my own house. Thus terminated this village adventure. Peace for a time shed her

benign influence over us, and we enjoyed a small share of comfort; but this was of short duration; for at a party at my uncle's, where Nat made one of the company, the unfortunate song of the 'Thorn' being sung by him with apparent emphasis and feeling, and evidently pointed at me, Captain Carson and my uncle both took offence at it. Again that fiend jealousy arose in his bosom, but in a moderate form. Captain Carson consulted my uncle, and stated to him the probability of Nat's having engrossed my affections, and if so, it was vain to expect happiness with me. He was therefore willing to give me a divorce, if that were possible. As this measure would enable me to marry Nat, and insure my future happiness, my uncle called on me, and, after lecturing me severely on what he considered the glaring impropriety of my conduct, made the proposal in form, that they had agreed on, which I declined, observing, that I did not love Nat, and felt no desire to change my present situation. My uncle, surprised, and rather pleased, reported this answer to my husband, who received it with rapture, but said I was a strange incomprehensible creature that no man could fathom, and begged of me well to consider the matter, nor hastily decide on an affair of so much consequence to him.

To tell the truth, I have never breathed to mortal the feeling that urged me to make a decision which caused much surprise and speculation among my family. Into your friendly bosom I would pour forth all my miseries, errors, and the secret motive that influenced me at that moment. These were, shame that Captain Carson should rise so far superior to me in greatness of soul, as to be willing to sacrifice his happiness to insure mine, and pity for that distress of mind which I was but too well assured he would suffer on the occasion; added to these, was the contempt of the world, which I well knew would ultimately follow him, as but very few would appreciate the greatness of the action, while sordid souls, who are dead to the nobler impulses of the mind, would condemn it as mean, and beneath the dignity of a man and a gentleman. The treaty that was in agitation was no sooner whispered in Nat's ear, than, impelled by hope, he resolved to make one last effort to affect the proposed separation. Letters, prayers, tears and entreaties, were

resorted to; sickness succeeded; his mother joined in his folly, until I was half distracted; several interviews followed; I found myself ensnared in the net that love had spread for me, and vainly struggled to emancipate myself from the toils that thus surrounded me. All my prudent resolutions vanished into air, and I consented to elope with Nat, taking my infant son with me, whom he swore to protect. It was agreed that a carriage should be in waiting to carry us to New York, where I was to remain concealed until the divorce was obtained.

How shall I describe the horrible sensations that assailed me on quitting my own home, and the honourable protection of a husband, for that of a rash, impetuous young man; every object in the house recalled scenes of misery, although filled with tokens of my husband's affection, brought from the distant shores of India; I gazed on them with an indescribable sensation; no language can pourtray or convey an adequate idea of the agonies of that moment. I took my boy by the hand, and softly closed the door of my house; its motion, and the gentle sound it made as it softly turned on its hinges, was horror to my soul; my heart palpitated with unusual force, —a trembling ran through my veins—my head grew giddy—I scarcely breathed—I hesitated. A neighbouring clock struck four—it was the hour agreed on for my flight; it seemed the knell of death to all my future hopes in this life; but the remembrance of my domestic misery flashed on my mind, I hastily caught the hand of my son, and rushed forward. Nat was true to his appointment; the carriage was in waiting, the steps of which were let down. As I approached, he eagerly took my hand to put me in; I gazed upon the coach-door, the sensations it inspired were similar to those of a wretch condemned to be secluded in a dungeon for the residue of his life. Gasping for breath, and straining every nerve to sustain the mighty conflict, I resolutely drew back, and declared I would proceed no further. The child, urging me to go in the carriage, attracted my attention, and awoke me from the stupor that overwhelmed my senses. The precepts of honour impressed upon my heart in infancy by my parents, recurred to memory, and strengthened my wavering resolution; every feminine weakness vanished from my heart, and I was again myself.

Oh! would every woman, when thus tempted to deviate from the paths of honour and moral rectitude, recede, as I did at that moment, how few would be the victims of that capricious sex, that seek but to destroy. This refusal on my part to proceed further, astonished him; he beheld all his air-built castles vanish in a moment. He entreated, petitioned, vowed eternal constancy, and would have forced me into the coach. Enraged at what he termed my foolish fears and caprices, he gave vent to his disappointment in a gust of passion, that confirmed my resolation to return home. This I quickly put in force, and precipitately fled from him to the house of a friend, where I remained several hours to collect my scattered spirits, and receive sufficient composure to meet Capt. C. I then despatched Mrs. —— to my mother's, to learn whether I had been missing. She quickly returned, informing me that my flight was known, and that Captain Carson, on hearing of it, had stabbed himself. Terrified, and half distracted. I hastened home, and found Captain Carson lying on his bed, his manly face covered with a deadly paleness, I prostrated myself before him, acknowledged my faults, and solicited his forgiveness. He kindly extended his hand to me, and pressed it to his bosom; at the same time declaring, that family connexion alone prevented him from taking that satisfaction of Nat, which his ungentlemanly conduct so justly merited. A few days after this, I received a letter from Nat, which contained an avowal on his part that he was determined no longer to endure a separation from me, which he found insupportable, declaring that one of their lives should be sacrificed, if I refused to comply with the proposed elopement. Exasperated at the threat, I showed the letter to Captain Carson, who dictated one in reply, which he desired me to copy. I complied with his request; the letter was written and sent; but Nat refused to credit it. He then wrote again, giving me to understand that he believed me to be the writer of the letter he had received, but not the inditer; and he once more urged me to comply with his wishes, and remove to New York, stating, that if I refused to listen to this, his last entreaty, he would immediately leave the city, never to return, and would for ever separate us by entering into a matrimonial engagement with the first female that would accept his offered hand. To this letter

I returned a peremptory answer, that he was at liberty to do as he pleased, so that he left me at peace with the man, that my parents had chosen for me, and with whom I should have been happy, but for his absurd conduct. This letter had the desired effect. A few days after, he quitted the city of New York, where he married a young lady after two weeks courtship, and has never re-visited Philadelphia but once since that period. Thus terminated my romantic adventure with Nat; would to God all my follies had here ended likewise.

Captain C. was at this time one year out of employ; the disasters of the last voyage had injured him in the estimation of the merchants, and he resigned the command of the Pennsylvania Packet. Several vessels were offered to his acceptance, but he declined them, and remained at home, restless and inactive. The birth of a second son seemed to arouse him, and he determined on going once more to sea. For that purpose he drew all the cash he had out of the bank; leaving me one half, and taking the other half with him, he set out for Baltimore accompanied by Joseph Hutton, brother of Nat, and since married to my sister Sarah. There he passed his time in dissipation and intoxication; indeed so devoted was he to this soul-destroying vice, that he was scarcely one day sober for the last twelve months. After an absence of four weeks he returned, having spent the principal part of his money, without obtaining his object. Disappointment and mortified pride were now added to his other faults, and his conduct became so dreadful that my life was a burden I would gladly have resigned.

Love is a passion that closes the eyes of its votaries to the weaknesses and errors of its object. But I alas, was a stranger to this soothing sensation; no veil obscured my intellectual powers, I seen and felt all the vices of the man my parents had compelled me to promise to love, honour, and obey. I had been educated in the strictest sense of propriety and the practice of right: how then could I honour a being I daily beheld outraging every thing I had been taught to respect; or obey one I knew incapable of conducting himself properly? Love I had never felt, and now even esteem and gratitude were rapidly obliterating from my mind. Yet my heart felt not a pang, the mind alone suffered.

He then determined to go southward, and took passage for that purpose for Charleston South Carolina. Here he changed his name, taking his mother's family one of Hunter, and under this he entered on board one of the gun-boats, then lying in that harbour. Three months elapsed before he even afforded me the trifling satisfaction of knowing where he was, or how employed. At length I received a letter from him, requiring my immediate removal to Charlestown. But as news soon after reached my family that a contagious disease prevailed in that place, my mother interfered, and prevented my acceding to his wishes. I wrote to him, stating my reasons for non-compliance; these he thought satisfactory, and acquiesced in them.

I had now been one year without receiving any means of support for myself and children from him. The money he left me on his going to Baltimore, was rapidly wasting away, and I found that I could not depend on Capt. C. for a renewal of my funds, when they would be exhausted. I had never been accustomed to any employment, except needle-work for myself and family. How then could I seek for it?—from the rich and great?—that seemed impossible,—my soul shrunk from the idea. Of business I knew nothing; yet something I must do, else become the victim of penury, or a dependant on my parents, who had a large family and very slender income, my father's half-pay being then their sole dependence. After devising and revising a variety of plans, all of which my mother opposed, saying, as none of the family had ever been in business, I could not expect encouragement, and would quickly exhaust my finances in stock, which would lay dead on my hands. But the fallacy of her reasoning did not convince my understanding, nor change my purpose. My mind, ever active and enterprising, was not to be intimidated by her imbecile doubts and false pride. Independence was my idol, and I resolved, flattered by hope, and impelled by my guardian angel, to endeavour to realize my plans. I therefore sold all my superfluous furniture, and, as Capt. C, had brought me a considerable quantity of china in the early stages of our marriage, which, at this time, was getting scarce, as the India trade was very much embarrassed by the national disputes between Great Britain and these States,

which terminated in the late war. Those articles were therefore to me a valuable acquisition, as I had determined to enter into the sale of china and queens-ware. I therefore rented a house in Second-street, a part of the city well calculated for business, where I commenced with a slender capital; and being, as I thought, too young to live entirely alone in so public and exposed a situation, I prevailed on my parents to remove to the same house, and reside. Thus protected by parental care, I entered into business, with hope, confidence, and activity. Heaven smiled on my endeavours, and prosperity crowned my exertions; peace and plenty were the inmates of my humble dwelling; industry is the parent of both, as indolence is that of vice, want, and misery. I now had no leisure for painful reflections, or disagreeable retrospections; time flew on downy pinions; the day was never too long, for I was usefully, pleasantly, and profitably employed. My children engrossed my affections, and promised to amply reward my paternal cares of them. My sisters were my companions, my parents my friends, the public patronage was equal to my most sanguine expectations, and I was happy. Yet whence did this happiness arise?—from industry. I was now a useful and active member of society; I lay down with ease, and arose but to be content and happy.

How delightfully flew these hours of bliss, winged with every comfort.

> I envied not the rich and great,
> Contented with my humble state.

Life was again to me a blessing, for which my heart glowed with gratitude to my Creator; for every rational felicity was mine. Health, the first of human blessings, I enjoyed uninterrupted; my spirits, lately so depressed, were now buoyant as the atmosphere I inhaled, and by which they were invigorated. Nat and all his follies were forgotten, and could I have banished in the shades of oblivion the remembrance of my unfortunate marriage, I should have been blest above the common lot of mortals. But alas, that ill-fated engagement hung over my head like a sword suspended by a single thread, and would often obscure the brightest hours of my life. The

mortifications I encountered, though at times they gave me some pain, were trivial when contrasted with the sorrow I had endured.

The first interruption this tranquillity met with, arose from my sense of duty to Capt. C., from whom I sometimes heard; and judging his feelings by my own, I determined to set his mind at ease on mine and the children's account. I therefore wrote him, contrary to the advice of my friends, a circumstantial account of my present undertaking and success, and desired him to be perfectly satisfied, as the profits of my business were more than sufficient to provide for myself and children. This letter he answered; he had been sick, and was then low and debilitated, and every thing but happy. Shortly after the receipt of his letter, he made his appearance in person: I received him with kindness, and he resided some time at home, depending entirely on me for his living, as he had not one dollar on his return. Now we enjoyed the semblance of domestic happiness; no jealousy imbittered our hours, no broils drove peace affrighted from our dwelling; he was kind, gentle, and affectionate: even his habit of intoxication was relaxed, if not wholly abandoned, and these were the most agreeable hours I had ever spent with him. He soon became apparently disgusted with a life of indolence, and resolved to go to the city of Washington, and solicit a lieutenancy in the United States' Navy. I vainly remonstrated on the folly of a personal application, suggesting that a letter would answer the same purpose; but he persisted in his intentions, and left Philadelphia for that city. In consequence of his having quitted the service, the secretary of the navy could not restore him to his former rank, but gave him a commission as sailing-master, with orders to join the ship Wasp, then lying at Philadelphia, under sailing orders, with despatches for the French government. This appointment gratified him; he returned to Philadelphia, and attended to his duty on board the Wasp, till that ship fell down the river to Gloucester Point, to take in provisions for the intended voyage. These it was his duty, as sailing-master, carefully to inspect; and he left home, as I thought, for that purpose, after having borrowed from me a very handsome watch, with its appendages, which I purposed keep-

ing for the use of my son John. But instead of joining the ship, he secretly absented himself for several days. The first intimation I received of his absence, and consequent neglect of duty, was from one of the midshipmen calling at my house to inquire for him, with a message from Capt. Lawrence, her commander, that he must immediately attend to his duty, or expect to be reported, according to their naval regulations. I stated to the midshipman that I knew not where he was, that he had left home to go to the ship, but that I would make use of every endeavour to find him. A week passed away in the most tormenting anxiety; all search was unavailing, and I at length concluded that some dreadful misfortune had befallen him. A second and a third message from Capt. Lawrence induced me to wait on that gentleman, to entreat his forbearance for a few days longer, as Capt. C., if alive, would in all probability appear in the course of that time. With this, my request, Capt. Lawrence politely complied, adding some compliments on Capt. C's. skill as a navigator, but observing, that if he did not attend to his duty within the proposed period, that he should report him to the navy department for his neglect. However, within the limited time Capt. C. returned, but how shall I delineate his grotesque appearance?—dressed in a round jacket and sailors' trowsers, with a small bundle tied up in a pocket handkerchief in his hand.

To paint to you what were my feelings at thus beholding him, is impossible: I had ever been taught by my father to look upon military men with respect and admiration; and the severe lectures which I had heard that venerable parent give the junior officers, concerning the etiquette they should ever observe in their dress and personal appearance, had, in my youth, been listened to with strict attention. Judge then what were my feelings to behold the sailing-master of the Wasp, in the bosom of his family, in the city where he had been commander of one of the first rate Indiamen, dressed as I have described. Horror, and a deeply rooted disgust, took full possession of my heart; nor could his handsome person the next day, when refreshed by a night's repose, and dressed in his full naval uniform, obliterate from my mind his disgusting appearance the preceding day. On inquiring from my mother, for I did not deign to speak to him, I learned

that he had been to the Yellow Springs on a frolic, where he had sold my watch and his clothes. With much persuasion he returned to his duty, and a few days after sailed for France.

Being now left to myself, comparative happiness was the result: my business continued prosperous, but I soon found that my cares were likely to increase, for I discovered I was again to become a mother. This circumstance greatly alarmed me, but I determined to exert my fortitude, and provide for the expected stranger. This voyage proved speedy and prosperous, but he again forgot prudence, and the duty he owed his country. The Wasp put into New York, and she had no sooner made that port, than regardless of his family, fame, and future fortune, he instantly set off for Philadelphia, without any permission or previous intimation of his intentions. This conduct so exasperated Capt. Lawrence, that he sent an express after him, commanding his immediate return. This message, dictated by friendship, Capt. C. answered by a haughty resignation of his commission; and by this conduct, precluded himself from all hope of employment in the public service.

Was it not mean, base, and cruel, thus to turn from himself and family the means of subsistence; at a time too when commerce was so shackled, that numbers of our officers and seamen were unemployed, or engaged in foreign service; while he, embarrassed with a young and increasing family, thus disdainfully threw from him an honourable employment? He had no domestic quarrels to irritate his feelings, no jealousy to urge him to desperation, and yet he acted as if impelled by every fiend that tortures the soul.

On his return from France, he was received by all the family with pleasure; we were not then acquainted with his unjustifiable conduct, but the arrival of Lieut. Cassin, with Capt. Lawrence's message, ended the delusion. This behaviour was incomprehensible: he possessed courage, and the first rate abilities; yet he appeared to shrink, as it were, from the service of his country; at a time too when the exertions of all her citizens, it was thought, would soon be requisite for the support of her rank, dignity, and honour as a nation, in whatever station they were calculated to act. What Capt. C's. rea-

sons for his conduct were, I am still ignorant; I only state facts, which numbers can testify. His behaviour, thus inexplicable, excited the attention of the merchants, to whom his pecuniary situation was well known. They were conscious that to him employment was, or ought to be, an object, as his family required that support he had not the means of affording them without being engaged in his profession, or a total dependence on my industry. It was this knowledge, I believe, that induced Mr. Ketland to send for Capt. C., and offer him the command of a brig, bound for Europe: after some remonstrances, and a great deal of persuasion, I prevailed on him to accept the offer. The brig lay at Kensington for some time, and he attended to his duty on board of her till she had taken in her cargo, and fallen off in the stream, ready for sea, when a stop was put to her sailing by some public restrictions on our trade. She therefore discharged the cargo, her destination was changed, and, in consequence of her being sent out in ballast, Capt. C. declined the command; and the reasons he assigned to me, whether true or false I do not pretend to say, were, that he could derive no emolument from the voyage except his wages. He was of course again unemployed.

The attention of Capt. C's. friends were again excited; and sympathy for my situation, as well as friendship for him, induced Capt. ——, who was going to sail for India, in the employ of Stephen Girard, to call on Capt. C; and after some preliminary conversation, this gentleman informed him of his destination, and delicately proposed to Capt. C. to accept the situation of first mate on board his ship, with the same wages and emoluments he enjoyed as captain; an offer so eligible any person of common sense would have eagerly accepted, yet my *cara sposa* hesitated, and it required all my powers of persuasion, united with that of my family, to induce him to close with the proposal. He, however, agreed with Capt. ——, and once more entered upon duty on ship board, which he diligently performed, being steady, sober, and attentive. Again hope allured me, and I fancied a reformation had commenced; this praiseworthy line of conduct he pursued until the ship was equipped for sea, and had hauled off into the stream; his clothes, stores, and baggage were all ready to be removed. The dinner hour passed, even-

ing was drawing near, and still Capt. C. had not returned; I then became extremely uneasy. Capt. —— called on me, and expressed the greatest anxiety to learn the place of his retreat. As he had not been at the ship, nor at home, he concluded that he had intentionally concealed himself; messengers were despatched in all directions in search of him. Joseph Hutton, then his particular friend, sought him eagerly in every place there was any probability of finding him, but search was in vain; he was gone past our power to discover him; another mate was engaged, and they sailed without him. In a few days after the departure of the ship he returned, squalid and dirty. I was indisposed, and was sitting in my chamber, when he abruptly entered the apartment, threw a paper in my lap, and declared he was a dead man: alarmed, I inquired what he meant; he replied that he had taken poison, and that no power on earth could now save him. This declaration so shocked my mother, that the house resounded with her shrieks of "Oh! my son, my son." My sister joined her, and the children's cries completed the chaos of confusion, while I sat a silent spectator of the scene. My sister Mary, (since Mrs. Abbot) with more presence of mind than the rest, ran to an apothecary in the neighbourhood, and procured a large draught of sweet oil; this he swallowed instantly. I then sent for Dr. Proudfit, who had been our family physician for some years: he ordered a powerful emetic, which was directly administered to Capt. C., who took it very coolly; this gave us a hope of counteracting the effects of the deadly opiate he said he had taken. Dr. Proudfit then desired all that was discharged from his stomach should be carefully preserved till his return, which would be in the course of an hour: with his directions we complied, and the doctor declared, after close examination, the assertions to be a gross falsehood, as there was no appearance of poison being discharged from his stomach; consequently, none had been taken. Capt. C. was then put to bed, where a night of calm repose restored his senses, and the poison was forgotten. What his motives for this base deception were, I am at a loss to determine, unless to terrify me to death, by causing a premature birth of my then expected infant: be that as it may, his plan was not effected; but it replaced him in the house, and so far softened the family

in his favour, that his late misconduct was overlooked, and peace presided for a period. About this time my sister Sarah was married to Joseph Hutton, one of the younger brothers of my persecutor Nat. Joseph had been apprenticed in the mercantile house of Willing and Curwin, but having embezzled large sums of money that was intrusted to his care by those gentlemen, he was at length detected, disgraced, and had not his father refunded to the house five hundred dollars, which they agreed to take, he would have met the reward his deeds merited, by being brought to condign punishment. As it was, he went off as a seaman, and after an absence of a year, returned, like the prodigal son, to eat his father's fatted calf: he became dependant on his parents for some time, and contracted that habit of indolence which is so peculiarly his, that although nature has given him some talents, and education improved them, yet he can never rise, even to mediocrity, in any thing he attempts. He has been a seaman, a school-master, an editor, an author, a poet, and is now a poor comedian, with a family depending on his father for their daily subsistence—yet it is certain he has never been great in any of these characters, merely from indolence. With this young man my ill-fated sister fell violently in love, nor could all the persuasions and authority of her family prevent their marriage, to which, at length, they yielded a reluctant consent; dreading, if they withheld her from him, there would be a second part of Nat in the family. Joseph, on their marriage, opened a genteel school; and the young couple went to house-keeping, which his father enabled them to do in a tolerably decent style, in all things except glass and queen's-ware: those articles were furnished by me, on credit, but Joseph forgot to pay for them.

After some time spent in indolence, intoxication and dissipation, the expense of which I was obliged to support from the proceeds of my store, Captain Carson received another offer from Captain M'Kibbin, an intimate friend, similar to the one made by Captain ——, to perform the duty of first-mate, with wages and privileges equal to himself. This offer, with his usual reluctance, he accepted, with an expectation of getting a ship in the same employ on his return, which was then considered one of the best in the city, Mr. Clapier being a merchant celebrated for

his humanity and liberality. Contrary to my expectation, he actually set sail for Cadiz. As he had once more engaged in active service, his habit of drinking was relinquished; the voyage was prosperous, and he conducted himself with such strict propriety as to gain the perfect confidence of Captain M'Kibbin.

My business continued prosperous; I daily increased my little capital, and added to my stock in trade. During this period my third son entered this vale of wo. My unfortunate marriage, when the heart was too light to be susceptible of lasting impressions, and my persecutions from Nat had steeled my heart from *la belle passion*. It is true, I sometimes imagined that I loved him, and that it was owing to a natural coldness of constitution that I did not experience those raptures which the poets had painted to my view. Alas! mistaken woman, thy hour was not yet come; to love I was a perfect stranger; the blind god had suffered me to enjoy my liberty, only to render my captivity the more certain, when his malice impelled him to aim an arrow at my heart; and now, alas, the fatal bow was bent for my destruction. My days of innocence and virtue were fast passing away, and passions, wild, ardent, sincere, but guilty, usurped the place of thoughtless coquetry, with which I had trifled with Nat's feelings. But I will proceed.

My younger sister, Mary, had been some time married to Thomas Abbott, and settled in Chesnut-street, about three squares distance from my house. A violent alarm of fire in that part of the city where she resided, terrified me for her safety, as she lived in that unfortunate house, if I may be allowed the expression, in which Mr. Brown and family lost their lives by that devouring element. It was early in the evening; without hat or shawl I darted from my own door, and with hurried steps bent my way in the direction of my sister's residence. My unfortunate tall figure caught the attention of a gentleman standing at Barry's hotel, which I was obliged in my way to pass: he quickly followed, politely addressed me, with an inquiry of where was the fire? I acknowledged my ignorance, and pleaded curiosity and fears for my sister's safety as having drawn me rather imprudently from home alone. He then offered me his protection, and we walked up to where the devouring element was con-

suming all things its power extended to: here we stood some time, marking its progress, and commenting on its dreadful effects and power. At length I proposed to return home, and he continued to escort me, and politely inquired to what part of the city he should conduct me; this I refused to tell him, as also my name, which he appeared very desirous of learning: without any ceremony he mentioned his own, and place of residence, assuring me that he felt a particular interest in wishing a further acquaintance. His family I knew by name and character, but had no personal acquaintance with them, or in the circle of society in which they moved.

Shall I own my folly, and say, I blushed for my present situation in life?—That business which had been my source of happiness and independence, I was now ashamed of. Pride may justly be called a remarkable sin, it was so to me: although it had impelled me to a noble exertion for the support of my family, yet it now prompted me to conceal from this young gentleman my residence, and, as I then thought, humble employment. But a few doors from my own house my mother met me; she called me by name, saying, "Ann, where have you been?—I then caught her arm and we proceeded for home, Mr. M——n following us to the door, I politely curtsied, thanked him for his protection, and with my mother, walked into the store, leaving him at the door. The next day he called at the house, inquired for Miss Baker of my mother, who replied, there was no such person now in her family, as all her daughters were married. Unfortunately I entered at that moment; he bowed respectfully, apologized to me for his mistake and intrusion, but still requested permission to be allowed the pleasure of waiting on the family as an occasional visiter. To this request I confusedly assented, and in a few months he became my declared Cicesbo. Now, Mary, my hour was come; for from the beams of his fine dark intelligent eyes, I drank the delicious poison, and love slyly stole into my hitherto indifferent bosom. He was not a handsome man, but there was a *je ne sais quoi* in his manners and appearance that attracted my attention, flattered my imagination, and imperceptibly gained upon my heart. In a few short months I was as romantically in love as ever

Nat Hutton was; with this difference, my swain loved as ardently as I did, therefore I was happy,

> "For I knew not the dreadful pain
> To love, and not be loved again."

My unprotected situation at this time, and Captain Carson's ungentlemanly treatment, had exposed me to the attention of several gentlemen, whose views, I am now convinced, were not too chaste; but as I heard nothing from them but desultory conversation for some time, I had no excuse to refuse them my company. One of these was a quaker, whose plain garb, and sanctified exterior, were only a mask to cloak his hypocrisy and libertine heart from the world. He was a married man, therefore I will conceal his name and family from the prying eyes of curiosity. His visits were frequent, and his conduct respectful for near eight months, during which time

> He look'd and sigh'd, alas, in vain,
> He sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
> The quaker garb he did disgrace,
> And swore he lov'd me to my face.

At length the mountain brought forth a mouse; "from sighs that breathed, at length came words that burned." He, in the true puritanical style, told his tale of love. I heard him with wonder, not unmixed with surprise. "What," exclaimed I, "is it possible you, a married man, a father of a family of fine children, attempt to seduce me to an illicit intercourse, equally degrading to both of us?—Fy, fy, blush for your conduct: go, return to your duty to your wife, and forget the errors of this hour, as I shall do." Surprised and aghast, he gazed on me for a few moments, then, as if conscience had regained its sway, and the impetuous passion fled, he became a man, calm, rational, and such as I had ever known him. He acknowledged his folly—but declared, as an extenuation, that although he had been married ten years, this was his first dereliction from his sacred vows of constancy. I then said, "Let it be the last, and I will bury this in oblivion." Adieu, I have an engagement for this

evening, which I am going to fulfil, and left him sitting on the sofa, where he had placed himself beside me, to tell his tender tale of love.

I will here enter upon my own defence, as to personal conduct. I have been accused of using every art to entice men of property to my house, and prey upon their fortunes to support my extravagance; this is a falsehood, so gross, so base, that I have ever treated it with the contempt it merited, *viz.* silence. Had I been disposed to sell my favours, numberless indeed would have been my purchasers. I have been laid siege to by the haughty Spaniard, for whom half the belles of fashion, married and unmarried, were sighing for in Philadelphia, and other cities, in vain. He once, as a tribute to my caprice, threw at my feet an elegant plait of hair, which a fair lady in Washington city had given him as a token of her love; and probably designed by her as a talisman to secure his constancy. This proud trophy is still in my possession. To me the phlegmatic Russian has proffered the diamonds of Golconda, along with his heart, friendship, and admiration. Had I been disposed to accept such offers, I might now, instead of being the poor isolated being I at present am, have rolled in wealth, and lived in affluence and splendour. Unfortunately for myself I was, "all for love or the world well lost." Money I valued for its utility alone, and was anxious only for sufficient to answer my purposes; this my store produced. Nay, had I been the character envy and malice have portrayed me, would I have resided in the mercantile situation I did, with my parents and family around me? No, no; ease, elegance, and retirement would have been my object, nor thus have endured the fatigue, risk, and anxiety of store-keeping. The former would have been more congenial with my early habits, education, and prospects, when I was united to Captain Carson, therefore natural to me; instead of which, I was the slave of my family and business; I was young, gay, ardent, and enthusiastic; my enemies and calumniators say *amorous*. I, for the first time, felt the soft passion of love. Mr. M——n was the darling object on which my affections rested, and he was equally infatuated. My unfortunate marriage precluded all probability of our ever forming an honourable and legal connexion; can it be wondered at, if we for-

sook prudence, and forgot her precepts of virtue, for the enjoyment of a mutual passion, as tender, ardent, and sincere, as it was rash and imprudent. For some time we ran a career of folly—all my former admirers, though they continued their visits, were neglected. In vain did Don Antonia present me with presents of great value; in vain did he court my favours by tender attentions, feigned indisposition, and all the arts of intrigue; I was invulnerable, I kept his presents, but laughed at his passion; both pleased me, so neither was returned. Lawyers essayed the powers of rhetoric to win me, and physicians were particularly anxious for my health; to preserve which, prescriptions were often written, that by me were unregarded, and I carefully forbore swallowing their nostrums. My heart loved one object, and, true to its feelings, all others were indifferent; their admiration gratified my vanity, while their conversations amused an idle hour, when M——n was engaged in his profession. I declare, that during my connexion with that gentleman, which lasted upwards of two years, and, in which time we had frequent differences, I never had an intrigue, though temptations hourly assailed me; money and valuables were offered at my shrine, but I was true to the object of my affections. How different would have been my fate, had my husband been that object.

The first interruption these halcyon days of love met with, was from my mother, whose suspicion was aroused. She therefore, one night, took M——n to task, requiring him to assign his motives for his frequent visits to the house, and our long evening walks. I was, she said, a wife and a mother; consequently, his attentions to me could not be honourable; and she therefore peremptorily forbid him visiting me any more. To this harangue he answered proudly, but respectfully; that I, being mistress of that house, by my commands only would he forsake it or me. Joseph Hutton, my brother-in-law, then thought proper to bluster about calling M——n to account, as his honour was connected with mine; he being a member of the family, and the friend of Captain Carson, in whose absence he was my lawful protector. To this rhodomontade M——n coolly replied, he was ready and willing to give him any satisfaction he demanded, adding, you know where to find me when you please, or when it will

suit your convenience. But Joe's courage was like his honour and honesty,—*air;* it therefore evaporated in the bluster he then made, as M——n heard no more from him. We were from this time compelled to meet secretly, which we did, almost every night, until the return of Capt. C., of whose conduct I will here give a succinct account; but, previous to my doing so, it will be perhaps necessary to introduce you to his family, as a comparison between our relatives was frequently a subject of contention between us; his pride, on that head, was insupportable.

Of the origin of the Carsons, previous to their settling in Philadelphia, I know nothing. The founders of the family in Pennsylvania were two brothers, who, from a low state, had risen to opulence. (I do not write this from a view of disparagement to the Carson family, as I well know that I cannot injure them in the estimation of society, while they roll in affluence, as two-thirds of the wealthy inhabitants of Philadelphia are of mushroom origin, and now merely respectable for their wealth, no matter how acquired.) William Carson, grandfather to Capt. C., was a barber, whose ambition induced him to educate his sons to the learned professions. He therefore made the one a doctor; this was Capt. C's. father. The other son, James, he educated to the law, which profession he shamefully disgraced, by his subsequent conduct, being a confirmed votary to inebriation, and was a stigma on his sister, Mrs. O'Hara, in Pittsburgh, with whom he resided. Dr. Carson was sent over to Scotland, to finish his studies at the college of Edinburgh, where he married a Miss Agnes Hunter. This the Carson family considered an improper marriage, and it cruelly disappointed the hopes of his ambitious father, who had formed expectations of uniting his son to some of the affluent young ladies of Philadelphia. Three years after his marriage he brought his wife to this city, who, if she had no other merit, was certainly a would-be fine lady; too much so even to nurse her children: a neglect, at that time, almost unprecedented in Philadelphia. This deterred many domestic families from associating with her;—she was very little known, and less respected. They had nine children, all of whom attained to maturity. The doctor had an extensive practice, by which he acquired wealth and fame,

and was by this enabled to leave his widow and children, at his death, sufficient to keep them from want. After his demise, Mrs. C. returned to her native country. The eldest daughter, some time after the family's removal to Scotland, married lawyer Forsyth, an able advocate in Edinburgh. Christian Carson, the third son, had, in his infancy, been adopted by his uncle, Col. Christian Febiger, and with him remained in Philadelphia, as did John, his eldest son, who was apprenticed to William Crammond, then a respectable merchant in this city, and who it was my unfortunate fate to marry. Capt. C. had also two aunts, sisters to his father. The eldest, Elizabeth, married Col. Febiger, and resided in Philadelphia until her death. The younger, Mary, married James O'Hara; and has many years resided in Pittsburgh. This lady, having, at her birth, adopted Mary Carson, sister to Capt. Carson, on her removal to Scotland, her aunt demanded her, and she was accordingly returned to her, after a long contest. Sarah, the younger sister, was also sent to Mrs. Febiger, with whom she resided until the death of that lady. Soon after this event, she married the son of David Lapsley, a tailor, and now resides in High-street. Mary Carson, who was the adopted daughter of her aunt, Mrs. O'Hara, and the most amiable of the family, married William, son of general O'Hara, after a courtship of several years. Her happiness was short-lived; this amiable young man expired in forty-eight hours after their union, leaving his hapless wife to lament his untimely fate. She has since married lawyer Lama, of Edinburgh; having gone, during her widowhood, to visit her family in Scotland. William, the second son, ran away, and entered into the East India company's service, from whence he was pressed into the British navy, where he continued eight or ten years. The younger sons, James, Peter, and Joseph, continued with their mother some years; Peter till he attained his eleventh year, when, being a wild, untractable boy, he eloped from her, and, after passing through a variety of adventures, at length reached Philadelphia. Here he applied to his aunt Febiger, who declined receiving him into her house, or even acknowledging him as her nephew. She therefore, to get clear of him, put him on board a vessel bound for Leith, in Scotland, intending to send him

to his family; but Capt. C. having received a letter from Mrs. Febiger, giving him an account of Peter's having been in Philadelphia, and that he was then on board the vessel going down the river, Capt. C., who was then a lieutenant on board the Delaware with my father, immediately manned the boat, and went in pursuit of this little adventurer, whom he soon discovered lying asleep on the table. His appearance was deplorable—he caught the wretched boy in his arms, hurried to the boat, which soon bore them to the ship Delaware. Here he clothed him genteelly, and then placed him in the same house with himself, providing for all his wants, and, in all respects, performing the duty of a father towards him. Shortly after my marriage to Capt. C., James, the next brother, arrived from Scotland; he was in all respects the counterpart of his brother Peter; he was lodged and boarded at my father's house. My mother equipped him for sea entirely at her own expense, for which he never made her any return. The remaining brothers I was unacquainted with, till some time after Capt. C's. death, when they came to Philadelphia to receive their portion of Mrs. Febiger's estate. They then called on me, but made no offer of assisting the orphan children of their deceased brother, who were all depending on my exertions for support; but among the family, none evinced so hostile a disposition towards myself, as the third brother, Christian Carson Febiger, who, being adopted by Col. Febiger, that gentleman having no children, and desirous to perpetuate the name of Febiger by transmitting it to posterity, had, by an act of the legislature, obtained authority to relinquish the name of Carson, and take the more respectable one of Febiger, which he now bears, and from his uncle inherits a large estate. But more of him in proper time.

This account of the origin of Capt. C's. family will prove very uninteresting; but it was necessary to introduce them to your notice, as from them I have every reason to think I have received the most unrelenting persecutions; thus making a *grateful* return for all the former kindnesses which his brother and my mother had shown to the younger branches of his family.

I must here return to Capt. C., whom we left as the chief officer of Capt. M'Kibbin, and whose return was

daily expected from Europe. When the arrival of the ship was announced in the papers, I waited on Capt. M'Kibbin, who gratified me with the account he gave of Capt. C's. conduct. During the voyage he had been sober, steady, and attentive; so peculiarly so, that Capt. M'Kibbin had not a doubt of being able to procure him, in a short time, the command of a vessel from Mr. Clapier. The ship was then lying at Reedy Island, a safe harbour in the river Delaware, distant a hundred miles from this city, being prevented by the inclemency of the weather and the ice from coming up; therefore Capt. C. could not quit her, or return to his family, until she was safely moored at Philadelphia. Satisfied with this intelligence, I returned home, highly pleased; but my happiness was of short duration. In the course of a week I again waited on Capt. M'Kibbin,—but how changed his story; he informed me, with much apparent regret, that he had scarce left the ship, ere Capt. C. had resorted to his evil practice of drinking, totally neglecting his business, and abandoning her entirely to the care of the pilot. Mortified and ashamed to hear of such conduct in Capt. C., I determined that no power on earth should ever compel me to live with a man so devoid of all affection towards his family, as to sacrifice their happiness and future prosperity at the shrine of Bacchus. No sooner had the ship reached the wharf in Philadelphia, than Capt. C. disappeared; but being so long accustomed to his eccentricity, I was not uneasy about him, supposing, when his frolic was over, and his money spent, he would return to his home.

A few days passed over when my black servant observed a sailor talking to my father. This man, her sagacity suggested, came from Capt. C.: she informed me of her observations and suspicions. I desired her to be upon the alert, and, if he came again, to apprize me of it. In a few days the sailor again called at my house. I followed him at a distance, till I saw him enter a mean boarding-house in Penn-street, kept by a Mrs. Payne: into this house I followed the man, and inquired for Capt. C. as my husband. Mrs. Payne denied his being there at first, but upon my peremptorily insisting on it as a known fact, and using some threats of enforcing the law against her, she conducted me up to her best chamber,

where, with his head on a table, in a state of intoxication, and fast asleep, I beheld Capt. C. My voice aroused him from his stupor; he raised his languid eyes to mine as from death, without uttering a word. I then called him by name, but he returned no answer; every sense and faculty seemed absorbed by deep inebriety. I demanded why he was there instead of being at home, and desired him instantly to be put to bed, commanding Mrs. Payne, at her peril, not to give him any more liquor: and concluded by requesting him, as soon as he got sober, to come home. All my directions were complied with, and in the evening he returned to my house, after an absence of several months. I now determined to enforce my first resolution, and no longer consider Capt. C. as a husband. His conduct had alienated all sense of duty from my mind: my heart and affections were devoted to another. I now beheld my union with Capt. C. with horror, not as an act of free will, sanctioned by Heaven, but of parental authority, contrary to the laws of God and the dictates of Nature, whose voice I then obeyed. I therefore refused him all the privileges of a husband as regarded myself, but the house was at his service—all, save my person and chamber, which were sacred.

In this arrangement, after much debate, he acquiesced, and from that time all connexion ceased between us by mutual consent; nor did I ever after consider him more than nominally my husband: he had voluntarily resigned his right over me to myself. I was, I fancied, freed from all my matrimonial fetters, and for the first time a love of liberty arose in my heart. I looked back with disgust on the scenes of my past life, when I had been the toy for an idle hour, not the beloved friend of a man of rational mind, but rather the pampered slave of a haughty, capricious husband. Those days were now past; my own spirit had emancipated me from thraldom, and I considered myself free as the bird that cleaves the air. Delicacy forbade my declaring my infranchisement, but I did not the less enjoy it. No weeds of widowhood covered a light heart, or demanded the sympathy and commiseration of the world; yet I was a widow in every sense of the word, except in public estimation, and that I valued not. M——n was all the world to me; for him I lived, and with him wished to die. I knew not then

that love was but an evaporating passion, subservient to time, reason, and circumstances. Like all romantic women, I hugged the dear delusion to my soul, and fancied its raptures would last for ever.

This short interval of peace soon after suffered a severe interruption. Several days had elapsed, since Capt. C's. return without my hearing from M——n, when one morning a letter was handed to Capt. C. by the post boy, addressed to me; curiosity, or jealousy, prompted him to break the seal, which at once disclosed the attachment of some unknown rival to me; love, impatience, and dislike to Capt. C., were painted in glowing colours: the conclusion of this unfortunate epistle, expressed an entreaty that I should meet the writer at my door, which opened in Dock-street, the following evening, at an early hour, for that he could no longer endure a separation, and had determined to obtain an interview at all hazards. Capt. C. had no sooner read the contents, than, filled with rage and resentment, he burst into my chamber, and haughtily demanded the writer's name. My usual presence of mind at this moment preserved me, for I coolly retorted, by telling him I supposed he was better acquainted with the author than myself, that I was aware he wished to destroy my peace, and it was probable he, or some of his friends, had taken that method to effect their purpose. After many threats he abruptly left me, and proceeded to the house of my *kind* brother-in-law, Joseph Hutton, who gave him every satisfaction necessary on the subject, at the same time advising him to watch M——n's movements, and that he might shortly satisfy himself. Capt. C. refused to accede to this proposal, observing, however faulty I might be in some respects that I was the mother of his children, a careful, affectionate, and tender one, and that he would never expose me intentionally to the censure of the world; but that he would demand satisfaction from M——n in such a way that the secret might rest only with the parties concerned. On his return home he informed me of all he had learned, and of the kind advice of my friendly relative, cautioning me as to my future conduct, and to avoid an interview with M——n; which, if discovered by him, would perhaps prove fatal. Alarmed by this intelligence I sent a note to M——n, warning him of his danger, which was quickly answered in person.

My horror and astonishment at seeing him in the house with Capt. C. exceeded description: he kindly bade me not to be alarmed, that he was already armed, (showing me a brace of pistols concealed beneath his coat,) that he was willing to meet Capt. C. on honourable terms, but that he should defend his person from any ungentlemanly attack. I entreated him to leave the city, but he refused to comply, alleging, as his excuse, that such a measure would stamp him as a coward, but that he would avoid Capt. C. if it were possible to do so. He hurried away, leaving me stupified with horror. Several days passed in painful solicitude and endeavours to persuade Capt. C. that the reports he had heard were malicious falsehoods, in which I succeeded: peace was at length restored.

Capt. C. again relapsed into his habits of indolence and intemperance; indeed, so devoted was he to this vice, that it seemed the only object of his life. I forbear to say in what situation he has been found, for it is painful to me to divulge, even to the eye of friendship, his errors; and for the sake of his children I would bury his faults in oblivion. Perhaps in giving a delineation of his character I have said too much already; but necessity, and a strict adherence to truth, has compelled me to state facts, rather than to indulge myself in the flights of fancy. That he disgraced his family and connexions by his intemperance, is too true; that he had some good qualities and virtues I must admit, for which I am willing to give him all possible credit; that he had fine talents and abilities, all the world will acknowledge; therefore, it is unnecessary for me to make any comments on that head. He pursued this ill line of conduct for some time, till my patience was nearly exhausted; and, irritated by his imposition, in not only forbearing to make any provision for his family, but depending totally on me, I therefore gravely inquired one day, what he intended to do in future for his living? adding, I could not afford to support him in idleness and daily intoxication. His answers were vague and unsatisfactory, yet he made no attempt to get, or even merit employment. I remonstrated, and endeavoured to prevail on him to obtain some situation, and at length he agreed to go to New York or Baltimore and try to get a vessel out of one of those ports, provided I would accompany him

there, and remain with him till he sailed. With this absurd and childish request I complied, and we set off for New York, M——n appointing to meet me on my return, and escort me home. On our arrival at New York, I took up my residence with a friend of my mother's in that city. Capt. C. continued his idle habits, not even attempting to get a vessel, or do any thing else. I patiently waited three weeks, attentively making, on his conduct, observations, and forming opinions.

During my residence in New York, as I was walking out, I met my Spanish admirer, Don Antonio, and his interpreter. His pleasure at our meeting equalled my surprise; both were evident; he inquired for my place of abode, and begged the favour of being allowed to call on me; to this I assented, and we parted. I have hitherto omitted telling you that Don Antonio could not speak English, and as I did not understand any language but that, our conversation was carried on through the medium of his interpreter, who was ever present at all our interviews, which were of course not marked by any impropriety; indeed with this gentleman my acquaintance was entirely public, for if there could be any blame attached to him, it was for the open declaration of his attachment, which he said was created for me, not from any personal superiority to my sex, but because I possessed "more talent:" (this often excited my laughter, as men in general love for personal beauty, rather than qualifications of mind.) In a few days he called at my residence, accompanied by his interpreter and another Spanish gentleman, to whom I was introduced; we were for some time engaged in the usual chit chat of a morning visit, when Capt. C. entered the parlour; I instantly introduced him as my husband. Don Antonio mistook the word, and fancied he was my brother, as he knew I had brothers absent; but I again repeated his name, and that he was my husband: at hearing this, he was evidently so agitated that Capt. C. observed it, and from that time had a new object of jealousy. Don Antonio soon recovered his presence of mind, and with friendly politeness inquired what business he followed? On hearing he had come to New York with a view to obtain the command of a ship in the European trade, he offered him one of his vessels, bound for Cadiz; but his friendly offer

Capt. C., from his jealousy, would not accept. Finding that he had no probability of getting a ship, I determined on returning to Philadelphia, as I well knew that my attention and exertions were required for the support of my family, whom their father had abandoned to my mercy. Don Antonio frequently offered to attend me home in his own coach, but this I declined, as I had ever done all gallantry from him. My acquaintance with him had been grounded on custom, and no breach of decorum; he had been introduced to the family as a friend, and my father's rank in the navy was not disproportioned to his. My situation as a storekeeper, and a retail trader, might have been considered as an impediment; but I was Capt. Baker's daughter, and as such, in the eyes of a European and a soldier, who regarded birth rather than riches or circumstances, this was trifling; and as a descendant of a respectable family Don Antonio considered me, rather than what I was—a neglected female, labouring for the maintenance of a young family, and wished to promote their interest from a regard for me. Whether this goodwill took its rise from love or philanthropy, I will not say: the public may draw such conclusions as may best suit their fancy. Fatigued by Capt. C's. frivolity and carelessness, I at length determined to leave him to his own guidance, and return home. I longed to see M——n once more, and embrace my children, as they were always my chief concern. I made several visits to the Don, at whose house I had the pleasure of meeting numbers of the first men that city could boast: in these visits Capt. C. always accompanied me; this attention rather increased than diminished his jealousy.

I wrote to M——n, appointing when and where he should meet me; my letters he did not receive, from a cause as whimsical as many others that have occurred in the course of my life, and on which depended a chain of eventful circumstances. I had written to him under cover, to a young lawyer in Philadelphia, then residing in Fourth-street: this gentleman had formed an intrigue with a young lady, whose name I forbear to mention, daughter to a merchant from whom Mr. D. then rented his office: this was discovered by her family, who were greatly enraged at it. He, to escape the probable consequences of his amour, absconded; his office was

searched, and my letters to M——n found in the inspection which took place among his papers. By this incident M——n remained ignorant of what had transpired in New York, and also of my quitting that city, consequently, could not keep his appointment with me. I therefore returned alone, not a little irritated against him for his supposed neglect. Mortified feeling and wounded affection now tortured my heart, but female pride predominated in my bosom, and I resolved to avoid him in future.

What were the agonies I endured,—to fancy myself forsaken by the man for whom I had sacrificed every thing dear to woman, and who I still loved with unabated affection; there was distraction in the bare supposition,—what then must have been the reality? But my spirit was equal to the conflict, and I resolved to avoid him steadily. I therefore forbore going into the store at the times he was accustomed to see me there, and sedulously shunned every place where it was possible I might meet him. M——n, of course, remained ignorant of my return to the city. Exasperated by my apparent neglect, he forbore any inquiry for me from those that could have satisfied him, and we continued estranged from, and incensed against each other for six months. In this time my effervescence of passion evaporated, a variety of objects diverted my attention from him. That spirit of coquetry which had lain dormant, but not extinguished, revived; I spread my snares for various attractive beaux, not from interested motives, but to gratify a desire of revenge. I detested the very name of man, and, from the specimens I had of them, I ridiculed the very idea of constancy, truth, and felicity, in that capricious sex, on whom I vowed to play off my powers of attraction, insnare, trifle with them, laugh at, and discharge them. Vengeance was my only desire, for had I not been tormented and tyrannized over by one, followed, teazed, and persecuted by the friend of my childhood, the gay companion of my youth, and, worse than all, apparently neglected by the only one for whom my heart had ever felt a pang, or heaved a sigh. I became, in some measure, careless of the world's opinion, and by that incurred its resentment and contumely. But I regarded it not, and pursued my own course unrestrained, till fate, or misfor-

tune, I know not which, brought M——n and me again together. I was going out from my house one evening as he was passing, he stopped, and called me by name, not in his usual way of Ann, but in a reproachful tone ejaculated "Mrs. C., madam!" I could not retreat, a mutual explanation took place, but my pride predominated over love, and I heard him in sullen silence, or answered with bitter recrimination. Thus we parted, mutually dissatisfied with each other. A severe fit of illness shortly after confined me to my chamber for several months; soon after my recovery we met; time and indisposition calmed my resentment; a reconciliation took place, and I was again happy. During this lapse of time, M——n had been appointed to a majority in the army; again we renewed all our former folly, which was only interrupted by his being ordered to join his regiment, then encamped at *Shellpot hill:* from hence he made frequent excursions, either for pleasure or business, to the city. Prior to this, I received a letter from Capt. C., in which he took his leave of me, saying, he was going on a long voyage, from whence he should not return unless with a broken limb or golden chain; but he took care to conceal from me the place of his destination, and the name of the ship in which he expected to sail. I heard no more from him for three years and nine months, except, from a rumour that afterwards circulated, I learned he had died in an hospital in Russia. This report, therefore, induced me to think he was no longer an inhabitant of this world, and that a kind Providence had dissolved the galling fetters my parents had loaded me with. I now became a widow; as such I was looked on, and, as such, my hand was sought for by many professed admirers. About this time a serious quarrel took place between M——n and myself, in which I vowed never to have any future intercourse with him, and I firmly kept my resolution ever after; all presents and letters were mutually restored, and our amour terminated as all such follies must, in indifference or resentment on my part, and anger on his. But I must here do him the justice to say, that I took umbrage at what I now consider a trifling occurrence, and which, perhaps, any woman would have overlooked in a husband, but which my haughty spirit could not tamely endure. Soon after this, our separation, he lost his father,

and he rushed headlong into every scene of folly and dissipation, spending his fortune in a too eager pursuit of the delusive phantom pleasure.

I, meantime, became again entirely devoted to my business. My mother had got a share of the contract for making clothes for the use of the army, and, as the war had greatly injured my trade, I pursued this new avocation to increase my income, and procure for my children such indulgences as they had been accustomed to. My time was continually employed in cutting out work for the females that depended on us for bread, and the support of their families. I was indefatigable in my attentions to this and the store. Disgusted with man, and sick of the very name of love, I met all the advances of those that sought my favour with cool indifference, which soon dismissed them from the pursuit; whether honourable or otherwise, I cared not. Of the deceptions of that sex, I was perfectly convinced, and laughed at their efforts to again enslave me. I could not be mistaken in the views of some, who, as they were men of families, I was conscious were dishonourable. Among this number, I will here rank a certain general, commander of our forces in the northern department of the army, and a gallant major, who had lately arrived from the green shores of Erin, whose sole merit consisted in a handsome exterior, which far exceeded any thing I had as yet beheld of manly beauty; but, like Nascissus, he had become so enamoured with his beautiful self, that he considered his exquisite form a sufficient recommendation to every female heart, totally forgetting he had a mind. For a few days this Adonis dazzled my imagination, by charming my sense of sight, but my understanding soon became conscious of his mental deficiencies; his low, vulgar manners, and the ignorance of his conversation, completely disgusted me.

To convey to you some idea of this Adonis, for such he really was, I will give you an anecdote of his courage and profound military skill in making a retreat, that will gratify their taste for the ridiculous. He was generally looked upon as the natural son of a celebrated editor of this city; be that as it may, this personage received, countenanced, and promoted his interest, to the injury of the rightful citizens. Among the numerous honours heaped upon Major Dunn, he was appointed adjutant-ge-

neral pro. tem. in the absence of his patron. This appointment irritated the generality of the American officers, whose pride felt the mortifying insult of having an ignorant, base-born alien, a mere adventurer from among the desperadoes that had fled from Europe to the assistance of the patriots of South America, placed over their heads. Whether the warlike sons of Columbia in the south had not estimated beauty as a sufficient substitute for manly spirit and courage, I cannot assert, or his reasons for honouring the United States with his services. Be that as it may, here, to our city of brotherly love, he came, and the party who then held the balance of power, received him with the true fraternal embrace, so congenial to his views. Places, power and pay became his; and he used them with all the moderation his countrymen are so celebrated for, when taken from the lowest grades of society and placed in power. It was in the exercise of one of the privileges his situation of adjutant gave him of exhibiting his fine figure on horse-back, that he, mounted on a noble charger, was riding through the ranks as the troops at Shell pott-hill, (their place of encampment) distant south from Philadelphia, twenty-five miles, were performing their evolutions, under the command of their officers. Major M——n (my favorite swain) was at the head of his men, and as the pretty Major D. advanced, Major M——n commanded his men to go through an evolution directly contrary to the respect due to a gentleman, and an officer of his superior rank. This public insult Major D. was compelled to resent, which he did by sending Major M——n a challenge; this was accepted. Arms and seconds were chosen, time and place agreed on. Gloucester-point, a neck of land reaching into the river Delaware below the city of Philadelphia, was the place fixed on for their embarkation for the Jersey shore, for which place the parties were proceeding on horseback, each attended by his second, when Major D. proposed that he would go to Major Gale's quarters, at the navy-yard, and borrow his pistols, as they were generally allowed to be the best in Philadelphia; and to the honour of Major Gale be it told, they were ever at the duellist's service. To procure these invaluable instruments of death, Major D. halted at Major Gale's, while the other gentlemen proceeded to the point.

Here they waited a considerable time longer than he ought to have detained them; their patience at length expired, and they retraced their road to the city, expecting to meet their fiery antagonist, but in vain. The heroic major had loosed the girths of his saddle, and set his horse at liberty, who returned to his stable, while his late martial rider took the stage and proceeded to Pittsburg, where he now keeps a house of public entertainment, leaving his wife, who had been a gay milliner in Philadelphia, to follow him at her leisure. This she soon did to his great mortification, as he frequently expressed his regret at having made such an ineligible marriage. Thus terminated my acquaintance with this Irish Adonis, of famous memory in Philadelphia, while Major M——n enjoyed his triumph with all the moderation of a gentleman, a man of sense, and undoubted courage.

My sister Mary, I have told you, married Thomas Abbott, who has since wrought my ruin, and aided in consigning my unfortunate husband to an ignominious death. But more of this hereafter: he was then my very humble servant, as I could frequently lend him money when he was pressed in his payments, and which I scarcely ever had returned in proper time; thus injuring my credit to maintain his own: but as he was a member of the baptist church, and a professor of Christianity, as a sister I was friendly to him; my house, my purse and interest, were at his command; but, like Judas, he smiled in my face while his heart was the seat of envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness towards me and my family. With such inhabitants in his bosom, religion could only be a mask to conceal the depravity of his heart, by which he acquired the confidence of his fellow-citizens but to betray it, and the reputation of a pious Christian; how justly merited his subsequent conduct will prove. In the early part of his marriage, he was to my sister as kind a husband as could be expected from one of his sordid disposition; two female infants were the fruits of this apparently happy union.

Pleased with his tenderness to Mary, whom I esteemed and tenderly loved, I hesitated not to give him every assistance in my power, in promoting his business; nor for years did I discover the hidden serpent that was preparing for me a deep and deadly wound. In the affection-

ate, attentive brother-in-law, and kind husband, his sycophantic manners then gained my friendship, as they had done my poor sister's affections; but both have since suffered a deep and deadly wound by this wolf in sheep's clothing.

I must here apologize for introducing a character so much beneath attention as the person of Susan Elliott; but, as I had, from motives of compassion, taken her into my house, and her insinuating manners having gained my confidence, she has become of some importance in my eventful history, by being my betrayer and accuser in a court of *law*, I wish I could say *justice*, therefore you will, I trust, forgive me for mentioning her here; for believe me, when I assure you, that I now recoil with horror but to relate the crimes of this basest of our sex. But as I have promised to extenuate nothing, I am compelled to state such circumstances as have come within my knowledge, without any regard to the feelings of the parties concerned, or the delicacy of my sex.

This female Messalina was the daughter of a skipper, otherwise, captain of a small coaster, that sailed for some time out of the port of Philadelphia, and whose family resided in our neighbourhood. My father's rank and my mother's pride never permitted them to associate with those they considered their inferiors: this family was almost unknown to them; but I, like all children, had no other choice in my playmates, but as they were agreeable to my fancy. Susan was rather younger than I; but we were companions for several years in childhood, when no proud distinction mars the infant joys. I selected her for my favourite protegee, and, in defiance of the animadversions of my mother, I felt a partiality for her, not even her subsequent misfortunes could obliterate, till a thorough conviction of her treachery alienated her from my heart. I have told you my family held hers in contempt,—but mark me, Mary, it was not for their poverty, but from the baseness of their origin. Her father was an emigrant from the eastern states—his real name was Dodge; but, from what motives I know not, certainly not the best, he changed his name to Elliott. This man, after a short residence in Philadelphia, married the widow Glass, who, at that time, kept a boarding-house and tavern on Market street wharf. She was the daughter of Mr.

Wallhammer, who, many years ago, kept a gambling house of the lowest order in Southwark; and, although at present his descendants consider themselves respectable, they were then only known by their infamy. Susan's father continued to coast for some time, till he at length obtained a vessel in the West India trade, and, in consequence of a French lady who was emigrating to Philadelphia, and passenger in his vessel, dying on the voyage, he became suddenly affluent, and bought a place at Germantown, where, for some time, he resided in a style of ease and elegance, far removed from his former situation. They, after a time, returned to New England, and he and his family were by me forgotton. I, meantime, had married Capt. C., and lived in ease and plenty when Susan and her family returned to Philadelphia. Her father had outlived his wealth, and been some time dead. The family were then very poor, and, on Susan's application to me, I took her eldest sister into my house as a sempstress. This young woman worked for me until she married a Mr. Matlock, and went to reside in Richmond, Virginia. I then took Susan in her place, who was frequently with me during a severe illness, which confined me to my chamber several months. She was privy to my attachment to M——n, but I never in the least, suspected she had been guilty of any imprudence herself, until she one day related, in confidence to me, all the events of her past life, which I shall, as concisely as possible, repeat to you.

Her aunt, Mrs. Allen, sister to Mrs. Elliott, Susan's mother, and daughter to Mr. Wallhammer, resides in Front street below Queen. She had one only daughter, who married Dr. ******, formerly celebrated for a base deception practised on the respectable house of Wetherill and sons, by selling them a very large quantity of indigo. This gentleman is now resident on Long Island, not ten miles distant from the navy yard, New York, and married to a lady of some consideration in that neighbourhood. On Susan's return to this city, Dr. ****** was, as she informed me, in affluent circumstances: as the cousin of his wife, he received her with kindness in his family, and to her, soon after, made private professions of love. She accompanied him and his wife to Charleston, S. C., where she yielded to his proposals, and, according

to her subsequent relation, became a participator in the commission of crimes shocking to humanity, and of such black and aggravated turpitude, as prepared her heart for the foulest and most malignant purposes. Yet this woman, loaded with the most horrible crimes that human nature is capable of committing, was suffered to come boldly into a court of justice to swear away the liberty of her benefactress, supported and protected by the countenance of Peter Meirken, one of the inspectors of the penitentiary, who had bailed her, and of the prosecutor, at whose house she was a frequent visiter during my imprisonment.

Perhaps it will be urged in defence of the equity of our laws, that her crimes were unknown, but I beg leave to undeceive you. I had made a particular statement of all the facts to judge H——l, and promised to support it. If, then, the punishment of her crime did not come within the cognizance of the judge of the court of Oyer and Terminer, yet I conceive it was his place, as a *good citizen* of this *good city of Philadelphia*, to represent it to the Mayor, whose well known vigilance and regard for the safety and morals of its inhabitants, of all degrees, ranks, and colour, would certainly have induced him to bring the perpetrator of such horrid crimes before his equitable tribunal. But no, no; it was enough, I suppose, that I became the victim for the law to wreak its vengeance on: I, who, for what reason I know not, have ever been considered a dangerous woman to this formidable state, and the city of Baltimore; not for my avarice, nor for my crimes. I should be very happy to ask those sagacious gentlemen, administrators of the laws of those places, in what respect I am a dangerous character; for really, if I know my own heart, I am at a loss to determine. True, I have been accused of having put the late potent governor of this powerful state, Simon Snyder, commander-in-chief of its armies, in bodily fear, and also of terrifying his exotic friend of Shamokin island.

Pardon this digression; indeed you must excuse me: you see I still remember some of my old friends with kindness, and will pay them my compliments, whenever opportunity shall offer. Susan's excuse for thus submitting to become a mere toy for Dr. *****'s amusement, was her extreme poverty, a weak attachment to his per-

son, which, like all passions in the female heart, absorbed every better feeling, and rendered her the abject slave of his will, lost to each sentiment of virtue or self-respect. At the time she related this tale to me, she was again in the way to become a mother. Her seducer had failed in business, but intrusted her with a considerable sum, which she then had in her possession, amounting to near five hundred dollars. This money I advised her to keep as a future means of subsistence for herself and expected infant, who I entreated her to love and cherish at her bosom with a mother's fondness; adding, a contrary conduct would certainly draw the vengeance of offended Heaven on her head. Then reverting to the tale of horror she had recently related to me, I shuddered; dread and indignation shook my soul. "Great God!" I exclaimed, "canst thou permit such crimes to pass unpunished, and the base perpetrators to enjoy the first of blessings, light and air? But thou art just; and, for the destroyers of innocence, perdition only is the proper punishment." Here the poor terrified creature sunk on my bed, exclaiming, "Oh! Ann, you have pronounced my condemnation." Pale, trembling and aghast, she lay for a few moments; when fainting nature reviving in her heart, I, in strong terms, represented the impropriety of her conduct, and entreated her to make some atonement to her offended Creator, by a general reform in her future life. My advice for the present was, that she should retire to some obscure retreat, from whence, after her confinement, she might return to society, enter into some kind of business, and, by a laudable industry, regain, if possible, the approbation of her own heart. I continued—if this would henceforth be her line of conduct, my friendship and every assistance should be hers, provided she discontinued her intercourse with her seducer. She, at this time, promised a compliance with my advice, thanked me for my proffered assistance, and, I really think, then designed acting accordingly, as she expressed great contrition for her past offences. While under this remorse of conscience, she communicated to me circumstances of Dr. *****'s conduct in the line of his profession, too shocking to repeat. She related to me one story, of a very handsome Irish woman, named Lydia, who, having had one child to the son of a respectable alderman of this city, and be-

ing again pregnant, she requested the assistance of Dr. *****, who from that time destroyed all the fruits of her secret amours with various married gentlemen in this city. But her own life at length fell a sacrifice to her crimes, and she died under the most excruciating pangs of mind and body; nor could the united skill and exertions of Drs. Shaw and Snow prolong her miserable existence. To this infamous woman, Dr. ***** introduced Susan, and her house became the scene of their atrocities. But the vengeance of Heaven only slept; death called her to an awful tribunal, repentance was withheld from her, and she expired, imprecating curses on her fell destroyer. This awful death Susan had witnessed, yet continued her criminal intercourse with him. From this time she discontinued her visits to me, and I fancied she was putting her good resolutions into practice, when her sister, Mrs. Matlock, called on me to inquire for her, informing me that Susan had left her house, and that she could hear no tidings of her. I was ignorant of the place of her concealment, and the whole business had terminated before she again called on me. On her reappearance at my house, I observed the alteration in her figure, and emaciated looks. By a strict investigation, I learned that Dr. ***** had deprived her of the money she had in her possession, and left her destitute of any provision; she was therefore without the means of subsistence, but from her own exertions: weak in body, tortured in mind, and depressed in spirits, she presented to view only an object of misery, which excited my pity blended with a degree of abhorrence for her crimes. Yet, thought I, she is but an erring female, the victim of a man, to whom love has made her subservient. I will not cast her off, for am I not too the slave of that seducing passion? and shall I condemn her, who am myself an erring mortal? Our blessed Saviour says, "Let them that have no sin, cast the first stone." I therefore was by humanity induced not to expose her and her family to public contempt, as she was then established with her sister; and some time elapsed before I saw her again. I will now dismiss her for a time, and return to myself.

I had resided for some years in that house, the corner of Dock and Second street, and which since became the scene of all my miseries. But, I must here tell that it

was not owned, as my enemies had reported, by Capt. C. I rented it at five hundred dollars per annum, and established myself in it, without any assistance from Capt. C., or his family; and I must also observe, that although they were rich, and we on intimate terms, they never gave, or offered me, the most trifling assistance; not so much as the smallest present to my children, and when letters came addressed to any member of the family, with an enclosure for me from Capt. C., the postage of such letters were booked to his account, and payment made, on his return, to them.

This house my father and I occupied jointly; but my brothers growing towards manhood, and my children increasing rapidly in size, it therefore became too small to accommodate two families; and as I now felt courage sufficient to appear publicly at the head of my own business, (my mother having hitherto been the nominal proprietor) we, by mutual agreement, separated. My father removed to Front street, while I continued at my old residence. Shortly after the removal of my family, Susan Elliott, my evil genius, again made her appearance at my house: she had been living with her aunt, Mrs. Allen, but was now in distress; her frailty had led her into an intrigue with a young gentleman, then a student of the law, and soon to become a candidate for a place at the bar. She was the only confidant of my intrigue with M——n; this imboldened her to remove the mask of hypocrisy that concealed her from the world, and to make me the confidant of her depravity.

Oh, what a tax on principle is a female's first dereliction from virtue! Vainly we fancy we can taste the cup of pleasure, and when sated, throw it from our lips, returning again to the paths of moral rectitude. The erring heart, alas! wants power to submit to the discipline of reason, and we venture to relapse, ere our strength is equal to the conflict; thus debilitating our minds, pleasure again tempts us, and we fall to rise no more; unless, indeed, the hapless female should chance to be possessed of more strength of mind and fortitude than is generally found among the weaker sex. Women, too, are naturally communicative; the weight of a secret is too oppressive on our bosoms to be endured long, and we seek, in our own sex, a confidant to whom our hearts expand; these

confidants are too often chosen from our dependents, who, once intrusted with a secret of importance, become our tyrants: fear of their treachery, dread of the world's censure, and a sensation of, we know not what, naturally impels us to crouch beneath their power, and to obey, where we ought to command. Such was the nature of the power Susan had acquired over me. I knew the world suspected me, but suspicion was not proof; and by that only would the generous and noble part of the community condemn me. To the vices of my own sex I was then a stranger. My affair with M——n was the offspring of love: my heart still smarted from the pain of the wound Cupid's arrow had inflicted; it was only partially healed. I had imputed her intrigue with Dr. ***** to the same source, and pitied more than I condemned her. What then was my surprise, to find her engaged in another error of the same nature, and again likely to become a mother! Terror for the life of this unborn innocent, and pity for her, assailed my heart; these induced me to conceal her situation from the eyes of the world, by affording her an asylum in my house till after her confinement, and then to drop all intercourse with her; for Pope's maxim of

> "Teach me to feel another's wo,
> To hide the faults I see;
> The mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me,"

pressed deeply on my feelings. The imputed father of her child was the intimate friend of M——n. (As I have much respect for some of the gentlemen of the bar, and am greatly obliged to others for their voluntary services in my behalf, without any compensation, I must tell that this young gentleman is not to be found among the numerous practitioners of the law that now crowd the Philadelphia courts; he has long since established himself, not fifty miles from the city.) This gave him a claim on my friendship; and as he frequently visited my house, he took an opportunity to introduce the subject as delicately as possible, stating that his finances were then inadequate to making a provision for either her or the expected stranger; he had therefore no resource but in my friendship; this he entreated me to extend to them both, fearing to drive her to desperation, lest she might expose

him publicly to the law, which would ultimately ruin him in the opinion of his family and his profession, and incapacitate him in future from assisting to promote the establishment of the child, should it attain maturity, which, I then thought, he would do. Thus influenced by the best intentions, which I hoped would meet the approbation of my Creator, and knowing her former resources for removing these disgraceful objects, I, to prevent Dr. ******'s interference, concealed her in my own house for six months, giving my servants to understand that she was married, and her husband gone to sea. During this time the child was born, and put out to nurse; but Susan had more fathers than one for her children; she, therefore, when she found the little Henry likely to live, privately swore it to Mr. Holmes, an Englishman, then resident in Philadelphia, (but of this circumstance I was entirely ignorant until several years afterwards, when accident revealed it to me,) who was compelled to provide for it. Mr. Holmes then gave a young merchant of this city as his security, whom he left to pay the debt. He went off to England, and the boy now stands charged upon the public, as the young merchant refuses, on what plea I know not, to pay the money.

My mother and family, in consequence of this, my interference in Susan's affairs, were so incensed against me, that for one year they never entered my house, and ever held her in the utmost contempt, constantly reverting to the infamy of her origin, and the singular manner by which her father became so suddenly affluent; as the lady, by whose death he acquired his wealth, was found dead in her state-room, having alone met the grim messenger of fate, her death being unanticipated, as she had retired to bed apparently in perfect health. But, alas! the rising sun beheld her an inanimate corpse, and before he set, her remains were consigned to a watery grave, while the captain took possession of all her property. During Susan's residence with me, she made it her study to lessen, if possible, major M——n in my opinion; laughing at what she called my foolish and romantic attachment for him, observing, there were many gentlemen who would consider themselves happy to enjoy the place in my affection and esteem that he had forfeited all right to; and that, in particular, she knew one gentleman,

whom she was assured would please me, adding, he was desirous to be introduced; also, that he was a military man, whom she had frequently seen at her aunt's. These conversations were often repeated, until my curiosity was excited to see him. But as I had declared that no military man should ever visit my house, it was some time before this Millwood succeeded in breaking my well formed resolutions, in which design on his part assisted her. I was one day standing in the store, when a gentleman entered and inquired whether I sold gloves, as he wished to purchase a pair. To this singular demand (in a China store) I replied in the negative; he then demanded some other articles, foreign to the contents of my store; I rather hastely replied, "Sir, I perceive you are a stranger in Philadelphia, or you would not expect to purchase such goods, where you see there are no articles but glass and China-ware for sale." To this he replied in the affirmative, and as the day was exceedingly warm, and he appeared in bad health, I politely invited him to take a seat. I had just commenced a conversation with this gentleman, when Susan came into the store, and with an exclamation of surprise, announced the stranger to be no other than the person she had so frequently spoken of. Capt. H——l. Astonished and surprised, I instantly judged that curiosity, not the desire of purchasing gloves, had been his object, and was rather piqued at myself for the facility with which I had forwarded his views. However, I continued conversing with him on various subjects for some time; he then politely took his leave. The next day he renewed his visits, and continued them daily for some time, being, as he observed, a stranger in Philadelphia. Hospitality and politeness forbade me from refusing him my company, and as his conversation was rational and gratifying, I insensibly became pleased with it and him. His visits, from being daily, gradually became nocturnal; all his evenings were spent at my house; several of his military friends were introduced, and, in this society, I forgot my recent disappointment with M——n. Love was at length his theme; to this I listened, laughed at, then soon became attentive. As a gentleman I esteemed his character; his manners were mild, modest, and unassuming; the aching void in my bosom, which M——n had left, was rapidly filling up by

his image and idea. I was not so romantically in love as in my former attachment, and therefore determined only to surrender at discretion, with all due forms of ceremony enjoined by the laws of society in marriage, which he soon proposed, and I agreed to in proper time, place, and circumstances. But as yet, I had not been satisfied of the death of Capt. C.; it was merely report, rather corroborated by circumstances, the first and most conclusive of which was, my not hearing from him, nor of him. These were powerful reasons, but not sufficient to satisfy my family, who took umbrage at Capt. H——l's visits, and my apparent pleasure in his conversation and society. To obviate these difficulties, I candidly informed my mother of his proposals of marriage, acknowledged my predilection for him, and expressed my determination to pass my life with him. This rational plan of mine for futurity, highly incensed my mother, who could form no idea of happiness unaccompanied by wealth, ease, and luxury. She therefore rather sternly stated to me, that his whole dependance for subsistence was his pay as an officer, and a few negro slaves, (for I must here inform you that Capt. H——l was a North Carolinian.) These, she said, were too precarious and trifling, to risk the hopes of an increasing family on. His ignorance of mercantile, or any other business, was another, and, in her opinion, an insurmountable obstacle to our marriage; and last, though not least, was the possibility of Capt. C. being still living, and if so, the probability of his return at some future period. To her objections I listened with respectful silence; the pecuniary considerations carried no weight, for I was again in love, and valued not a few difficulties, if my companion through them was the chosen object of my affections, and a man of sense, honour, and feeling. This I knew Capt. H——l to be; therefore, to tread with him the thorny paths of life, had for me no terror, for I then dreaded no danger. I had long felt my lonely situation as a woman, without a protector; I had been exposed to the insults and libertine addresses of many contemptible men of pleasure, who, presuming on my pecuniary difficulties, (having a family of small children to raise and educate by my exertions) thought proper to insult me by supposing me to be a mercenary object for their pursuit. That I had

been imprudent in one instance, was well known; but slander had exaggerated my error, for mark me, I had but *one*, and that was the offspring of love, to accuse myself of. This error, however, was public; and, presuming on it, a flour merchant of this city, of the society of friends, young and handsome, (but I will not mention his name) made to me the most liberal offers of an establishment, and even a settlement, on condition of my receiving his visits. I painfully felt this insult, and rejected him and his offers with contempt; I was neither to be bought nor sold. This degrading situation was, with me, an impelling motive for accepting the honourable protection of H——l, but I must here observe, that at the commencement of my acquaintance with this gentleman, he had formed the same views as the flour merchant, but, being a more experienced soldier, he sought to take the garrison by a long siege, when, finding himself entangled by the toils of Cupid, he would gladly have become the votary of Hymen. Capt. H——l, who was well acquainted with my former attachment to M——n, generously overlooked this frailty as a weakness of nature, rather than depravity of heart. However, my mother's objections in regard to Capt. H——l, carried considerable weight with me, and our marriage was postponed to a distant period. His attachment increased daily, and he absolutely became the slave of love; to me his every hour of relaxation from military duty was devoted, as was mine to him. His health was delicate and declining; this I watched over with every attention his tenderness for me merited. For this assiduity on my part, gratitude was united to love: these glowed so strongly in his bosom, that he forsook all his former habits and companions,—he was no longer seen at the billiard-table, balls, or hotel, and from a *bon vivant* he became a serious, domestic man, of regular habits. This change displeased many of his brother officers, particularly major Gale, who was the commander at the navy yard. He, previous to my acquaintance with Capt. H., who was also of the marine corps, had been his friend and companion.

> The major loved a cheerful glass,
> And, many said, a pretty lass,

as also a game of billiards. Capt. H.'s inclination coincided with his in the latter amusement, but his ill health forbade his participating in the former; and, now that he enjoyed my company with more rational satisfaction, both were forsaken for me. This excited the major's jealousy; but too haughty to complain of his estrangement, he several times remonstrated with Capt. H., in his official capacity, for some trifling omissions of duty on that gentleman's part, occasioned by his devotion to my society.

About this period, Susan Elliott, who still resided with me, began to exercise her talent at finesse, to answer her own purposes. From motives best known to herself, she had brought Capt. H. and me together, and now that we were happy, she, with a truly demoniac spirit, determined to separate us, hoping to secure him to herself as a protector, and what men of intrigue call a *friend;* thereby gratifying her two predominating propensities, *i. e.* a voluptuous inclination, love of mischief, and, I might add, hatred to me, who had been her only friend, by estranging from me the affections of the man I loved, and who, I expected one day to become my husband. In her nefarious designs, she, for a time, succeeded. But this temporary estrangement, though only for three weeks, endeared us the more to each other, by proving to both how miserable we should be if seperated. Our intercourse was renewed with redoubled ardour; but, in consequence of the late hours the captain passed with me, he was not always prepared at réveille-beating to put his men through their military evolutions; which duty, in his absence, the first lieutenant was compelled to perform. At other times, when he did attend, he neglected to appear in uniform, not having time to dress. This neglect of military etiquette greatly offended the potent major, who made them subjects for a letter to the captain, pointing out his neglect, and requiring amendment in future, representing me as an artful, designing woman, who would be his ruin. This attack on the woman he loved deprived the letter of its desired effect, as its private reflections aroused the captain's resentment, and made him careless of the official parts. He then waited on the major, and proudly stated, that as an officer only he was amenable to his authority, which he would punctu-

ally obey; but in his private affairs he did not desire any of his future interference nor animadversions on his conduct, which, as a gentleman, he would take care should be pure and honourable. Thus they parted, mutually irritated against each other. But power rested with the major, who in a few days, notified every officer in the navy-yard, that no one should be absent from his quarters after nine o'clock, P. M. without the especial permission of Anthony Gale, commanding officer. This set all the officers in commotion, as they well knew that resentment against Capt. H. was the basis of this order, and they upbraided him as the cause of their liberty being abridged. Their reproaches he bore with patience, conscious they were justly merited; but in secret the reflection preyed on his feelings: he hastened to my house with the intelligence; his altered appearance greatly alarmed me, and I anxiously inquired the cause of his evident perturbation. His agitation increased, he sank on the sofa, exclaiming, "Oh, Ann, we must part for a time,—major Gale's conduct I never will forgive."—He then succinctly related the cause of the disagreement between that gentleman and himself, with the contents of the letter, and his imperious order, with his resolution of immediately quitting the situation he then held, and joining the Mediterranean squadron, if approved by me. His proud American spirit spurned the idea of being thus subservient to a foreigner, especially when he felt assured that the major's order originated rather in a private desire to mortify him, than a wish to enforce the military discipline. Capt. H. therefore wrote to Washington, requesting a change of situation, and soliciting to be sent out on foreign service. In this application he was successful. I was consequently compelled to reconcile my mind and feelings to a separation. The idea was dreadful, and I wept his departure as the death-knell of all my hopes of happiness in this world; I dreaded, I knew not what, and wept, I knew not why.

Alas, were not the painful sensations that then rent my bosom, a foreboding of the horrors that awaited me? Had Capt. H. been my husband, instead of Lieut. Smyth, his mild and amiable disposition would have conciliated, rather than irritated Capt. C.

In a few days Capt. H. took his leave of me for New York, where the frigate United States lay, of which he

had been appointed captain of marines. The probability of this ship fitting out from that port made our separation less painful, for the short distance between the two cities, and the expeditious mode of travelling, would have rendered our meetings easy. This idea consoled me, and I saw him set off to join the ship, without the agonies I might have been expected to feel.

I was now alone in the house with my children and servants, as I had, on the discovery of Susan Elliott's baseness, (in regard to Capt. H. and myself,) dismissed her entirely from my service; I had therefore full time and opportunity to give vent to my feelings. In a few days I received a letter from him, in which he stated that he had some reason to think the frigate would be ordered to Boston, to fit out. To describe what were my feelings on the receipt of this letter, is impossible; therefore, I shall pass over our mutual regrets, and proceed to inform you that I received letters from him every two or three days, and became more composed. Time rolled over in a calm tranquillity; business continued prosperous, and my days were serene as a summer's evening. My three sons were at school with Joseph Hutton, and rapidly improving in their education.

Capt. C. had now been gone near three years, without my hearing any more of him than what I have already stated; I therefore fancied myself at liberty to marry again. I had read the late law passed by our legislature on divorces, in which it expressly says, that an absence of two years, or non-maintenance for that period, would fully entitle a woman to a legal separation. I therefore waited on Thomas Armstrong, Esq., one of the judges of the court, then a practitioner at the bar, requesting his advice on the subject; and stating the long absence of Capt. C., and his total neglect of me and his children, and of my wish to have our ill-fated marriage legally annulled. Mr. Armstrong expressed some surprise that I could wish to expose myself and family in a court of law, giving it as his decided opinion that Capt. C. was no longer in existence, or I should certainly have received letters from him, or a verbal communication.

Thus the fates combined against me; my guardian angel slept: for if Mr. Armstrong had encouraged me to sue for a divorce, all the misfortunes that have attended

me would have been averted by the strong arm of the law.

When my elder brother, James, who had been brought up to the sea, arrived at a proper age to engage in more active service, my mother wished him to join the navy. As my father was incapable of transacting business, my mother wrote on to Washington, and a midshipman's warrant was granted to him by the then secretary of the navy department; but William Jones (commonly called the life and fortune man, from having once mounted the rostrum in the state-house yard, from whence he loudly expatiated on the virtues of his party, of which he was a leader, and of his resolution to risk his life and fortune in the defence of the rights and liberties of his country; the truth of these professions his subsequent conduct, I think, has fully proved, to every person's satisfaction who is acquainted with it) succeeding to that office ere the warrant was sent off, that gentleman, from political motives, suppressed it; and my brother was sent out to the lakes as sailing-master's mate, or acting midshipman, (if I may be allowed the expression) where he introduced himself to Commodore Chauncey, who, on hearing he was Capt. Baker's son, with that noble philanthropy which ever marks the character of a hero and a gentleman, took him under his immediate protection, and promoted his interests as far as his power extended. My brother James, had been several voyages to India, was a skilful navigator, and, having learned the use of the patent fire-arms, he rendered the fleet on the lakes some very essential service, by instructing the officers and men in the knowledge he possessed. Yet from men in power he met with no consideration, (with the exception of Commodore Chauncey.) Although the son of a veteran officer, he was suffered to remain in obscurity, receiving no promotion, and every day seeing young men placed above him, merely because they were members of the popular party that then held the reins of power, or sons of the mushroom gentry that now throng our happy land, fill those offices, and eat the bread our fathers fought and bled for.

At the conclusion of the war, James returned with the troops from the lakes to New York, where I will leave him, and continue my account of Capt. H.

The frigate United States, contrary to our expecta-

tions, was ordered to New-Haven, a small town situated on the East river, between New York and Boston, there to continue stationary until further orders. From thence he wrote me several affectionate letters, portraying his sorrow and disappointment at our premature separation, pathetically entreating me to meet him at Boston, when he should be ordered to that port, and thereby soften the pangs of disappointed affection, as our marriage could not take place till his return from the Mediterranean; then he flattered himself every obstacle would be removed, and I in readiness to enter into our holy engagement, and accompany him to his native state. In answer to this, I agreed to his proposal of meeting him in Boston, and, rather imprudently, wrote to that effect, without considering how, or in what manner I should make so long a journey, wholly unprotected. However, I had promised, and my courage impelled me to brave every danger, rather than disappoint him. Oh, how potent is that power affection for man creates in our hearts, when even self-love is absorbed by it. I now set my head to work, to contrive a reason which I could assign to my mother for my journey: this I knew must be plausible, and of some importance, otherwise her approbation would not follow; consequently, I could not keep my appointment with the captain. Business soon presented me with an eligible one: china-ware, during the war, had become very scarce; my stock was almost exhausted, and I determined to replenish it by going to Boston, where I calculated I should find a variety of those articles, and at a much cheaper rate than I could procure them elsewhere. This then became the ostensible motive for my eastern excursion, and I gravely informed my mother that I wished to visit that place, for the purpose of increasing my stock. To this she could make no possible objection. My sister, Sarah Hutton, came to superintend the house and store for me in my absence. I then wrote to Capt. H., arranged the time of our meeting, collected as much ready money as I could, and set off for New York in the stage coach. That city I reached without any incident worth mentioning, and took up my abode at the house of Mr. Shannon, opposite the Park.

As we had received no intelligence from my brother James for several months, and aware of the anxiety of

my family on his account, I determined to ascertain his fate, by visiting the navy-yard at Long Island the ensuing day; as I understood that the seamen had returned from the lakes, and were stationed there. For that purpose I crossed to Brooklyn, and was proceeding alone, on foot, towards my place of destination, when I was overtaken by a young gentleman on horseback; he, with that urbanity so peculiar to the inhabitants of this hospitable state, politely accosted me, and we entered into a desultory conversation, for some time; in the course of which I inquired whether he could inform me if the squadron containing the troops from the lakes was still at the navy-yard, or had sailed for Boston; as among them I conjectured I should find my brother, or hear some intelligence of him. He then politely offered to go to the navy-yard and make the requisite inquiries for me; I thanked him, and accepted his proffered kindness, I must here digress, to observe the difference between the conduct of these friendly islanders, and our proud, haughty, vulgar farmers in Pennsylvania: here a stranger is greeted with the smile of welcome; and, if on foot, offered a drive as far as they are going, if not at too great a distance. This offer, if accepted, is sweetened by social converse, and often a friendly invitation to visit the family, if agreeable to the stranger. But in Pennsylvania, a person on foot is looked upon as an object of contempt, or suspicion, by whom nothing can be gained, and passed by in scornful silence, with a scowling brow. My friendly gallant then rode on, while I continued on the road till his return from the navy-yard; he informed me the squadron had sailed that morning for Boston, and that my brother had accompanied it. I thanked the gallant youth for his politeness, and taking leave of him, returned to Brooklyn. As I was going down to the ferry-house, for the purpose of crossing to New York, a tall young officer, with his head bound up with a handkerchief, caught my attention; our eyes met, and before memory could recollect the features of my dear James, I was folded in his fraternal embrace. Thus to meet my brother, after an absence for three years, whom I had supposed on his way to Boston, was delightful. When our mutual surprise had evaporated, and the first pleasure of our meeting in some degree subsided, an explanation took place. I learned that he had been despatched by

Commodore Chauncey, with a midshipman to collect the scattered seamen, and bring them to the navy-yard for embarkation; the men had refused obedience, or compliance; a fracas ensued, in which James had received a wound on his head; this compelled him to remain on Long Island, and occasioned our joyful meeting. I assigned to him my ostensible reason for my lonely journey; he then declared his wish to accompany me to Boston, provided he could obtain permission from Commodore Chauncey; he took board in the same house with me, and the next day we waited on the commodore; that gentleman received me with marked attention, and politely granted his request to escort me to Boston. I had now a protector and friend; we continued in New York a few days, and then proceeded on our journey. In compliance with my brother's advice, we embarked on board a packet bound for Providence, (R. I.;) here we found a number of gentleman passengers, among them I must mention a Mr. H., an engraver, belonging to New York, who treated me with the greatest politeness; our passage was tedious, stormy, and disagreeable; the wind was ahead, which occasioned me to be extremely ill. At length a wished for port appeared in view, and it was agreed that the captain should run the packet into the harbour, and he accordingly landed us at New Haven, being all equally tired of our aquatic journey. We reached that place on Sunday morning, and after dining together, we hired a travelling coach for the remainder of our hitherto inauspicious journey: but our grievances were not to terminate with our escape from the watery element—the land journey commenced, but our progress was soon opposed by the officers of the law, which interdicts travelling on the Sabbath through the state of Connecticut; this we were compelled to respect, and to put up at a tavern on the road; here we had excellent accommodations, and remained quietly till after the setting sun had sunk beneath the western hills, when we again set off in high spirits. We had not proceeded many miles through this barren and rocky country, (which, to the eye of a Pennsylvanian, accustomed to see naught but fertile fields, improved farms, with post and rail fences, conveyed an idea of steril poverty, that excited my sympathy for the miserable inhabitants of this flinty desert,)

when our coach broke down: we were all involved in total darkness, which increased our misfortune. Some time was occupied in mending the coach, when we again proceeded slowly on our way. But were I to enumerate all the accidents we encountered on the road, I should weary you: suffice it to say, we at length reached Boston without broken bones, but heartily fatigued and disgusted with travelling in a private coach. Here my brother wished me to go with him to the Marine Hotel, and there reside, during my stay in that town; but I preferred a private boarding-house. One was procured, to which I gladly retired, happy to find a place of rest from noise and bustle. I also wished to reflect at leisure on the methods I should adopt to discover Capt. H., and how inform him of my arrival and place of residence. I need not tell you how anxiously I gazed on the face of every passing officer, expecting to see him, or some of his friends; nor that in every sail that floated before my eyes, I fancied I beheld the one that had borne him away; but disappointment awaited me at every turn. I was a stranger, and knew not how to seek him; I was a woman, and an innate sense of delicacy forbade my inquiring for him; also, a secret consciousness of my duplicity, interdicted me from sending my brother James to seek him among the officers. Disappointed in my first hopes of meeting the object for whose sake I had encountered this fatiguing journey, I became restless and impatient: for two days I continued to ramble through the narrow, dirty, confined streets of Boston, whose windings and intricacies frequently bewildered my mind, and exposed me to the disagreeable sensation arising from the consciousness of having lost my way.

It was then I became sensible of the advantages of my native city over any I had yet seen, and learned fully to appreciate the wisdom of its founder, the venerable Wm. Penn, and the judgment of his coadjutors, the society of friends, whose simplicity, neatness, and economical distribution of ground, has rendered Philadelphia a model for other cities to imitate; presenting to the eye of the stranger, a regular succession of streets, even, and properly numbered. Here no person can be at a loss to distinguish one street from another, as all terminate at a distance from the populous parts, and are beautifully in-

tersected at equal points, forming a true square. Pardon this digression in favour of my native city, and suffer me to proceed with my story.

At length chance, or Cupid, guided my wandering steps to the bridge that crosses Charles river to Charlestown. Here I beheld a number of ships, and learned from the toll-men at the gate, that the navy-yard was on the opposite side, and that all the ships which met my view, belonged to the United States. One large black-looking frigate attracted my attention, and I eagerly inquired her name; guess my surprise and pleasure, when the man informed me she was the frigate United States, a few days from New Haven. I then particularly inquired concerning the officers of that ship, and learned that they frequently crossed over to Boston, especially the captain of marines, who daily passed and repassed. This satisfied me that Capt. H. was still faithful to his engagements, and I now found there was no alternative but to employ James as an agent for me; therefore, at our next interview, I inquired whether he knew Capt. H. of the marines. To this question he replied, "No, d——n the marines; I know none of them." I, rather offended at the insult offered to the corps my lover commanded, defended them against the young sailor's prejudice. A warm altercation ensued, which terminated in my informing James that Capt H. was an acquaintance of mine in Philadelphia, whom I wished to see, and requested him to mention to Capt. H., in case they met, that I wished to see him. To this he replied, he would, if accident ever introduced them to each other; with this answer I was compelled to rest satisfied. But the urchin who produces so much mischief on the hearts of erring mortals, soon gratified my wishes; for the next day these sons of Mars and Neptune met in a coffee-house. Capt. H. was reading when James entered, who, from the description I had given of that gentleman, instantly conjectured him to be the person I desired to see. The intense gaze with which James regarded him, drew Capt. H's. attention, who politely accosted him, inquiring whether he had not had the pleasure of seeing him on the lakes. To this James replied in the negative, but presumed his name was H.; the captain replied it was; James then informed him, that a lady from Philadelphia

wished to see him. Rejoiced at the information, Capt. H. instantly obeyed Love's summons, and I had soon the pleasure of seeing him in company with my brother. It is impossible for me to describe the satisfaction I felt at introducing my brother and lover to each other, while an internal hope of their becoming brothers by affinity, as well as profession, thrilled my heart with rapture, that displayed itself in my countenance. Vain, delusive phantom, how do you tantalize those who, resting their peace on your flattering smiles, find too late, thou art but an ignus fatuus; that, by deluding them from the paths of moral rectitude, guide them into the quagmires of disgrace, where you forsake them; and, when self-respect, internal peace and happiness, become the sacrifice of their folly, you fly them for new votaries, leaving them only their wishes, sighs, and tears of deep regret, for time mispent and happiness destroyed. I then hugged the fond delusion to my heart, exulting in my prospects for futurity, anticipating domestic happiness as the first blessing of Heaven. Capt. H., delighted to see me, and more than ever confirmed in the sincerity of my attachment to him, (which Susan Elliott had endeavoured to induce him to suppose was fictitious) gave way to all the raptures of that soul-dissolving passion, *Love*. But conscious that we had the prying eyes of my brother ever on us, and that Capt. H's duty required strict attention, we agreed to elude the one, and fulfil the other, by taking private boarding at Charlestown, where we could reside together without suspicion. For my part, I had now no will but his; I therefore complied with all his wishes. My brother, in conformity with military etiquette, reported himself to Commodore Bainbridge, who commanded him to enter on board his own ship, bound for the Mediterranean. To this peremptory order my brother replied, that he had been three years on the lakes, and felt no inclination to change his destination, which was to join the frigate Washington at Portsmouth, and to sail under his old commander, Commodore Chauncey. This frank refusal offended the haughty commodore, who replied, that he had no idea of young men making a convenience of the service. "And I," replied James, "have no idea of being only an humble instrument for the navy: my own interest claims my attention; promotion has been withheld from

me, and now, if I am not allowed to join the ship Washington, I shall instantly quit the public service." This spirited reply from so young a man (James being then only nineteen years of age) surprised the great man, and showed him plainly that the son of an American, and an old revolutionary officer, will never submit to oppression in any form. However, at the commodore's request, he went on board that gentleman's ship daily, to teach his men the use of the patent fire-arms; but every artifice of the commodore failed to induce him to enter on the cruise. James, therefore, engaged on board of a large India-man, bound for Calcutta, owned by Mr. Gray of Boston. Here I will leave him making arrangements for his voyage, and return to my own story.

I had previously informed my brother that my business, which was to purchase china, would call me to Salem, a small sea-port town a few miles distance from Boston, and under this pretence I left him to accompany Capt. H. to Charlestown. Here, after some difficulty, that gentleman procured a lodging for himself and me, I passing for his wife. The lady who kept the boarding-house, being a plain New England woman, was on my first introduction to her, so surprised at my tall figure, and rather commanding appearance, that she absolutely refused to comply with her contract, or even to receive me as a boarder, alleging that I looked too haughty for her house, and she feared her accommodations would not suit me. Thus I have ever found women in general opposed to me on my first appearance; but this prejudice evaporated in a few days, and, as the town was full of naval officers, I lived very retired. This so delighted the old lady, that I became a great favourite with her. Here, secluded from all the world, we lived to love alone; time flew on downy pinions, and I was supremely blest. The captain was almost constantly with me; his former companions missed him from all his usual places of resort, and began to wonder where he secluded himself. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, became loud and busy; but all conjectures and inquiries proved in vain; none could discover the cause of his absence, or the place of his retreat. But report said that a lady had been seen passing the bridge in a carriage with him, whose dress bespoke her a stranger. These whispers at length attracted my bro-

ther James's attention, who immediately conjectured we were somewhere concealed together in Charlestown.—He, therefore, began a strict search, and soon traced out our retreat. Accordingly, one morning before breakfast, Capt. H. not being well, was sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, when the door suddenly opened, and James entered. Aghast I stood, and, like the fallen angel, trembled at his presence. Never will that moment be forgotten by me. He advanced, and politely bowing, looked sternly at me and said, "madam, I wished to be informed by what name I am henceforth to address you?" I trembling and confusedly answered, H——l. The captain arose from his seat; conscious guilt flushed his pallid cheek as he corroborated the assertion I had made. He then explained to James that, in consequence of the uncertainty of the death of Capt. C., we wished to keep our marriage a secret for some time, and entreated him not to betray us to the world, till we ourselves thought proper to disclose it. To this my brother assented, and soon after took his leave. Thus left to ourselves, the Captain sunk exhausted in his chair, declaring that now no time could be spared, for we must be married immediately, as James, though satisfied for the moment, might demand further proofs, which, if we could not give, he, as an officer, would require satisfaction, and a duel would be the inevitable consequence, which might, perhaps, terminate fatally. To our immediate union I then objected,—my mother's anger rose to intimidate me from pursuing the right path, and in compliance with her wishes, I persevered in my refusal. I then exerted all my influence to sooth his mind and lull his apprehensions, by telling him that James was too young to entertain suspicion, that on his return from the Mediterranean all obstacles would be removed, and then our marriage could take place with propriety. To this, my reasoning, he tacitly agreed, but with evident marks of reluctance.

Many will no doubt condemn me for this conduct, so inimical to the line of rectitude proper for our sex to pursue, and think me as mad in romance as Heloise when she says, "No, make me mistress to the man I love." I did not indeed, place so high an estimation on the marriage state as the generality of women do; the example I had seen of the conduct of husbands, disgusted me with the

state, and I knew too much of the inconstancy of man to consider the matrimonial vows any bond of faith to that capricious sex, who live only for variety. Where is the man living that ever proved faithful to his matrimonial engagements? I had been too closely pursued by married men myself, not to fully know how far they appreciated constancy; for instance, Mr. ——, of love-sick memory: the kind quaker too; nay, I could mention one hundred more who have laid their vows of love aside, to court the favours of many a fair one, while their wives fancied them the paragons of faith, truth, and love. But regard for the peace of some of the very women that held me up as a mark for the finger of scorn to point at, prevents me from exposing them and their vices to you; for I well know that happiness is an illusion, therefore I suffer the ladies to enjoy it; I will not disturb their bosom's peace, or tell them what numbers of them owe me for the severe rebukes many a libertine husband has received from me, when insulted by his proposals, which I have rejected with that contempt they and their offers merited.

> Go count the sands upon the sea-beat shore,
> Then tell me man is constant ever more.

I ever regarded marriage as a wise and proper regulation to enable society to hold an authority over the conduct of both sexes, but I have often thought, were the laws against prohibiting adultery to be enforced against the lords of the creation, I fear the females would have to fill the benches, and the bar; nay, even the pulpits might be empty at times, and prisons too full to contain half the candidates for places in them, while women would be compelled to hold the keys.

> Thus man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
> Unquestioned still through all the wilds of love.

It was this knowledge which I had painfully acquired rendered me careless to the entreaties of Capt. H. I was conscious he loved me, my heart was wholly his; nay, to love was united esteem, and the most implicit confidence in his integrity. What then could a mere ceremony do

for us? nothing, except to give us consequence in the eyes of the world. I had frequently seen the most ardent, impassioned lovers, become cold, arbitrary, unfeeling, austere husbands; and I therefore fancied marriage the grave of love, and that Hymen's flames consumed Cupid's arrows in the heart. How many blooming, gay, lively, animated girls had I seen metamorphosed by marriage into dull, moping, domestic drudges, whose pallid cheeks, sunk and tearful eyes, too fully indicated a heart oppressed by unkindness, and a spirit broken by disappointment. The female heart is a rich soil for the rose of love to thrive in; but alas, too soon does the frost of indifference nip the lovely plant, and leave a rankling thorn in its place; for love, you know, unreturned, soon dies. I therefore dreaded marriage, as well as my mother's displeasure, and withstood all the captain's solicitations to enter into that state till his return, when I solemnly promised to become his wife. Would to Heaven I had kept that promise; but Mary, may I not hope the dreadful expiation I have made for vows of love all broken, have been accepted at the throne of grace. I now regret the facility with which I then yielded to my chimerical apprehensions, of the implacable resentment of my mother, should I marry Capt. H., and my too womanish fears of I know not what; but the idea of a husband terrified and disgusted me, the recollection of Capt. C. ever caused a sensation of terror, and the name of *husband* recalled him to memory, and with this idea, came the remembrance of the miseries I had endured in the early part of my married life. Will any one believe me, I really trembled as the idea floated across my brain, and therefore I withstood all the captain's solicitations to sanction our connexion by the legal forms of law. Time, I thought, might obliterate the recollection of the sorrows I had then endured, and reconcile me to again wearing the matrimonial fetters. I therefore prevailed on him, for a time, to relinquish his intentions. Thus urged, he agreed to my arrangements, and harmony was restored.

My brother James continued to visit us daily. No suspicion ever entered his mind of the deception I had practised on him, and his esteem for the captain increased hourly, as did his fraternal affection for me. Hitherto

I had appeared as an elder sister, of whom he stood in awe, but now, I was to him an equal in life, and a woman demanding his tenderness and protection, which he solemnly promised me, should Capt. C. ever return to destroy my present felicity, which he then imagined my marriage with Capt. H. had rendered permanent, he would defend. Three weeks flew rapidly over; my brother, at length, began to talk of leaving us, but as I had a husband's protection, this idea gave him no pain. He, in a few days, set sail for India, in high spirits; hope to him indicated prosperity, and he resolved to court fortune's smiles while she seemed so disposed to dispense them.

Mr. Hooker, having promised my brother and Capt. H. that he would see me safe to Philadelphia in proper time, called on me to ascertain when I designed quitting Boston, which I informed him I would do in a few days. After purchasing such goods as I had occasion for, on fair and equitable terms, receiving only from the merchants at Boston the most polite, honourable, and confidential treatment, I shipped them for Philadelphia, and then determined to accompany Mr. Hooker. To this Capt. H. reluctantly consented, as I stated to him it was impossible for me to continue from my family and business any longer. It was, therefore, agreed that I should avail myself of Mr. H.'s protection and return home. At my departure I presented the captain with my likeness in miniature, painted by one of the best artists in Philadelphia, and which was a striking resemblance of what I was in the early stage of my marriage with Capt. C., when but sixteen summers had kissed my cheek, and the rose of youth, health, and contentment, glowed there unrivalled. After a thousand painful adieus I tore myself from his arms, and stepped into the stage that waited to convey me to Albany. From hence I designed to proceed to Schenectady, where I had relations I wished to visit. You, perhaps, may ridicule the idea of presentiment on the human mind as a romantic flight of fancy, but at the moment I parted from Capt. H., a secret something seemed to whisper to my soul we had parted to meet no more. My heart sunk in my bosom to almost a listless apathy; every pulse ceased to vibrate, and I remained fixed to my seat more like a statue than an ani-

mated being. Tears at length relieved my aching bosom, and for two hours I wept almost incessantly. Fortunately it was not yet light when I quitted Boston; my grief was, therefore, sacred as it was secret. Nor could the beautiful scenery which a rising sun presented to my wondering eyes of hill and dale, for a moment dispel my inward sorrow, though pride compelled me to suppress my tears. Our journey was delightful through this picturesque country, and had my feelings been in unison with pleasure, I should have enjoyed the various scenes, grand and sublime, that every where presented themselves to my view with rapture. But, alas! they merely now excited a momentary sensation of wonder, then were forgotten, for grief lay heavy at my heart, and Nature's beauty had lost its power to charm. But though almost insensible to surrounding objects, I could not but admire the strength of the eastern coaches, the beauty of their horses, and the expertness of their drivers. We reached Albany in safety. Here I remained a few days amusing myself by visiting every thing worth seeing in that city, and the surrounding country, which I then quitted for Schenectady. Here my relatives received me with every mark of pleasure, and that kind, friendly hospitality the inhabitants of the state of New York are so celebrated for. This was a balm to my tortured bosom, that soothed its grief and lulled its cares to rest.—Hope again revived in my soul, and my heart expanded with pleasure. I remained a few days with my kind relatives, who conveyed me to Albany, where I bade them adieu, and went on board the steamboat, which quickly proceeded down the river, and presented to my eye, scenery beautiful beyond description, at once grand, bold, and picturesque, and such as I never before had witnessed. We moved rapidly down the river; all was calm, serene, and beautiful, the company agreeable, all conspired to lull my recent sorrow. Again my tall figure commanded general attention, and excited the curiosity of the passengers, many of whom were officers returning from the army, to enjoy their hard earned laurels in the arms of their expecting wives and families. Many and various were the conjectures I excited. Mr. Hooker had not entered my name in the books, therefore here curiosity had no food, and all was lost in the misty

maze of conjecture. One of the gentlemen had greatly attracted my attention by his agreeable conversation and pleasing manners. While we sat chatting, I observed an officer, a colonel from Virginia, gazing attentively at me; his haughty, consequential air induced me to think he had a larger portion of wealth than good sense; the whole day he watched me with uncommon attention; whenever my eye encountered his I found his gaze more than I dared to meet. In the afternoon I descended into the cabin, to take some refreshment; here I encountered him. He entered immediately into conversation with me, interlarding his discourse with some, as he fancied, flattering compliments, to which I turned a deaf ear. Among other subjects, he mentioned the gentleman I had been conversing with, asking me if I was acquainted with him: to this I replied in the negative, adding, that I was going to make the same inquiry of him, as I understood they both belonged to Washington city. "I, madam," said the haughty soldier, "know nothing more of him but that he is a store-keeper in that city." This rather irritated me, and after some observations on the utility of trade, and the respectability of store-keepers generally, our conversation relaxed; he then renewed his compliments to me, to which I rather haughtily replied, "Hold, sir, I am but a *store-keeper*." This retort rather confused the gallant soldier, who began to apologize for what he had previously said. But my spirit was aroused, and I went on deck to laugh at my discomfited admirer, who behaved with the most marked politeness during the remainder of our voyage, which was extremely pleasant.

On our arrival in New York I took up my residence at my former lodgings. During my continuance in that city, I experienced from Mr. H. the most friendly attentions; and after seeing some goods packed up I had purchased, and which I left under his care to ship for Philadelphia, I took leave of that gentleman, and set off in the steam-boat for my native city, where I arrived in health and good spirits. Here I found my family well; business had been brisk in my absence, and my kind sister's exertions and care had left nothing for me to perform. I resumed my place again in the family, and a delightful calm succeeded. All my purchases in Boston and New York came safe, and my stock was respectable, con-

sidering the late restrictions on our trade. Thus calm and tranquil passed my life; I continued faithful to my engagements with Capt. H., from whom I heard regularly for some time. At length his punctuality declined: I was offended, and began to doubt the continuation of his regard. This gave a pang to my heart, too severe to be tamely endured. You know the ardour of my feelings, and the natural impetuosity of my temper; this hurried me into a state of resentment that cooled the effervescence of my passion. Thus a few weeks passed over, when an explanatory letter came from him that convinced my reason, but could not satisfy my heart that his was still unchanged. Love and reason formed no unity in my dream of fancy—my feelings were ardent, sincere, and impassioned. His was too rational to gratify them, and I became dissatisfied, resentful, and uneasy. The frigate United States sailed for the Mediterranean; the captain's farewell letter came to hand, yet I was still unhappy and discontented. Suspicion is, you know, the death-bed of love; mine began to yield to its influence. Pride predominated in my bosom, and usurped the place of that tenderness which had hitherto animated it. I had loved but too well, and sacrificed too much to find that calm content which ought to be the inmate of every heart. I continued my attentions to business with unremitting assiduity, but internal anguish preyed upon my spirits. Being naturally an enemy to Melancholy, I therefore found her occasional visits very disagreeable, and her attendants, the Azure Demos, still more so. I, of course, soon sought refuge from them in more animated society. My house was frequented by a variety of gentlemen, whose conversation served to amuse an idle hour and banish ennui. All my former opinions of the inconstancy and infidelity of those capricious beings, the male sex, was revived with renewed force. I laughed at their professions of constancy, derided their sincerity, and offered to support my assertion by ocular demonstration. This challenge was quickly accepted by some gentlemen of my acquaintance, and a month given to produce a denouement. A wager of an elegant entertainment was to be given at the termination of the affair. This proposal I gaily accepted, nor once thought of the consequences.

Oh, how frequently does an exuberance of the animal

spirits carry us from the paths of rectitude, and that delicate propriety of conduct, without which no female, however beautiful, followed, flattered, and admired, can ever be truly respectable; hurried by this playful spirit, and eager to win the depending wager, I forthwith commenced my attack.

I will now communicate one of the numerous flights of folly that I have been led into, which will, I trust, convince you that I have been rather imprudent than guilty; and that a spirit of coquetry was my actuating impulse, in many of my flights, rather than the amorous disposition for which the world has condemned me. I have told you that after my separation from M——n, I ridiculed the very idea of constancy in man. Capt. H.'s apparent neglect served but to confirm and strengthen these opinions. Many and various instances of conjugal love had been presented to me to induce me to change my sentiments, but in vain. Among these was a Mr. ——, who had recently married an interesting young lady of this city. Their mutual attachment was so apparently great, that they appeared inseparable. She appeared wholly devoted to him, and he seemed to live but for her. Here then was an instance of the predominance of conjugal affection, faith, and constancy, to controvert my theory; but I continued skeptical, and fixed upon this gentleman as a suitable person to make my experiment on. I began my operations by placing myself at the front-door, at the hour I knew he daily passed. For one or two weeks he withstood all the attacks of my eyes, and I almost despaired of success; at length he began to look attentively at me as he passed, and, if I did not happen to be at the door, the house generally excited his attention, as he appeared to seek for some object that interested him. When I did see him I smiled and withdrew from the door. Thus put off for a few days, he then followed me in the street, if we chanced to meet. At length he came into the store, made some purchases for his family, which he requested me to send to his residence. Accordingly, my boy carried home the basket of china, for which Mr. —— presented him with fifty cents, and inquired who kept the shop; to this the boy replied, Mrs. C. I must here observe, that Mr. —— waited at the door of his own house to receive the purchases which he had made. These

were favorable symptoms, and I congratulated myself on the success of my scheme. A few days after this I met the gentleman in question in the street; it was then the hour of dinner, and he was going to partake of that meal with his young and handsome wife, yet, on our meeting, he turned and followed me. I, eager to win my wager, as well as prove my theory just, walked down Second-street till I reached the extremity of Southwark; I then turned to the western part, or rather to the open and uncultivated suburbs. He still pursued my path—dinner might wait while I was in view. It was a summer's day; the sun, almost at meridian height, darted his burning beams upon our heads, but I was partially sheltered from its intense heat by my parasol, while he encountered the full power of Phœbus' scorching rays. At length he politely accosted me,—I replied—he rejoined—and finally the interview terminated in an appointment to meet the ensuing morning, at six o'clock. Here was a confirmation of my theory of inconstancy in man; a husband, not six months married, going to leave the arms of his youthful wife, to commence an intrigue with a woman he scarce knew. *O! Tempora, O! Mores!*—could it be? a man so passionately in love as Mr. —— had been, thus to forget his matrimonial vows,and commence an intrigue ere scarce the honey moon had passed. Whether he kept the appointment I am ignorant; I had won the wager and did not keep mine.

I have told you, my dear friend, that my acquaintance with gentlemen was very extensive; among them I esteemed none more highly that Mr. G———n, a respectable citizen of Philadelphia. One day this gentleman jocosely observed, he would, if it met my approbation, introduce to my society a young friend of his from New Orleans, who was very ambitious of my acquaintance. To this proposal I laughingly assented, and, without further ceremony he, the next morning, introduced me to my late unfortunate husband, Lieut. Richard Smyth. My first impressions were, that he was a very handsome man, and, on entering into conversation, I found him also agreeable and interesting. This interview took place on Wednesday morning; in the evening he waited on me, and we walked down to visit my mother's family. There he received a friendly welcome. My uncle Samuel resided

in New Orleans, and, as my mother expected to learn from Lieut. Smyth some intelligence of him, she was unusually polite and attentive. We passed a very pleasant evening, and returned rather late to my dwelling, where he took his leave. He repeated his visits each succeeding day, till Saturday afternoon, when he requested me to accompany him in a ride the ensuing day, in a gig. To this I objected, saying, I had never been in the habit of riding out alone with gentlemen, particularly strangers. He replied, although our introduction had been recent, yet he could not possibly be considered a stranger, as we had frequently met in public. Again he pressed me earnestly to accompany him, but for a long time I continued firm in my refusal. You, Mary, will no doubt wonder at this temerity on so short an acquaintance, thus to insist after my denial. But I should have before informed you, that he had been for some months in the habit of passing my door, and I of seeing him daily, though no intercourse had taken place between us, previous to his introduction by Mr. G——n. My refusal only operated as a stimulant to excite in him a resolution to conquer my objections, as he was a man of so decided a character, that, when he once fixed his mind on the attainment of any object, he resolved to either conquer or die in the attempt. Here, alas, he was but too successful; his impetuosity bore down all my well-formed resolutions, and I agreed to be the companion of his ride for a few hours in the morning, being Sunday. Accordingly he came, and I quitted my peaceful home with him. In a few moments we were on the road to Frankford; the day was remarkably fine, all nature seemed to repose on the luxurious lap of indolence and ease; the sun-burnt sons and daughters of labor had relaxed from the toils of the week, and dressed in their best habits, were eagerly pursuing their sports, or wooing the objects of their affections. All creation seemed in unison; ease, peace, and plenty appeared to reign wherever we passed, and gave a charm to his conversation, which was sensible, though rather romantic, animated and pleasing. I was delighted, a soothing calm diffused itself through my heart. After a long and interesting conversation on various subjects, in which he displayed a well-informed mind, and a warm enthusiastic heart, he began the hackneyed theme of love. I listened

and laughed at him for some time, and then warmly reprobated the idea of that passion, calling it the chimera of a distempered brain, till finding I could neither parry his assaults on my feelings, nor change the subject, I candidly informed him of my engagements with Capt. H. He stated, as delicately as possible, that he had heard of my attachment and intrigue with that gentleman, and all my former amours. To this I pleaded guilty, as far as truth extended; but firmly denied all the absurd tales in circulation at my expense, adding, that whatever my former errors might have been, I was now convinced of their impropriety, and that a pure and virtuous attachment for Capt. H. then filled my heart, which I hoped would end only with my being; that I had no other wish at present, than to become the partner of that gentleman, and to share his fate, be it weal or wo. These opinions, arising from a source whence he did not expect to hear them, rather surprised him, and he entreated for pardon so sincerely, that I accorded him mine. The conversation dropped, and as the sun became too warm to continue our drive, he proposed to stop at a tavern kept by a widow lady, ten miles from the city, on the road to Bristol, for dinner. When seated in the parlour of the inn, I perceived an evident alteration in his manners; he was agitated and uneasy, often seated himself, while a deep melancholy seemed to overspread his fine features. I at once perceived he was revolving something in his mind, but could not imagine what, until he hastily approached me, and in hurried accents, said, "will you, madam, accept the hand of a soldier, of a man that sincerely loves you, will you give me a right to protect you by an immediate union?" Surprise and astonishment at this abrupt proposal, deprived me of the power of utterance; but when I recovered my presence of mind, I firmly and decidedly refused his offered hand. He still persevered in pleading his suit, and I now heartily repented my imprudence in accompanying a man I knew so little of, but repentance came too late. I was alone with him, among strangers, to whom delicacy and pride forbade my complaining. His impetuosity, bordering on ferocity, intimidated me from further opposition for the present; but I determined never again to trust myself with him in a similar situation, should I be safely restored to my happy home. Capt.

H's. tender, delicate conduct floated on my memory, and, when contrasted with Lieut. Smyth's violence, irritated me against him, and confirmed my resolution in favor of the former. My spirit rose, and I passionately again declined his offered hand, in terms the most decided and unequivocal. This firm refusal excited his resentment; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and an expression of fierceness, blended with horror, which I thought it almost impossible for his manly, elegant features to express, really terrified me. I, Mary, want language to portray it even to your mind's eye. The pencil of Hogarth, or the inimitable Jarvis of New York, might do it justice, I cannot, therefore will relinquish the attempt. I will here enter on his history, which will better display his character, than any attempts to delineate it can possibly do.

Lieut. Richard Smyth, was by birth an Irishman, a native of Sligo, in the Emerald Isle, so celebrated for producing men of strong minds and ungovernable passions. His father was once a merchant in affluent circumstances, but a train of misfortunes having caused his failure in business, and his death soon after succeeding, Richard, his only son, was left an orphan. Daniel Clark, Esq., his maternal uncle, had emigrated to New Orleans, where he settled and acquired a large fortune. On learning the melancholy fate of his brother-in-law in Ireland, and the unpleasant situation of his beloved sister, he wrote to his mother, who was also a widow, and her two daughters, Mrs. Smyth, who was Richard's mother, and Mrs. Anderson, offering to adopt his nephew, and constitute him the heir of his estate, provided they would leave Ireland and settle in the United States. This offer old Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Anderson accepted, but Mrs. Smyth remained in her native country, and, as Richard was her only child, maternal affection predominated over interest, and he continued with her till he had attained his ninth year. She then consented to relinquish him to his uncle on the preceding conditions. Preliminaries being adjusted, he was sent to his grandmother in Philadelphia. One circumstance I will here relate to you, that will delineate the strength of his mind and ardency of his feelings, as well as the rash impetuosity of his character, particularly where a female was the incentive. There was on board the vessel in which he was passenger to America,

a little girl about his own age, *i. e.* between nine and ten years old. She was of course his playmate and companion. They were one day at play on the deck, when she accidently dropped something overboard. Richard instantly plunged into the yawning abyss with the intention of restoring to her the toy she had lost. His life had nearly proved a sacrifice to his gallant temerity. Would that he had then flown to the bosom of his Heavenly Father, nor lived to endure the horrors of an ignominious fate in a strange land, for the honour of which he had risked his life in the late war, and been entrusted with a command. But to return, he arrived safe in Philadelphia, and was received by his maternal grandmother, at her residence in Germantown, with unbounded affection. This good old lady, with all the warmth of heart peculiar to her country, loved the pleasing, noble generous boy, to whom she looked up as the being that would perpetuate her family, and add honours to their wealth. You well know the peculiar affection the Irish females generally bear their sons, and their national love of family. This predominated in the bosom of Mrs. Clark, and she from affection spoiled a temper naturally rash, obstinate, haughty and self-willed, by immoderate indulgence. Richard was placed at a public seminary for education, and soon rendered himself conspicuous by the enthusiastic benevolence of his heart, which evinced itself in his humanity to the poor boys in the vicinity of the college, by distributing his clothes, &c. among them, and outstripping all his cotemporaries in the industry with which he applied his mind to his studies, and his facility in acquiring every branch of education. Here he continued a few years, till the seminary could do no more for him. His uncle, delighted by his application, and its ultimate reward, then sent for him to New Orleans, where he became a spoiled favourite. Rolling in affluence, and an able assistant to his kind uncle, his youth passed in ease, elegance, and an eager pursuit of pleasure, so peculiar to that dissipated country. His uncle, partial to his virtues, and blind to his errors, indulged him in every wish he formed. Thus he grew up an exotic of the first order and beauty; but alas, the plant required the skilful hand of some discerning friend to prune the too luxuriant branches that sprouted from

its noble trunk, and bend them in subordination to the established forms of society; but no such friendly hand for him existed, all bowed to his sovereign will and pleasure.

His haughty spirit, thus uncontrolled, frequently burst the bonds of propriety; but the natural courage so peculiar to his country, generally carried him through these youthful sallies with too much eclat ever to produce amendment. His uncle he loved and revered as a friend, parent, and benefactor. This enthusiastic attachment involved him in a duel with Mr. C., of New Orleans, at the early age of nineteen. That gentleman having offered an insult to his uncle, which Mr. Clark, whose declining health prevented him from resenting in a manner consistent with the young hero's ideas of honour, he sent a challenge to Mr. C., demanding from him the satisfaction of a gentleman, for the insult offered to his uncle; the challenge was accepted, they met, and Richard received the ball of his adversary through his loins, of which wound he lay for nine weeks dangerously ill; during this time his life was despaired of. His sufferings in consequence, endeared him to his uncle's heart more warmly than ever; and his indulgences became as boundless as the young man's desires. About two years after this period, the old gentleman, anxious to see him settled in life before his departure from this world, proposed to him an alliance with a young lady of that country, of unexceptionable character and large fortune; in compliance with his wishes he visited the young lady for some time, but love had no share in these attentions, which were of course lukewarm, and unimpassioned; yet the treaty continued to progress, and would probably have terminated in matrimony, had not a quarrel taken place between his uncle and him. Thus terminated the matrimonial scheme, as Richard Smyth discontinued his visits to the lady entirely, and rushed into a vortex of dissipation. The old gentleman, when too late, became sensible of his error in the boundless indulgences he had shown his nephew, for he soon dissipated the fortune he had settled on him. Richard's proud soul disdained to humble itself to his but too kind uncle; he therefore quitted New Orleans, with the intention of joining the patriots of South America,

and aiding them in their struggles for the rights of nature, *i. e.* an emancipation from the tyranny of the parent country, and an exertion of their own will. Of Richard's intention and expedition his uncle was soon informed; he instantly despatched a courier after him, with whom he returned to New Orleans, and a temporary reconciliation took place. But the electric spark that had long lain dormant in his breast, was struck, and the fire of manly courage, so peculiar to the higher ranks of the sons of Erin, aroused. He, like young Douglass, disdained the slothful easy life of pleasure he had hitherto led, and resolved to prove himself a man in spirit. For this purpose he secretly quitted his uncle's roof, taking with him a negro whom he had emancipated from the horrors of slavery, and hastened to the city of Washington. The late hostilities with Great Britain, which ended in a war, were then commencing. He offered his services to the land of his adoption; this offer was not made from pecuniary motives, or a thirst for vengeance on the sons of Great Britain for injuries done his family or fortune, but from the pure impulses of a military spirit, panting for fame, the noblest of all human views. I need scarcely add his services were accepted by the secretary of war, and he received a lieutenant's commission in the northern department of the army. Here his ardent impetuous spirit had indeed an extensive field for action; he fought, and conquered; his whole soul was devoted to the cause of liberty and equality. A sincere member of the democratic party, he did not, like too many of that society, seek to perform his duty by a substitute, but risked life and liberty in the cause he had espoused. Thus, while his murderers were slumbering in supine ease, enjoying all the comforts of home, and talking of patriotism, he left an indulgent uncle, a home where all delighted to obey his every wish, to endure the horrors of a camp, an unhealthy climate, and severe military discipline, to defend the cause of insulted freedom. His active enterprising spirit, soon gained him the confidence of his commanding officer, who appointed him his adjutant. I need scarcely tell you that his military career commenced with an eclat that excited the envy, and provoked the malice of souls who had not sufficient fire to

imitate his example ; they therefore pursued him with a malevolence incompatible with the principles that ought to actuate men in a military life, who, whilst they claim the title of gentlemen, should act consistent with the character they assume, at least for the time being. With one of these gentlemen, Capt. B., he had a quarrel about the adjutancy, that terminated in a duel. The parties met by previous arrangement, each attended by his second. Capt. B., had the first fire, which lieutenant Smyth received, and was wounded ; he instantly recovered his courage, rallied his spirits, and raising himself on one knee, supported by his second, he returned the fire, and wounded his adversary, who lingered a few months, and died. For this action, the effervescence of courage, he has since, by popular prejudice, been accused of murder. If all men who kill their adversaries in duels are denominated murderers, that crime stalks abroad in every city throughout the civilized part of this vast globe, with impunity. Why then was this unfortunate man thus stigmatised, and finally, by prejudice, condemned to an ignominious death ?

> But thou art gone to realms of bliss,
> No pangs now wring thy breast,
> Thy wretched wife can know but this,
> Thy every care's at rest.

Was this transaction considered a murder? Why was he not then arraigned for it ? No, it was only by the misguided populace of Philadelphia that this tale was propagated and blazoned to the world, to depreciate him in the estimation of the few friends that adhered to him in his dark hour of misfortune. He continued to hold his appointment in the army until the close of the war, when, being on the list of disbanded officers, he returned to Philadelphia, where he took boarding at Elliott's Hotel, in North Fourth street ; here he became acquainted with Mr. G., who occasionally dined at that house, his family residing in the country. Lieutenant Smyth continued at Mr. Elliott's, until his inauspicious marriage with me. His entrance into the army of the United States so highly displeased his uncle, who was in heart a strong monarchist, consequently opposed to the principles of the late war, that finding his once beloved ne-

phew acting in every instance so diametrically opposite to his wishes, he, in a paroxysm of passion, bequeathed all his fortune to his mother, who continued to reside in Germantown. Soon after this act of injustice, Mr. Clark paid the debt of nature.

Thus did the unfortunate Richard forfeit his birth-right by his devotion to the land of his adoption, whose citizens generously rewarded him for the sacrifice by an ignominious death, and cutting him off from life ere manhood's prime had decked his cheek, for merely acting on principles of self-defence, as I, who was acquainted with all the secret actions of that affair, could have proved, could I have been heard in his defence. But peace to his manes, and sacred be his name; he has met that Great, that Omnipotent Judge to whom all are amenable; and he has, ere now, decided between my persecuted husband and that obdurate heart who withheld mercy and forgiveness from a youthful penitent, an only son, the darling of an aged grandmother, whose hoary head in vain plead to spare the loved object of her doating age. Cruel, relentless man —even in the grave I abhor and detest thy memory; nor can years of misery, months of dreary confinement, eradicate from my bosom the mortal hatred I bear to thee. May the name of *Snyder* ever be abhorred, and when the passing traveller shall turn aside to view the tomb that contains all that remains of Richard Smyth, detest as I do the hand that smote him. My tears flow in anguish but to recall the horrors of that awful moment of thy death, devoted victim of prejudice. Many will perhaps, condemn this expression of resentment; but alas! may I not indulge myself in breathing forth my sorrows, grief, and detestation on the bosom of friendship. I might indeed have ceased to abhor Simon Snyder's memory, could I believe that his motives for a refusal to sign Richard's pardon originated in a love of justice, and a desire to deter others from pursuing a line of conduct inimical to the good order of society; but I am too well convinced that no such feeling actuated him. No, no; Richard was sacrificed on the shrine of interest; from motives of policy he withheld a pardon which he feared would injure him in the estimation of the public. But from that Great, that Omnipotent Judge, Simon has ere

now, perhaps, received no more mercy than he yielded to the numerous petitions sent by the relenting citizens in favour of this unfortunate sufferer. In death all men are equal, the peasant and the brow encircled by the glittering diadem of state. Before that Great Power their actions and intentions are reviewed; it is then the guilty tremble, while the poor but innocent, can meet their Judge with bosoms glowing with hope.

I will now return to where I left Lieut. Smyth and myself, *viz.* in the parlour of the inn on the Bristol road. I perceived he struggled to subdue his feelings, and smoothe the stern ferocity of his features. Again he assayed, with all the wiles of love, to win me to his will, by remonstrance soothing, and the thread-bare tale of lovers, pretending to doubt Capt. H.'s return, from the length of his voyage, and the probability of his inconstancy. I heard him in almost solemn silence, or with laughing evasions. Thus passed the time, till we were summoned to dinner, after which he wished me to proceed to Bristol with him, but I peremptorily refused, and insisted on returning to Philadelphia. With this desire he at length complied; he then handed me into the gig and we took the road to the city. I now thought myself secure from further persecution, for such his courtship appeared to me, and I began to converse on various subjects that occurred, in order to divert his mind, and prevent his again recurring to the disagreeable theme of love. But all in vain: he seemed incapable of conversing on any other, and at every pause reverted to the dreaded one, pressing his suit with the ardour of a warm impassioned heart, and with all the fervour that so strongly characterises his countrymen, united with the soft *politesse* of a polished Frenchman, and a gay man of the world. As I listened in perfect silence, this encouraged him to persevere. All persons that ever was acquainted with him know that he was indefatigible in any scheme he set his heart on; to conquer or die was his motto. My silence he construed into a tacit intention to comply with his wishes, while I only designed to discourage him from proceeding by my coldness. What could a woman in my situation do more than this; I am not skilled in controversy, therefore could not argue the matter more ef-

fectually than I had done; silence was my only refuge. I had stated to him that my heart was devoted to another, and my hand promised; this was all candour required of me; delicacy, dignity, and every feminine sentiment of my heart, forbade from further conversing with him on the subject, but his own eloquence amply supplied my deficiencies; he became more ardent, I was displeased, and anxiously watched the revolving wheels, thinking every turn brought us nearer home. We reached Frankford, and stopped for rest and refreshment at the sign of the Jolly Post. Here he urged his suit with the warmth of a man determined to carry his point. Fatigued by his perseverance, and my long silence, I began to expostulate with him on the impropriety of his conduct, which I told him was cruel and ungentlemanly, as I was in his power; observing if he did not desist, I would order a carriage and return to the city alone. Conscious that my accusations were just, he again implored my pardon for his impetuosity, and left the room, as I supposed, to order the gig for our departure. In his absence I sat revolving in my mind all the occurrences of the day, determining for the future; never again to trust myself with a stranger. In a few moments he returned, evidently much agitated, and continued to pace the room, frequently casting an anxious look towards the window This excited my curiosity; my eyes involuntarily took the direction of his, and I dreaded, I know not what; an interval of perhaps ten minutes elapsed in this awkward situation, a mutual silence was observed; at length I beheld an elderly gentleman, dressed in gray clothes, who I judged to be a clergyman, in company with the Landlord of the inn. These persons advanced towards, and entered the house. Conviction flashed across my mind that some design was in agitation against me. Astonished and angry I arose from my seat, and exclaimed, "Good God, Lieut. Smyth, what do you intend to do?" I heard the gentlemen enter an adjoining parlour, which was kept only for private use; this convinced me that it was not an accidental visit to the house. He approached and entreated me not to be alarmed; there was a tenderness in his air, voice, and manners, that pleased, blended with a flash of fire from his eyes that excited wonder, and terrified me. Hitherto my

lovers had been all tenderness, and bowed to my sovereign will; offended and incensed at his perseverance, I retreated out of the door, with a resolution to leave the house; the entry led into a balcony in the back part of the building. Hither he followed me, took my hand, and endeavoured to soothe me into a compliance with his wishes for an immediate union. But I remained firm in my refusal, and he, finding only a *coup de main* would carry his point, swore he would never leave the house alive, unless I consented to become his wife. My eyes rested on the gig that stood in the yard, and I was tempted to jump into it and drive off to town alone; but my courage was not in unison with my will, and I again began to expostulate with him. He listened in gloomy silence, appearing to yield to my wishes. Pleased with my supposed victory, I advised him to go in and make the clergyman a compliment for his trouble, apologize for my apparent caprice, and then return to the city. With this arrangement he seemed to acquiesce, only premising that I should accompany him to the house and unite with him in the apology. Eager to escape, and willing to soothe him, I agreed to the compromise; we therefore walked into the parlour together. Here, leaning on the back of a chair, alone, stood the clergyman, who on my entrance, instantly commenced the marriage ceremony. I stood astonished; wonder suspended all my faculties; my powers of articulation forsook me, and the whole passed in awful silence. Not one word escaped my lips, and I now declare solemnly, I did not then pronounce the irrevocable yes, so essential in the marriage ceremony, nor utter an assent to any thing that was said. Indeed the first thing that aroused me from my lethargic stupor, was the clergyman pronouncing us man and wife, and Lieut. Smyth taking the accustomed salute from my lips. Great God! what were my sensations—he might have justly exclaimed, in the language of Shakspeare,

> "Was ever woman in such humour wooed?
> "Was ever woman in such humour won?"

The idea of Capt. H, flashed across my memory, attended with all the horrors of broken vows and plighted faith dishonourably recalled; I shuddered and was al-

most fainting. The clergyman withdrew, Lieut. Smyth observed the gig was waiting, into which he immediately handed me, and was now as eager to begone as I had previously been. We drove rapidly for some time; Lieut. Smyth was in good spirits, while I remained rather *penseroso*. A pleasing smile irradiated his countenance, to which the rays of the setting sun added a brilliancy that rendered his fine manly features irresistibly pleasing, and I began to be content with what I then fancied the dispensations of Providence. A gig, also returning to the city, whose driver passed us rapidly, aroused Lieut. Smyth's resentment; all the harmony of his countenance vanished, and an expression of ferocity usurped its place that terrified and shocked me. Great God! thought I, what a Proteus am I united to—and for life; but he awoke me from my reflections by his angry threats against the gentleman in the gig, who, he said, had offered him an insult by taking the road of him, and that he would have satisfaction. In vain I entreated him to suffer the gentleman to keep the road, particularly as there was a lady in the gig; he heeded me not, but giving the horse the reins, drove furiously on, and taking advantage of a low part of the ground, struck the gentleman's gig, which I believe was upset. I saw nor heard no more; terrified at his fierceness I sat almost petrified into a statue. This triumph again restored his good humour. He tenderly turned towards me and said —"come, my love, dont be alarmed, my friend's horse is the best on the road, and would it not be ridiculous to suffer any one to pass us?" We then chatted socially till I reached my own door—I thanked heaven for my personal safety, and in the company of my children forgot my hasty marriage for some time, but when memory recalled it to my recollection, it appeared more like a feverish dream than reality. Too soon I awoke to the truth, for the next day Lieut. Smyth entered the house, in which he met his unfortunate fate, as its master; but our inauspicious nuptials was clouded by a challenge from the gentleman whose gig he had damaged. This challenge my husband accepted, and they accordingly agreed to meet. But the courage of his opponent soon evaporated—an apology was exchanged for pistols, and this affair, so threatening in its infancy, ended amicably, to the satisfaction of all parties.

I now entered into my matrimonial career. Lieut. Smyth proved a tender, affectionate husband, and from being a gallant, gay, dissipated man of pleasure, he was, in a few weeks, metamorphosed into a calm domestic family man, a kind father to my children, and a rational companion to myself. My follies all vanished into air, for I was happy.

About this period, as I was one evening sitting with my mother in the parlour, the servant came and informed me a gentleman wished to see me in the store. I bid the girl request the gentleman to walk up; she replied she had asked him to do so, but he refused. Accordingly I went down into the store, where, to my amazement, I beheld my first favourite, Major M——n. His manner was exceedingly confused; he extended his hand to me, and in an agitated voice asked me if I would grant him a few minutes private conversation. To this I assented, and we walked into an adjoining room. There a mutual explanation took place. He stated to me that in the too eager pursuit of the phantom pleasure, he had gone through all the rounds of dissipation, had injured his health, his fortune, and his peace, and was finally disgusted; that like the needle, faithful to its centre of attraction, he had returned, a true penitent, trusting I would pardon his errors and again receive him into favour. I heard him in silence, and then informed him of my late marriage. Shocked and confounded he for a moment could not believe the assertion, but, when convinced of its truth, with many wishes for my future happiness, and assurances that he would never more intrude on me, politely took his leave.

I loved my husband with all a woman's tenderness, and was in turn as passionately beloved. Three months, three little months of bliss stole rapidly away. I had erected an air-built fabric, which I vainly hoped was founded on a rock, and that it would ever remain fixed and durable. But, alas! how evanescent were all my high raised hopes of earthly bliss—In one moment the fabric fell, to rise no more, and my bosom's tranquillity was buried beneath its ruins. I had tasted of happiness, calm and rational as it is, only to lose it forever. Hitherto a sense of wrong had ever marred my pleasures; I was then compelled to endeavour at concealment, while

self-reproach corroded on my heart, and loved without that soft tranquillity and confidence which arises from a union of sentiment in the married state, that now cheered my happy home, and shed its delightful influence over my heart. The morning sun rose to cheer me with his beams, and set but to invite me to serene repose, in the arms of a beloved companion, an honourable protector, and an adoring, indulgent husband. My children loved and obeyed him as a father and a friend, while he regarded them as his own, and treated them with every tenderness. For two months this calm lasted, but then the awful lightning began to flash at a distance, that finally crushed me and my family beneath its forked flame, and overwhelmed me in irrecoverable misery. Rumour began to circulate that Capt. C., was alive, and intended to return to Philadelphia; but this I treated as a chimera. His absence of near four years, I fancied, released me from my too early matrimonial engagements —and I imagined that, if he did return, he would never claim a woman he had voluntarily abandoned for such a length of time; and moreover I believed he could not legally claim me as his wife. Deceived by this delusion and trusting to it, these rumours did not create me any alarm. I was ignorant at that time of all the various forms and quibbles that surround our inestimable code of laws: like a low thorn hedge, around a well cultivated garden, they only delude the eye, tempt us to admire the prospect within, and then torment us by their repelling stings, that pain and torture without any apparent wound. Thus impressed, I laughed at the various tales that were circulated, and fancied them similar to many I had previously heard of myself, whose gross falsehoods had amused for a moment and was then forgot by me. My mother became alarmed, as were my sisters, yet to all I turned a deaf ear, nor was Lieut. Smyth more credulous than myself, therefore did not pay interest for the miseries we endured;

"Sufficient for the day was the evil thereof."

We enjoyed our summer's morning like the gay ephemera, that flutters in the sunny beams, nor dreads the coming night that will exterminate them.

About this period I received a letter from Capt. H., from the Mediterranean, in which he renewed all his former vows of constancy, and sincerely regretted his absence from me. His letter concluded with entreaties to remember and hold irrevocable the faith I had pledged to him, observing, "that if I could forget them, and give my hand to another, that He who heard and had registered those vows, would avenge his cause and punish the delinquent." For a moment my present happiness was forgot; a trembling shook my frame, the blood ceased to flow through my veins. In horror I cast the letters from me, while the prediction still rung in my ears. Richard picked the letters up, and perused them over and over, then carelessly thrust them in his pocket, while he laughingly caught me in his arms, and exclaimed, "Ann, away with such childish fears—is it possible you can suffer the foolish predictions of a discarded lover thus to render you unhappy? I flattered myself your mind was superior to such superstitious ideas. If you love me, cease to think on them, and bury the remembrance of Capt. H. in oblivion, as I shall do."

Soon after the receipt of this packet the truth of all the rumours we had heard of Capt. C., were confirmed to my sister Mary Abbott, by Capt. Milligan, from Liverpool, as this gentleman had seen and conversed with him in that port, from whence he intended to take shipping for Philadelphia. This statement carried conviction to all our minds, and yet we could not part, even for a time, until the affair was legally decided. The idea was too dreadful to be endured—how then could the reality ever be supported? It was fancied impossible. Oh, what an accumulation of distress can the human heart sustain, yet live!—and is life thus embittered, a blessing? or can existence on such terms be worth preserving? My mind lost in a chaos of doubt, wonder, and reflection; yet such things are. I have digressed so frequently through this tale of wo, that you will again pardon me for this slip of my pen. I will now endeavour to proceed methodically.

Three months elapsed after our romantic wedding, when the dreaded arrival of Capt. C., took place. Being usually engaged in the store through the day, I generally devoted one evening in every week to starch my muslins

—as I was too particular to suffer a domestic to perform that service for me. While occupied in this avocation I observed a tall gentleman, in a foreign dress, walking beneath the window of my house. His steps were quick and he frequently stopped and observed my house attentively. This conduct excited my surprise; for some time I observed him, when he withdrew. In a few minutes after his departure, my youngest son, Joseph, came into the kitchen with a quantity of cakes. On inquiring where he got them, he replied, "Mamma, a gentleman gave them to me that knows you." "How do you know that my son?" said I. "Why Mamma, he asked after you and my grand-mother, and for my brothers, and told me he came from England."

Here was a confirmation of my worst fears; conviction flashed on my mind; I was satisfied it was his father he had seen, for who else would carry a boy of his years two squares in his arms, at that inclement season of the year to purchase cakes? None but a father. I dressed myself in haste, and flew to the residence of my parents, to whom I related all my fears. They had not heard of Capt. C.'s arrival, and vainly endeavoured to calm and sooth the agitation of my mind. I returned home—the night was spent in inexpressible agony, and morning dawned but to increase my misery, for the arrival of Capt. C., was confirmed by my father. He had been one day in Philadelphia, and had learned that I was married. My father meeting him in the street, they shook hands cordially, and after the first friendly greeting was over, Capt. C., said, "Well Captain, I hear that Ann is married." "Yes," replied my father she is indeed." "Well," said Capt. C., "it is my own fault, I dont blame her." To this my father assented, and invited him to accompany him home to visit the family. To this he agreed, and they proceeded to my father's house together. I have before stated to you that our families had been separated for two years previous to my marriage with Richard Smyth.

My mother received Capt. C., with open arms; all his former errors were forgotten, *and he was again her dearly beloved son.* Her friendship for Richard Smyth vanished, and Capt. C., became her idol. Hitherto all my family had lived on the most friendly terms with

this gentleman, but now a more powerful (as they fancied) claiment for my favour had arisen, and they all bent obsequiously to this rising sun, just emerged from Ocean's watery bed. The children were sent for to meet their father, and a general family jubilee was held. Indeed, to use the language of scripture, the fatted calf was killed to welcome home this prodigal son. The day passed in joyful hilarity with them, but not so did it fare with me, I endured a conflict of feeling the most agonizing and indefinable human nature can be supposed to sustain. Imaginary fear harrowed up my soul; every faculty trembled. I well knew Capt. C.'s haughty temper, and beheld, in imagination a combination of horrors. The ferocity of Lieut. Smyth was softened, but courage and a high sense of honor, still predominated in his heart. Should these two fiery spirits meet, I was conscious a quarrel must ensue, and perhaps both lives become the forfeit of my ill-fated marriage.

Was there ever, so singular a victim immolated on the altar of Hymen as the wretched Ann. Condemned by my parents to my first sacrifice of feelings, and trepanned into a second engagement by an almost total stranger, for whom I had not even the slightest partiality, at a time that my affections were devoted to another. Indeed, when I revolved those singular circumstances I almost fancied them the waking delusions of a day-dream. till carking care corroding in my heart, assured me they were too truly realities, to which fame, fortune, and fear have been sacrificed. What then remains to cheer my closing lamp of life?—Conscious integrity, and an uncorrupted heart. These still create an animation of the animal spirits, that enables me to bear down adversity, and spurn my proud oppressors' tyranny with the calm dignified contempt they merit. I am not so imbecile an opponent as they once imagined. The lion cannot at all times crush the worm.

Forgive me, for obtruding my flights of fancy on you, and I will again proceed with my history. In the evening of the never-to-be-forgotten day, of Capt. C.'s inauspicious re-introduction into my family, he brought the children home, and in an evil hour I was prevailed on, by the earnest and tender entreaties of my son John, to admit him to my presence. He waited at the door till

the child had gained my permission for his entrance. The boy flew to his father with the intelligence that I would see him. Lieut. Smyth was from home, and I consequently, alone with the children. It was a moment to harrow up the soul, but I summoned all my fortitude to carry me with composure through the dreaded interview. He entered the parlour, advanced towards me, and caught me in his arms. I repulsed him with firmness, saying, "No, Capt. C., I am no longer your's." This irritated him, and he again pressed me forcible to his bosom, swore I was his wife, and he would see who would dare usurp his right to me. I angry, resented his offered embrace, and requested him to be seated ; he accepted the invitation and taking one of the children on his knee, we entered into a trifling conversation, which he frequently interrupted by humming a tune. Yet his looks were dark, gloomy and austere, and he appeared to be meditating mischief even then. He once abruptly asked me where my *husband* was, adding he would be glad to see him. To this I replied he was absent, but I expected him shortly. This question filled my heart with secret dread. I too well knew the disposition of these rivals not to shudder at the very idea of their meeting, and a deep presentiment of awful import pressed on my mind, and trembled in my heart. At length a loud rap at the front door announced the return of Lieut. Smyth. I started from my seat, and ran down stairs to meet him, where I informed him Capt. C., was in the parlour, to which he replied coldly, and with rather a stern manner, it was of no consequence, he wished to meet him. This haughty answer repressed, on my part, all advice, as I found he was not disposed to be prudent or politic. I therefore returned to the parlour, whither Richard followed me. I introduced them to each other. Capt. C., rose from his chair and advanced to meet him ; they cordially shook hands, when Richard politely requested him to be seated. Liquor being brought in, they drank freely together ; Richard then ordered candles to be placed in the adjoining room. Alarmed at this order, which I knew was a prelude to a private conversation, I requested leave to speak to him alone. Richard and myself withdrew from the room, when I warmly remonstrated against any private

conversation taking place at that time with Capt. C., as I saw he was not in a tone of mind to bear it, but to endeavour to pass the evening in light desultory conversation. With this request he complied, and we returned to the parlour, where a social conversation was entered into on various subjects. Both were men of sound natural sense, greatly improved by education and travel. They talked of past adventures, wars, politics, and, in short, every subject but the one nearest their hearts. In this I bore a part, and the prattle of the children, who were all present, filled up every vacancy of thought. Thus passed the first dreadful meeting in friendly chat, till the watchman's voice announced the hour of ten o'clock. Capt. C.. then took his hat, and politely wished us good night. I waited on him to the door where he coolly took his leave.

Hope lighted my spirits with her delusive smile, and I vainly fancied the storm that had so long lowered at a distance would pass slightly over, and a gentle calm succeed. Alas! how deceptive were my flights of imagination, and how horrible was its termination. Like the wild tornado, its fury carried all before it; its destroying effects will long be felt by my family, and never be forgotten by me. The ensuing day passed quietly over; we neither seen nor heard from Capt. C., and I became almost confirmed in my supposition, that he would tacitly admit my marriage with Richard to pass off as an event that could not be recalled, and must therefore be submitted to.

On the third day Capt. C., sent a message by my son, requesting to see me at my father's house. This note I showed to Richard, who forbade my complying with it; but I, being unwilling to irritate Capt. C., further, attended his summons at my mother's house. Here I found my parents, children, and my two sisters, Sarah the wife of Joseph Hutton, and Mary Abbott, all assembled to meet me. Capt. C., commenced the conversation by imploring my forgiveness for his long neglect and absence, informing me that both were on his part involuntary, as he had been in the British East India Company's service, and employed in trading from Sumatra to Bengal; that to have carried on a correspondence with any person resident in the United States during the

war would have endangered his life, as before he could enter that service he was compelled to bring proof of his being a native of great Britain. To this I readily assented, telling him I sincerely forgave him, but that ever to live with him again as a wife, was inimical to my feelings and utterly impossible. I reminded him of the miseries his unhappy temper had already caused me to endure, his unfortunate jealousy of Nat Hutton, the censure I had in consequence of it suffered, and added that my marriage with Lieut. Smyth would now become an additional source of wretchedness. To this he replied "No," that he did not blame me, and repeated his wish that I would again live with him. To this request my parents united their entreaties, and even commands; but both my sisters joined with me in opinion. that now a final and legal separation was the only prospect to insure our mutual happiness. This idea he reprobated, and persevered in his intreaties for a re-union, but I continued firm in my refusal, and was even obstinate in my resolution, which after a long and severe contest with him and my parents remained unbroken. I then took leave of them, and returned home, where I found Richard, to whom in the course of the evening, I stated all that had passed at my father's. He expressed a warm gratitude to me for my unshaken constancy to himself, that confirmed my resolution, and decidedly pointed out to me the impropriety of ever intentionally again meeting or having any further conversation with Capt. C. To this I conceded, and resolved never voluntarily to see him again. But Capt. C., continued to persecute me with notes, intreating another interview, which I persevered in refusing for some time; however in compliance with his request, I again went down to my mother's, where he resided. My patience, of which I had but a small share, was exhausted, my mind disturbed, and my temper sowered by the peculiarity of my situation. I was again become a subject for public conversation, which wounded my feelings and aroused my pride. My sunshine friends visited me, some on pretence of sympathising with me in my misfortune, and advising me not to live with Capt. C., and others against it. Thus tormented, I determined to see him once more, and that this meeting should be final. I therefore complied with

his request, and granted him a private interview. Here he commenced a renewal of entreaties for forgiveness and re-union, but I finally told him it was impossible, adding, if he wished for his children, and would give me assurances that he would do his duty as a father by them, he might take them all or one, as he chose. To this he replied by asking me what he should do with them. "Maintain and educate them," said I, "as I have done for eight years;" but he totally declined the offer, pleading his inability to provide for them. He then asked me for a deed of gift he had given me for one thousand acres of land in the state of Kentucky, and some other property. I answered I had them. He then inquired would I relinquish them to him. I answered in the negative, assigning my reasons for this refusal, which were that he would dispose of them, and take the proceeds with him to Europe, where he would squander it as he had hitherto done his earnings, six dollars being all he brought with him to Philadelphia, after four years absence, the greater part of which time he received a hundred dollars per month, and five tons privilege, living free of expense while he was on ship-board, besides considerable remittances from his family in Scotland. To convince him that Lieut. Smyth should never derive any advantage from his property, I offered to assign over all my right and title to this, or any other estate he might fall heir to, in favour of my children. This offer he declined, and, forgetful of the dignity of a man, he meanly bent the knee to crave forgiveness from the woman he had neglected, forsaken and stigmatized. Disgusted by his selfishness, and more than ever determined against him, I quitted the house, angry with myself for consenting to this interview, and assuring him it should be the last; that it was my wish for him to proceed legally, and procure a divorce as quick as possible. This irritated him, and he accordingly, the next day, had a writ for that purpose served on me, by the deputy Sheriff, Mr. Elliott. I now hoped all our contests would come to an end, by justice being properly administered to both parties. During this state of mental distraction, Lieut. Smyth continued the same tender, affectionate conduct he had ever evinced since our marriage. This behaviour, so perfectly the reverse of Capt. C.'s, served to endear

him to me, and I now loved him with an affection almost romantic. He seemed my only councellor and protector; on him I depended with the most implicit confidence. Difficulties that in common minds decrease affection, produced in our hearts the reverse; we now seemed all the world to each other—for him only I wished to live, and would have prefered death to a separation. On the third day after the writ was served, attended with all the regular forms of law, Capt. C., came to my house, before the usual hour of our rising. He entered rather abruptly, and my black girl hastened to inform me he was there. I instantly arose, dressed myself, and met him in the parlour. The usual compliments of the morning having passed, he exclaimed, "Why, madam, you rise very *late*;" I replied "no later than usual, sir." There was an emphasis on the word *late*, that conveyed the idea of an implied insult, that offended me. However, I subdued my feelings, and as preparations were making for breakfast, I invited him to partake of that meal with me. This invitation he accepted, and we set down to the breakfast table together; here his conversation was of a harsh irritating nature, and convinced me neither his temper or manners had undergone any improvement during his late absence. After breakfast finding he did not take his leave, I went up to Lieut. Smyth, and informed him of prolonging his visit, advising him to rise, and take his breakfast in another room. With this he complied, and immediately after walked out. By this prudent step I prevented the two gentlemen from meeting. Capt. C., remained stationary all the forenoon, and rendered himself very unpleasant company, drank deeply of brandy, and was at dinner time more than half intoxicated. At one o'clock Lieut. Smyth returned home. I met him at the door, and stated Capt. C.'s situation; entreated him to absent himself a little longer, and perhaps he would quit the house. He therefore again went out, and remained till after two o'clock, when he returned. Capt. C., still maintained his post in the parlour. Finding there was no other alternative, I ordered dinner to be brought in; the two gentlemen entered into an apparently social conversation, on trifling subjects, for some time; at length Capt. C., fixed his eyes steadfastly on Richard with a very

ferocious expression of countenance and abruptly exclaimed ; " *Sir*, dont you think you have injured me?" "No sir," replied Richard calmly, "I do not; but if you conceive I have by my marriage with Ann, give me leave to say it was not intentional; both her and I believed you no longer in existence, therefore we had no sinister motive in our union, or we would not have made it public." Capt. C. then retorted in the same tone and manner. "But I do sir, conceive you have done me an irreparable one, and shall expect the satisfaction of a gentleman; it is impossible, under existing circumstances, that we can both possess her; let arms decide, and the survivor take her." To this arrangement Lieut. Smyth agreed, and observed he was ready and willing to give him any satisfaction he required. They came to a mutual resolution to settle their difference between them as all such affairs are too generally settled. Lieut. Smyth said that he would borrow Major Gale's pistols; to this Capt. C. objected, saying he would fight with no pistols but his own, and as they were on board the ship in which he came passenger from Liverpool, the affair must necessarily be delayed for a few days. Richard urged the necessity of bringing matters to a conclusion, but Capt. C. was obstinate in his first resolution. I now interfered, and represented the gross impropriety of their conversation, and the small share of regard they evinced for my feelings, adding, if they persevered in their intentions, I would have recourse to the civil law, remarking indignantly that as Capt. C. had already pursued that measure, I was surprized he could make such a proposal, as he must certainly be aware that I would never live with him, nor with either of the surviving parties. and intreated him to disturb my peace no further. They instantly begged my pardon acknowledged the impropriety of their conduct, and all altercation ceased. Dinner was brought in; we sat down to table. Capt. C. very indecorously took the youngest child on his knee, and after Lieut. Smyth had carved, helped Capt. C., and took his seat, the latter said very sternly to Richard, "Sir were you ever a *father?*" laying particular emphasis on the word father. "No sir," replied Richard, "but if I should ever have that honour, I trust I should do my duty by my children." Capt. C. at

this became violently enraged, I supposed from a consciousness of a neglect of duty towards his, and exclaimed, "Sir, do you mean to insult me?—if you say three words more I will put you out of that window."

Now, the parlour was up stairs, on the second floor, Capt. C. a strong athletic man, Lieut. Smyth light but elegantly formed. This threat bore a serious aspect; I well knew both their tempers, and trembled for the consequences; all my powers of soothing and persuasion was therefore exerted to allay the boisterous passion of the one, and sooth the wounded pride of the other. In this I partially succeeded, and peace was for a few moments restored; but Capt. C.'s violence soon dispelled the calm. He seemed determined on mischief; looking at me stedfastly, he said to Richard, "Sir, do you call this lady your wife?—by God you are welcome to her, I would not give a *baubie* (*viz.* a Scotch half-penny) for her." Lieut. Smyth coolly replied, "Sir, thank you, she is the *only gift* I can receive at your hands, and I consider her an inestimable one." During this fracas the innocent infant had quitted the parlour, terrified at the violence of its father. and took refuge with the others in the adjoining room. This cool answer irritated Capt. C. so highly, that he arose in a paroxysm of rage, and seizing a knife, attempted to stab Lieut. Smyth; the latter being defenceless, retreated from the wild fury of this maniac. I instantly rushed between them, and caught Capt. C. by the collar, exclaiming "you villain do you mean to murder him?" "Murder, yes," cried he madly, "I will," and endeavoured to rush past me; but I retained him firmly in my grasp. Lieut Smyth wildly fled into the street, without even waiting for his hat, and by this retreat saved his life. My black servant girl, who I had raised from childhood, instantly ran in to my assistance, and also caught hold of Capt. C., but with the ferocity of a lion he threw us both from him, and ran down into the store where a white girl, also a servant, was stationed to attend in my absence. Here Capt. C. madly exclaimed, "Where is that d——n son of a b——h gone?" to which the girl angrily replied, "I know not." He then returned to the parlour. I haughtily demanded, "Capt. C. do you intend to murder him?" "Yes," replied he, "Murder him, yes." No you shall not, said

I, he has done nothing to injure you; if you wish to commit that crime, murder me. "You, no," cried he, "you are too brave, but if you had fled as he did, I would have immolated you; d——n the villain he fled behind your petticoats." He then attempted to catch me in his arms, saying, "our children will never be cowards." This conduct so foreign to the manners of a gentleman, exasperated me beyond all forbearance, and I commanded him peremtorily to quit the house. He accordingly took his hat and retreated to the store. Here he encountered a Mr. Patton, a Scotchman, and one of his friends, who had just entered the house. Before this gentleman he used to me very insulting language, saying, with a smile the most demoniac, "Madam, hang out a flag at your door, with this inscription on it, here lives a woman that will marry any man." This insult enraged me beyond all the powers of reason to restrain; forgetting the respect that was due to him as the father of my children, I again ordered him to quit the house, and never henceforth enter my doors. Apparently satisfied with the mischief he had committed, he made me a very obsequious bow, and left the house.

Overcome by the agitation and fright I had suffered, I returned to the room he had quitted, where I sunk on the sofa and gave vent to my feelings by a flood of tears. Lieut. Smyth had, in the meantime, gone to a friend of his who had served in the army with him, and who resided in the neighbourhood, a practitioner at law, to consult with him on the most eligible measures to be pursued in the present situation of affairs.—This gentleman advised Lieut. Smyth to have Capt. C. bound over to keep the peace. Accordingly attended by his counsel, Jonathan Smith, Richard waited on Judge Badger, who, after he heard the statement, granted a warrant for Capt. C.'s apprehension. The two gentlemen then came to the house together, expecting to find Capt. C. in custody but he having departed, as I informed you, I entreated them for God's sake not to attempt taking him with a warrant, as I apprehended bloodshed would ensue, for I knew his disposition well enough to be justified in asserting he would never submit to be taken like a criminal, by a warrant and a constable. Mr. J. Smith then opened his coat and showed me a pair of pistols,

observing, "these would soon compel him to compliance." I then remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his carrying those instruments of death about him. "What madam," said he, "do you wish Dick's life to fall a sacrifice to this madman?" I replied, "certainly not, Richard's life was to me of inestimable value, but that pistols would be the means of endangering that life so dear to me."—Mr. Israel Hoops, a peace officer, then came in with the warrant, who appearing a cool, rational man, of correct judgment, I also stated to him the disagreeable consequences that might ensue from further irritating Capt. C., and persuaded him to request Mr. Badger to write a line to Capt. C., requiring his attendance at the stated time; accordingly Judge Badger, with that urbanity, so peculiarly his own, coincided with the measure, and a polite note the next day, brought the contending parties to his office. Capt C. was then bound over to keep the peace, in the sum of five hundred dollars, and for the performance of his contract, Joseph Hutton, a man not worth one dollar in property, became responsible. This security, so insignificant on Capt. C.'s part, was by Lieut Smyth and his friends considered of no consequence, particularly as the Captain was seen hovering near the house at late hours, evidently seeking to conceal himself from observation. This stimulated Lieut. Smyth to prepare for self-defence, not from an open, honourable assailant, but a secret assassin; for this purpose he borrowed Jonathan Smith's pistols. These he carried continually about his person through the day, and at night placed them under his pillow; deeming it highly probable that, as Capt. C. knew every avenue of the house, he might surprise him as he slept. This idea his conduct towards me at Jenkinstown fully ustified; our apprehensions were mutual. Though trembling with terror, lest the pistols should by accident go off in the night, yet I submitted to a partial evil, hoping thereby to escape a greater, A few days passed over in this dreadful manner, when Capt. C. wrote me another note, requesting an interview, and with this entreaty, though with extreme reluctance, I complied, contrary to the wishes of Richard, who considered I had suffered enough already from his ill treatment, and ought to hold no further converse with him.

However fancying I might gratify Capt. C. by this meeting, and curious to learn what he had now to propose, I consented to receive his visit in my own house. He came, and began the thread-bare subject of our reunion; to this I refused to listen, but he persevered in his entreaty for me to live with him. Provoked at his folly, my resentment rose superior to my prudence, of which I have not an inordinate portion, when my feelings are excited, and I upbraided him for thus wishing to live with a woman he had stigmatized and forsaken. To this he replied passionately, that I was the only woman he ever did or could love, that his attachment for me commenced in my infancy, and had suffered no diminution on his part, nor ever could. From the tenor of his conversation I learned that my mother, acting under the influence of affection for him, and dislike to Richard, had advised him to drag Richard from the house, and publicly chastise him in the presence of the merchants at the coffee house. I have already observed that Capt. C. was a strong, powerful man, uncommonly so, while Richard was a light person, and unaccustomed to the pugilistic art; therefore, the former had an advantage of him in that particular, which justified him in carrying arms. My mother's conduct in thus promoting and supporting Capt. C.'s interest, highly incensed me, for Richard had ever treated her with respect and affection, and she was apparently his friend until the inauspicious return of Capt. C. She was well acquainted with the ungentlemanly treatment of the latter, and all the miseries I had endured from him, to a renewal of which she now wished to subject me. I informed Capt. C. that any attempt of that kind on Richard would be abortive as he was armed and would lose his life ere he submitted to any personal indignity. To this he haughtily replied, he did not care a d—n for him, nor his pistols. I represented to him the utter impossibility of our ever being at peace together. Happy we had never been, even in youth, when he had no cause of jealousy, therefore, now that he had, what could I expect but a repetition of past sorrows; that he was still a handsome man, and would doubtless find plenty of agreeable women with whom he could unite his fate, and be happy for the rest of his life; that it would be better to leave me to the partner I

had chosen, the man I loved. This irritated him so highly, that to sooth him I proposed paying a visit to a particular friend of mine, with whom he was unacquainted, and as she was a woman of uncommon sense and sound judgement, I hoped her advice would, in some degree, counteract the poison my mother had infused into his mind. To this he agreed, and eager to get him out of the house on any terms, before Richard's return, I accompanied him to my friend's Mrs. De Gorgue. This lady had never seen Capt. C., therefore an introduction took place, after which I requested her advice as a friend to me, and umpire between us. "Why Ann," said she, solemnly, "as a friend, I advise you to live with the husband of your children, but as I know you love Lieut. Smyth, and that Capt. C. has never excited in your heart that powerful feeling on which women generally lean for happiness, I am conscious you will follow your own inclinations."—She admitted that Capt. C.'s conduct had been highly reprehensible in forsaking his family for so long a time, leaving me exposed to insult and my own exertions, not only for my support, but with a large family depending on me. Yet still her advice was that we should reunite, though, if I could not do so in truth and sincerity, I was certainly not to be condemned for preferring the protection of the man I loved, to that of one indifferent to me. This conversation excited a degree of hope in Capt. C.'s breast, and he cheerfully escorted me home, bade me farewell at the door, and departed in better spirits than I had seen him since his arrival in Philadelphia. Lieut. Smyth had not returned when I entered the house, but came in soon after, to whom I related the transactions of the evening. He censured me strongly for my compliance with Capt. C.'s request, set his threats at defiance, and concluded by desiring me to hold no further conversation with him, on any pretence whatever. From the accounts I had heard of my mother's conduct, I found I had no sincere friend but him. This visit to Mrs. DeGorgue took place on Friday night; on the following day, early in the morning, Capt. C. presented himself at the door, and as I ever rose early on Saturday, we met in the store: here he remained a considerable time in conversation, during which I repeatedly again assured him I would listen to no ac-

commodation, and that it were better to prosecute for the divorce as expeditiously as possible, giving him to understand that I had formed a resolution of living with neither, and that Lieut. Smyth meant to depart on Monday morning for Lexington, Kentucky. This arrangement between Richard and myself had been settled on the preceding night, as it appeared to be the only rational plan we could adopt to regain our former tranquility, and insure even his life. Some hours were consumed in persuading him to agree to this measure; at length he yielded a reluctant consent. Therefore, to facilitate his departure, I had packed up his clothes, &c. and hoped that on Monday night he would rest in a place of safety.

Capt. C. took his leave, and I saw him no more till night; but oh! what a day of horrors was this. The hours rolled heavily over; Richard's spirits appeared sunk to the lowest depth of mental depression; he was anxious, disturbed, and uneasy; continually passing to and from the house. I rallied my spirits to support his, and forced an appearance of calmness to which my heart was a stranger. Dinner was at length announced, and on taking our places at the table, I observed his eyes filled with tears. He arose, and hastily ran up stairs; I waited some minutes anxiously expecting him to rejoin me, but hearing him pacing up and down the room with hasty steps, I ran up to the chamber, where I found him absorbed in madness, with a pistol in his hand, in the very act of committing suicide; I caught his hand, endeavouring to force the instrument of death from his grasp, at the same time exclaiming, "for Heaven's sake, Richard, what are you going to do." He then wildly replied, "Oh! Ann, I can no longer support this wretched existence," adding, "Ann do you love me?" This simple interrogation, uttered in a deep, solemn, impressive tone and manner, greatly affected me, and I replied that I thought my every action evinced the fervour of my attachment, the sincerity of which he ought not to question; "then," replied he in a voice rendered almost inarticulate from emotion, "if you love me, die with me; let us here lay down our lives, and end our miseries together." He advanced towards the closet, from whence he drew out the other pistol, which he presented to me, saying, "Ann, I entreat you, by your love for me, no

longer to hesitate; let us, by a final blow, defeat the machinations of our enemies, and prove to the world that we prefer death to a separation." Starting from him horror struck, I haughtily desired him to put the pistols away, nor madly destroy his soul by such boyish folly, unworthy of his understanding, education, and family. My remonstrances were in vain till I decended to intreaty; reminding him that our separation would in all probability be of short duration, and that I trusted we should ere long meet under happier auspices, to part no more. He then yielded the instruments of death to my hand, and threw himself on the bed, where a flood of tears relieved his agonized heart. I hastily deposited the pistols in the closet, closed the door, but forgot to lock it in my anxiety to sooth his mind, which I perceived was on the verge of insanity; therefore I exerted every power I possessed to console him for our temporary separation, assuring him I would follow him with all the expedition I could use, and that no earthly power should ever disunite us. These assurances in some measure calmed his agitated spirits, he became more composed, and the afternoon closed in more harmony than its commencement had promised. We drank tea rather earlier than usual; the night drew on, that fatal night (the 20th of January, 1816) replete with death and horrors. The weather was very cold, but a comfortable fire enlivened our snug parlour, and partially cheered our drooping spirits. It was the last night but one according to human foresight we should ever pass together in that apartment which had been the scene of many a happy hour. How soon had that happiness been embittered by disappointment. It was now to suffer a greater alloy, yet reason said it was but to render our felicity permanent in future; therefore it was but to separate us for the present. Richard informed me he had some business to settle before his departure, which called him out, but he would return as expeditiously as possible. Accordingly he left the house, and I remained alone. He had not been gone many minutes when Capt. C. abruptly entered the parlour as if he considered himself at home. I started with surprize at his entrance; the compliments of the evening were interchanged, and he took a seat. He then renewed the former subject so hackneyed be-

fore, that I wondered he was not as much fatigued with it as myself. My replies were invariably the same on every point. I would never live with him, begged him to hasten a divorce, and permit me to enjoy again the peace he had thus barbarously interrupted. He continued to talk and I to listen; the watchman's voice announced the hour of ten, when I observed it was time for him to go home. "Home madam," said he emphatically, "this is my home." I replied, "I believe not sir; this is my home, and all here is mine, the fruits of my own industry, besides the support of my children; while you have been you best know where, and doing you best know what, but nothing for either my children or me; besides sir I have not an apartment to offer you, as all my chambers are occupied by myself and family." "Madam your chamber is mine, and there I design to sleep this night." "And where sir, am I to sleep?" said I. "With me unquestionably," was his answer. This rude reply aroused all the woman in my soul, and I instantly left the room to equip myself for the purpose of going in search of Richard—taking care to provide myself with money to defray my expenses for a few days —calculating that I should not return till Richard's departure. Capt. C. followed me into the adjoining room where he endeavoured to prevent my quitting the house. The noise he made brought the servants, and with their assistance I escaped from him into the street. I had walked but a short distance up Dock-street, when I met Richard returning home; he was surprised to meet me in the street alone, at so late an hour. I then hastily informed him of Capt. C.'s conduct, and said "we had better endeavour to procure lodgings until Monday." Filled with resentment, he haughtily replied he would not, but that he would go to his friend Jonathan Smyth, and ask his advice, as it was very singular conduct in Capt. C., to break his contract, and thus disturb the peace of the family in open defiance of the laws. We therefore proceeded to Mr. Smith's office: he was absent —and we waited his return. He advised Richard to go instantly to Judge Badger and procure proper authority to dispossess him of the house; with this he complied, and I remained with Mr. Jonathan Smyth to await his return. My anxiety, however impelled me to dispatch

Mr. Smyth's servant to my house, to ascertain the situation of affairs; he returned, and said there was a tall gentleman walking to and fro in the store, whom, by the description he gave, I knew to be Capt. C.—Satisfied that he was determined to retain possession, I returned to my house. Here I found my father, mother, and Capt. C., sitting at the parlour fire, engaged in deep conversation. I then represented to them the barbarity of their thus tormenting me; particularly as Capt. C. had placed the differences between us under the cognizance of the civil law, whose award I was willing to abide by. To this I added Richard's intention of quitting Philadelphia on Monday morning. My mother united her entreaties with mine for him to leave the house for the present, but he peremptorily refused, swearing by G—d he never would. I remained a short time with them and then returned to Mr. Smyth's office. A considerable time elapsed, and Richard did not return: my anxiety increased; again I went home, where I found the same trio still in the parlour, and Capt. C., absolutely determined to keep possession. Again I left the house, and on my way to Mr. Smith's office met that officious and meddling disturber of my peace, Thomas Abbott. He accompanied me to Jonathan Smith, Esq.'s office, where we waited a short time, when Richard entered, having been to several magistrates; but the lateness of the hour prevented his obtaining the desired object. Mr. Smyth then advised us to return home, retire to our chamber, and quietly permit Capt. C., to retain possession of the rest of the house until Monday morning, when I could legally expel him. To this prudent arrangement Richard agreed, and we returned home. When we were at the door he tenderly took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said, emphatically, "Ann, you once saved my life, and I will never forsake you." Surprised, I enquired did he fear to enter the house; if so, to remain where he was and I would go up stairs first and investigate the situation of affairs, while Thomas Abbott should continue with him. Having thus arranged the matter, I went up to the parlour alone, where I found the same party I had left in close conversation. Capt. C., appeared more violent than before, while my mother seemed to participate with him in his present humour, which

she gave vent too in very insulting, opprobious language, upbraiding me for my perseverance in living with Richard Smyth, who she styled a villian, with other epithets unpleasant for me to hear. In the midst of this conversation, contrary to expectation, Thomas Abbott entered. His face exhibited a deadly paleness, and the expression of his countenance was really horrid, a dead silence prevailed for a few minutes. Thomas Abbott remained standing near the door, as if awaiting for some person, till Richard abruptly entered the room. He passed on to the sofa, on which he threw his hat and sat down by it. Capt. C., left his seat and advanced towards Richard, who arose and retreated backwards from him. Capt. C., fiercely addressed him, saying, "Sir, my hands are bound, but by G—d out of this house you must go." He repeated these words frequently, using threatening gestures. Lieut. Smyth then addressed me mildly, saying, "*Ann shall I go?*" I replied, "*No you shall not*," not being aware that he had armed himself, as I had taken the pistols from him the preceding afternoon and put them in the closet; he must therefore have gone up stairs into our chamber after I left him and Thomas Abbott in the store together. The latter knew Richard was in possession of fire-arms, (see his evidence on the trial) and perhaps in his mind anticipated the deadly termination of the affair, as he since, on oath, declared he seen the pistol in Richard's bosom. Now, as the entry was totally dark, this was impossible —he must therefore have been privy to that gentleman's going up to the closet and getting the pistol before he entered the parlour. Had I possessed Thomas Abbott's knowledge, my answer would have been perfectly the reverse; nay, had he apprised any person present of this fact, the horrid catastrophe could have been prevented, and both lives preserved. He may therefore be considered as the author of the fatal calamity that *destroyed us all*. Capt. C., continued to press on Lieut. Smyth; my father, mother, and Thomas Abbott standing between him and the door, while I remained stationary at the fire-place. Richard had of course no way to escape from Capt. C.'s violence, and feared to pass these persons, whom he was too well convinced were his foes. He was therefore, per-force compelled to remain in the room; he retreated backwards, keeping his face to his

assailant. I kept my place, not apprehending any danger, as I supposed them both unarmed, and thought Capt. C., would not strike Richard, as he was bound over to keep the peace, although his attitude was menacing. Richard being pressed close into the corner of the room, Capt. C., made an effort to seize him by the collar, whether to put him out the window, as he once threatened, or to force him out of the door, I know not. It was this menace that impelled Richard Smyth, when thus pressed upon, to draw the pistol from his bosom, and discharge the contents full in Capt. C.'s face. The whole transaction did not occupy more than three minutes time. When the pistol went off, I stood petrified, and lost in astonishment, till Capt. C. fell. My mother's voice vociferating, "Stop the villian—will no one stop the murderer?" aroused me from the stupor of the mental faculties. Richard had thrown down the pistol and was leaving the room, when my mother's cries impelled my father to follow and detain him. My first impulse was to open the window and cry murder, when I found Capt. C. wounded, whose voice asking for water, and exclaiming he was a dead man, instigated me to call for assistance. During this my father held Richard in the store, and called the watch, to whose care he consigned this unfortunate victim of love and self-defence.

Oh! memory, memory, why wilt thou with bitterness recall the awful feelings that at that moment wrung my heart? The bleeding father of my children stretched at my feet by the object of my tenderest love. Though years have passed away since that soul-distracting moment, yet still does the powerful sound and terrifying spectacle torture my senses and wring my heart with agonies indescribable.

The citizens gathered rapidly; several physicans soon assembled; but my mind became a chaos. I was unconscious of what was passing, except the cruel upbraiding of my mother, which wrung my already tortured soul with additional anguish. No friendly voice soothed me, even by sympathy, till Jonathan Smyth spoke, entreating her to remember I was still her daughter, and declaring I was not to blame in any one instance. My mental agony was so great, that the physi-

cians ordered me a strong opiate. This soon sunk me into a state of oblivion. Would to God I had never awoke from it. This process was daily pursued; my senses were lulled to rest, but fevered dreams distracted and tormented me, and I existed but to suffer tenfold agonies. Meantime Capt. C., had a bed made for him in the parlour, as he was too heavy to be removed, and my mother and sisters became his attendants. Lieut. Smyth remained in custody to stand his trial. On Monday morning my senses were partially recovered from the dreadful shock they had received. My eldest son, and poor black girl, kind and faithful, attended me with that tenderness my natural parent, to whom I had ever been a dutiful and useful daughter, withheld from me, although conscious I had been an ill-treated wife, and was a tender, industrious careful mother. Yet, forgetting my virtues, and remembering only my faults, she, in this my hour of calamity, and of which she had been the chief instigator, became my inveterate enemy, constantly insulting me, and wounding my feelings by her gross, harsh upbraidings. Her malice even extended to inanimate objects, for she threw Lieut. Smyth's hat and gloves into the fire, and his umbrella into the street. His clothes were locked in the trunk, or it is probable they would have shared the same fate. This she sent to Jonathan Smyth's office, to purify, as she said, the house from every vestage of the murderer. From my faithful servant I afterwards learnt this, and she, on Monday morning, told me Lieut. Smyth's attornies were endeavouring to bring only a charge of manslaughter, or murder in the second degree, against him, which, if they effected, he could be admitted to bail. This gave a hope that re-animated my existence, I was well convinced, however popular prejudices spoke against the unfortunate Richard, that he never premeditated or sought to injure Capt. C., I had witnessed their private interviews, and the pointed insults Richard had received, and the attempts made on his life by Capt. C., Here I solemnly declare that in our most confidential moments, Richard never uttered a threat that bordered on an expression or desire of revenge; true he declared if that gentleman laid hands on him, he would shoot him; and in extenuation of this he observed, that

there was no comparison between them in bodily strength, he had no other recourse to defend himself but fire-arms.

On that inauspicious day (Monday) I was informed by my servant, that Joseph Hutton had came to the house with a consequential air, and was closeted with my mother. This, my imagination told me, boded no good to my wretched husband. Soon after I heard him loud in his threats of vengeance on that persecuted man, who he never liked, being fully conscious of that gentleman's superiority over him in honour, courage, and *integrity*. He was observed by my informant, (my faithful servant,) endeavouring to use his influence over my mother to gain some point, which she at length learned was to persuade her to go immediately with him up to the mayor's office, to oppose Richard's attornies in the effort they were about to make for his liberation. I heard this information with horror, and impelled by that tender affection I bore Lient. Smyth, and dread of his impending fate, should Capt. C. die, that I forgot all my weakness, and rushed wildly into my mother's presence, cast myself at her feet, entreating her by all she had suffered for, and by the tender affection she once bore me, to forbear, nor sacrifice a being I held dear, and who alas! was sufficiently wretched; representing that Richard had only acted in his own defence, and not from malice *prepense*, which wilful murder must be.

But alas! I supplicated in vain. She spurned me from her feet, where I had humbly bent in that posture, only due to our Heavenly Father, or a parent, and putting herself entirely under the direction of her haughty son-in-law, who, like all mean spirits, was fully resolved to abuse the power he possessed, artfully moulded her to his purpose, and made her the instrument of his envy and vindictive temper. They accordingly left the house together, and proceeded to the mayor's office, where her deposition jointly with Thomas Abbott's, sealed the unfortunate Richard's fate, who was committed to the county prison as a wilful murderer, to stand trial at the ensuing court. My hope for the preservation of both lives, was now placed on the skill of the physicians. I flattered myself, as the pistol was discharged in a moment of agitation, and at random, that the wound would

not prove mortal; and as Capt. C. was attended by the most eminent physicians in Philadelphia, I had yet something to keep the phantom alive in my bosom. My house was thronged with visitors of all classes, and every night there was occasion for three or four persons to set up; consequently my expenses were enormous. Capt. C. continued to linger for nine days. The case was doubtful; on that day a bleeding commenced, when the physicians gave it as their opinion that it was impossible for him to recover, but that his life might be prolonged for a short time. Joseph Hutton, ever busy where his services were not requisite, on hearing this declaration, pointed out the necessity of making a will hoping thereby to exclude me from participating in any property that might eventually revert to him. The will was accordingly drawn, and presented to Capt. C. for his signature. He held the paper in his hand, and in a firm voice inquired "will it injure the interest of Ann;" being answered in the negative, he immediately signed it, and by this act cast his children on the protection of strangers. Among the daily visitors who at this time frequented my house, none displayed as much anxiety, and as warm a friendship for Capt. C. as Mr. Flintham; he was sent for on every emergency, and evinced an unremitting friendship for Capt. C. and an inveterate hatred towards Richard Smyth and myself. During Capt. C.'s illness he frequently expressed a strong desire to see me, inquiring daily after my health, and lamenting my unfortunate situation. By the aid of medicine Capt. C. lingered another week, and then expired in extreme agony. The ball had entered his mouth, passed the spine of his neck, and lodged in the skull. An inflammation on the brain ensued that terminated his existence in the manner I have described.

All the time of his illness the house was a constant resort for the curious and idle, as a general interest was excited in the minds of the populace for him, and of course its indignation was proportionally levelled against those they fancied his destroyers. Among these was my unfortunate self; but of their indignation I was ignorant, as I lay under the influence of opiates that deadened my sensibility. No pen, no language can pourtray the miseries I endured, to which my mother did not a

little contribute, by her want of affection for me; every groan uttered by Capt. C. wrung my heart with agonies the most intolerable. I forgot his vices—the miseries he had compelled me to endure, and seen him only as he sometimes had been, a kind, indulgent husband, and the father of my children. Could my life have expiated Richard's rash and cruel action, how gladly would I have yielded it to the grim messenger of fate, if by the sacrifice I could have relieved his sufferings, and prolonged his existence. But alas! art and medicine failed, his thread of life was cut by the inexorable sisters, and my fate decided at the same moment. Our destinies had been united, and my happiness terminated, when, I trust his commenced, and his weary spirit found rest in the bosom of his blessed Saviour. Peace to his ashes, and forgotten be his errors by the world; by me they are forgiven, and could I obliterate them from the tablets of memory, I should enjoy a comparative degree of tranquility; true, I have but slightly sketched them over, for while smarting under wounds that time only increases the agony of, it is utterly impossible to forget their source, or the hand that inflicted them. Yet had not necessity and friendly interest, in the fate of an unfortunate victim to a train of combining circumstances, induced me to gratify public curiosity as the only tribute I can now lay on the altar of friendship, my heart and head would have enshrined them, nor should they have "passed those lips in holy silence sealed;" as it is, I trust they will meet sympathy, and excite feeling. This is the first time that I ever communicated them, nor do I now relate them in my own vindication, but as occurrences that mark my destiny with a sable hue, and plunged me into errors from which my soul now recoils in terror, and retrospection shudders at. Yet even at this remote period, although six revolving suns has rolled over my head since I lost both my husbands, by deaths too shocking for me to reflect on, yet my repugnance to the married state continues, although a variety of advantageous offers have been made to induce me to resign my liberty, some of them by men of respectable character, yet I have rejected them all, and continued in a state of widowhood. To love my heart is now dead; interest can never bias me to give my hand

without a heart, and mine is cold as the marble which covers the mouldering clay of him I loved on earth, and hope to rejoin in another and a better world. On this hope alone I now exist, and was it not the dread of offending that Great and Benevolent Power who has hitherto supported me through all my afflictions, my own hand should long since have terminated a life of lingering wretchedness; but I trust that God, who sees our most secret thoughts and intentions, not only views the actions, but the motive from whence it originated. If so, wo to the demons in human form, whose inveterate and malicious persecutions drove me from my family and my home. Had I petitioned the state legislature, or paid to the courts of judicature a few hundred dollars, a divorce in all its forms would have been accorded me, and my ill-fated union with Lieut. Smyth would then have been an honourable act. I therefore infer that it is only the forms of society I have by that act offended, and not the laws of God. For this omission and inattention have those laws pursued me with unrelenting severity, rendered my children orphans, dependant on strangers for that maternal tenderness a mother only can feel and show. Will a just God suffer such acts to go unpunished? Would two years confinement, for the crime of bigamy, have disannulled my marriage with Lieut. Smyth, or restored Capt. C. to life?—surely not; yet for this has the commonwealth pursued me to infamy and ruin. But to return to my mournful tale. The vital spark had no sooner quitted the mortal frame of Capt. C. than Joseph Hutton, who, on what pretence I know not, had taken upon himself to become master of my house, sent for the coroner to examine the body. Why he pursued this measure I cannot say, (as the gentlemen of the faculty who attended him during his illness had operated on the body and examined the wound, thereby ascertaining the actual cause of his death, to their satisfaction, and made the report accordingly, then resigned the body to the care of the attendants and retired;) but it was done, and a jury of inquest being summoned, the remains of the unfortunate Capt. C. again underwent a critical examination, not in that calm, decent manner such an investigation required, but rather resembling a description I had somewhere

read of an Irish wake. The lawful manner would have been first to examine the body, ascertain the situation of the wound, and then retire to a public house, leaving the mansion of sorrow to its grief stricken inmates, of which in my house there was a great number. But what was Mr. Dennis, the coroner's conduct upon the occasion? He and the Jury retained possession of the parlour from early in the morning till night, to decide on a case as clear as the noon day sun; thus increasing the wretched situation of the family by noise, confusion and rude debate. The door was open to the intrusion of every low, vulgar character that thought proper to enter the house, gaze, stare and comment on the horrid transaction, thus insulting the mourning orphans, who were weeping for a father, alas! untimely slain, and by a hand whom they had heretofore loved and respected as a parent; yet this accumulation of affliction was increased by noise, confusion and tumult. It was amidst this awful scene that I was charged with being an accessary in the death of Capt. C, and an abettor to Lieut. Smyth. In consequence of this charge Mr. Dennis procured, upon oath, a state's warrant for my apprehension, as accessary to the death of him whose life I would freely have resigned my own to preserve; and scarcely had his remains been deposited in the bosom of his parent earth, when, in the solitude of my own chamber, my sorrows should have been secret from every eye —the then high constable of Philadelphia, Mr. John Hart, rather abruptly entered the room. I was reclining on the bed; every faculty absorbed in heart-rending grief, which not even a strong opiate could lull to rest. On his entrance I arose from my reclining posture and returned him my sincere thanks for the protection he had afforded the house of mourning, on that too dreadful day, by me never to be forgotten. He received my compliments with a politeness seldom found in men of his profession. At this moment I was greatly alarmed to hear, from the rooms below, shrieks of distress, nor less so, when old Mrs. Hutton ran hastily into the room and tenderly threw her arms round me, as if to preserve me from an impending evil. I eagerly inquired what was the matter, fancying that some persons had broke into the house and mistaken one of my sisters for

myself, whose life had probably fallen a sacrifice to their malice; for so violent was the popular prejudice against me that the most serious apprehensions were entertained for my safety from the fury of the mob; who, to the number of some thousands, had assembled to the funeral. Among these the sailors were most vindictive against me; their irritable feelings sought for a victim on whom to wreak their vengeance, and fancying me an assistant in the death of Capt. C. forgot that generosity of character generally attributed to the sons of the ocean towards females, and, it is reported, would have sacrificed me to appease the spirit of their late beloved commander and friend; their sanguinary disposition not being satisfied with one victim, nor willing to await the tardy decision of the law.

On Mrs Hutton embracing me, I hastily attempted torush past her, eager to meet my, as I fancied, impending fate. Life had for me no attractions, and I despised the idea of preserving it. Mr. Hart opposed my leaving the room; I enquired by what authority he thus stopped me. He replied, with some hesitation, that he was sorry to say he had a state's warrant for my apprehension, "And is that all," said I calmly. "Yes madam," answered he "and I think sufficient." 'True, sir,' replied I, "but I do not fear any public investigation of my conduct, for no act of mine has. I believe rendered me amenable to the criminal law; innocence has no danger to apprehend from the laws of Pennsylvania," He then observed he must attend me to prison immediately. "But why sir," said I, "did you not inform me privately of this; I could then have gone with you without distressing my family?" I then, with his consent ran down stairs into the parlour; but, here was indeed a scene to harrow up the soul and awaken sympathy in the bosom of a stoic. Two of my dearly beloved sisters, Eliza and Sarah Hutton, had fainted, while Mary Abbot, more heroic, was assisting to recover them from their death-like state, and upbraiding her ill-omened husband, Thomas Abbott, as the cause of their present distress, declaring he was the viper that had stung the family's peace with a deep and deadly wound. Sweet Sister, thy assertions were prophetic indeed, for fatal was the act to thee and thine. That it should proceed

from a husband, son, and brother, for in these relations he then stood to us, envenomed the sting, and rendered it a deadly poison to the peace, honour and reputation of the family of which he was then an unworthy member. He weakly replied to her rational animadversions on his conduct in the accusation, that it was the best thing I could encounter, as it would ultimately justify me to the world, and clear me from suspicion. Here was sophistry as shallow as the mind that conceived it; a charge of murder brought to clear me of suspicion—but away with the dull subject. I think of him now but as a villain of the deepest dye. I after seeing some degree of tranquility restored to the family, and inspiring them with hope by my firmness, inquired of Mr. Hart whether he could not admit of my becoming a prisoner in my own house till the affair could undergo a clear investigation, adding, I knew the laws of England admitted such indulgences in particular cases, and mine was surely a peculiar one. To this request he humanely replied he was perfectly willing to give me every indulgence consistent with his duty to the Commonwealth, and that, if Mr. Wharton was willing, he would not hesitate. He then left me under the care of Mr. M'Clean, his assistant officer, who remained with me, while he and another gentleman went to see Mr. Wharton. After tracing that worthy magistrate to a friend's house, where he was engaged to supper, they returned with his liberal permission for me to continue at home, politely telling Mr. Hart he would do every thing in his power to mitigate the distress of the family. Here therefore, I continued as a state prisoner for two weeks, till the first effervesence of grief had evaporated, and my mind regained a partial share of composure. I was then, by the advice of counsel, conducted to the county prison. Great God! in what language shall I pourtray the agonies I endured on my first entrance into this den of misery?—to find myself an inmate with a set of objects whose external appearance indicated them to be sunk into the lowest depths of human turpitude? they were too horrible to be described. Not more deeply did our first parents feel their dereliction from the commands of God, when in his awful presence abashed they stood, and heard their sentence of banishment from

Paradise, than did Ann, on her entrance into its portals; but when its ponderous door closed on its creaking hinges, and the key turned in the lock to exclude me from all intercourse with my family and friends, although supported and encouraged by the tender attentions of my eldest sister Eliza, all sensation forsook me —my heart ceased to beat, and I literally endured the pangs of death, while still a moving statue of misery: yet even then Love sent one gleam of light to irradiate my bewildered mind, and reanimate my fainting spirits. I was an inhabitant of the same abode that contained the form of my beloved Richard, for well I knew a prison's gloom could not confine his spirit, yet we inhaled the same atmosphere, the same dreary mansion sheltered us, and we were implicated in the same charge. Again our fates seemed united; this idea gave peace, my mind became serene, methought I could have shared with him

> The dungeon's murky gloom
> Or sunk together to the silent tomb.

I would at that moment have blest the dart of death, and humbly thanked my Creator for the indulgent mandate. However here my friends did not long suffer me to remain; a writ of *habeas corpus* was taken out, and a private examination before Judge Tilghman brought the accusers forward. Thomas Abbott, the principal witness being called, did not appear, but the coroner attended, and when called on by the judge to bear witness against me, he bowed his hoary head to the awful summons and answered to judge Tilghman's interrogation of "Well, Mr. Coroner, what have you to say against Mrs. C ?"—"*Nothing please your honour.*"—"Nothing?" replied the judge, emphatically. "I have nothing to say against her, please your honour" replied the *good man*, and again bowed humbly to the judge. Was this an act of christianity?—Would that bright, that glorious example our religion holds out to us for imitation have thus stigmatized a widowed mother, and put her life in jeopardy?—Nay, even humanity recoils from thus persecuting a female so recently deprived of the father of her children; yet on a public investigation of the affair, have nothing to allege against her. But the

thunder of heavenly justice only sleeps, the day of retribution will arrive; "Vengeance is mine says the Lord of hosts, and I will repay."—To him I consign my cause.

In consequence of the absence of Thomas Abbott, who notwithstanding the vigilance of the high constable, could not be found, I was admitted to bail, and Mr. Hutton, sen. entered into recognizance, to the amount of five hundred dollars, for my appearance at court. This restored me to my wretched home, but peace had fled my bosom—my days were terrible, and my nights sleepless. Tears were the only mitigation for my griefs; fortunately they flowed freely, or a confirmed insanity would have been my destiny. The hour of trial, that would decide the fate of my unfortunate husband, rapidly approached. A constant interchange of letters took place between us, and through them all was displayed so firm a confidence in the equity of the tribunal before whom he was to appear, that had I not been too well convinced that his opinion of that court was erroneous, hope of his acquittal might have alleviated my misery and soothed my soul.

On hearing of my husband's misfortunes, his faithful servant. whom he had emancipated from the horrors of slavery, hastened to him, impelled by a spirit of fidelity and gratitude that did honour to his heart, attended him daily through his imprisonment, nor forsook him while a spark of life lingered in his frame,—thus proving that an act of benevolence will ever ultimately meet its reward.

Lawyers of the first rank, and pre-eminent abilities, were employed, some of whom confidently assured me his life was not in danger, as everything conspired to prove he had merely been actuated by self-defence, therefore must certainly be acquitted. While he, resting on the conscious innocence of his intentions, in regard to Capt. C. endeavoured hourly to console me for our temporary separation, and flattered me with hopes of years of future tranquility. But alas! a presentiment of some dreadful event counteracted all his efforts to lull my fears to rest, and harrowed up my soul.

But greater miseries were still in reserve for me; man had not yet expended his vial of wrath on my devoted

head. Judge Tilghman's conduct, when before him, had been gentlemanly. My trial was to take place at the court of Oyer and Terminer, in which judge ——, presided, and it was for him reserved to add indignity, injustice, and oppression, to the anguish that afflicted me. The court met on the appointed day, and my name being called as one of the first cases for immediate trial, judge —— instantly ordered a bench warrant to be sent for me. The messenger chosen to bear his imperial mandate was a Mr. Phillips, a man every way calculated to increase calamity by his cold unfeeling, haughty air of authority, and low vulgar manners. He, having been mistaken by my mother for a gentleman who might have business with me, was therefore by her ushered up to the room, where I was sitting on a sofa in a loose wrapper; he walked up to me, and in a rude authoritative tone, declared I was his prisoner, and must instantly accompany him, as the court was about to adjourn for the day. This mandate surprised me, as I was under no apprehension, having given bail, and had never evinced any disposition to escape. However I was conscious that obedience to the laws of my country was my duty, and I consented to go with him as soon as I had changed my clothes, but he peremptorily refused to allow me time for that purpose, saying, "No you shall go as you are." This rudeness aroused my slumbering spirit, and I positively declared I would not, adding, "Sir, my house has but one flight of stairs, therefore I cannot escape from you if I was so disposed, and I will change my dress before I leave this house." He was therefore compelled to wait for me. On my entrance into the court, Joseph Ingersol, Esq. my counsel, motioned me to be seated, but Judge —— instantly ordered me to prison. This illegal and cruel command astonished the gentlemen of the bar. My counsel nobly interfered in my favour, stating I was under bail, and ought not to be committed to prison; he pathetically mentioned my late sufferings, the situation of my children, who had no protector but myself. His address to the bench was manly, feeling, and mildly persuasive; had the judges, I will not call them gentlemen, possessed human hearts, one gleam of pity would have been awakened in their bosoms for a hapless female, my counsel have carried their

point, and I been permitted to return to my home. A second and a third gentleman had spoken in my defence when Mr. Ingersol made another effort to soften the court in my favour. But the imperious judge —— haughtily interfered, and bade Mr. Ingersol hold his tongue, saying "she shall go to prison." This peremptory command closed the lips of my friendly advocates. I was therefore by his order committed. Was this justice or humanity? Did not the sword at that moment sever me from respectable society forever? Can it be wondered at if I then declared eternal warfare with that class of people, whose tender mercies are barbarities? My family were by my confinement, thrown into a state bordering on distraction; ever accustomed to have me at the head of both business and household, they knew not how to proceed without my presence. My creditors were alarmed; confusion ensued that ended in fatal ruin. Thomas Abbott and our *pious* coroner, John Dennis, were thus the authors of my subsequent misfortunes, which has hitherto driven me to the precipice of vice. One step further, and I feel I am lost forever, while on their devoted heads will fall the sword of retribution. Yet did Mr. Dennis, one week after Capt. C. had received his wound, introduce himself into my chamber, and with all the fawning hypocrisy of a sanctified exterior, offer me consolation, pressing my feverish hand, and calling me his dear child, collecting from me all the particulars of the unfortunate affair, and even then, perhaps meditating my ruin. I remained in prison one week, when my unfortunate husband and myself were brought out and arraigned together, he as the principal, and me as accessory to the death of Capt. C. This was our last sad interview in this world. I then observed an unusual depression of spirits on him, and though we had been forbidden to speak to each other, by our counsel, while in public, yet in a low voice I endeavoured to encourage him, and inspire him with the hope of a speedy termination of our difficulties, resting on the consciousness of our innocence being proved to the world, and defeating the malice of our persecutors. I after being arraigned, returned to my gloomy abode; but I must here pay a tribute of gratitude to the board of inspectors of the Philadelphia penitentiary, by assuring

you that it was rendered as agreeable to me, as it was possible for them to make it, and that I then received from all those gentlemen, except William Flintham, every tenderness and respect my unfortunate circumstances permitted them to show me. At length the day of trial arrived; I had prepared for appearing at court, but hour after hour rolled around, no summons for me came. I waited in feverish anxiety, till expectation became intolerable, and my heart sickened with doubts and dread. Several of the inspectors at last appeared, and from them I learned that Richard's trial was then going on, the court thinking it prudent to give us separate trials. "Alas!" exclaimed I, "then he is lost indeed;" they answered "Yes, there was but little room for hope on his account, as the jury had been ill chosen, consisting principally of men from the lowest grades of society, apparently ignorant and uninformed, consequently the slaves of prejudice." This intelligence annihilated my every hope. My soul became a chaos of rage and dark despair. Three days I lived in agonies too intolerable to be endured, and now I wonder how I existed through them. The third day of his trial Peter A. Brown, Esq. one of Richard's lawyers, visited me and cheered my spirits with hope the most sanguine of his being cleared, assuring me if it was twelve o'clock at night when the verdict was returned, he would give me immediate information. This, and a few lines written by Richard, which that gentleman read to me, reanimated my spirits, and relieved my wretchedness. The sun set; to me its decline was pleasing, as it seemed to say, your sorrows will ere I revisit your hemisphere, be in part terminated. But alas! the night passed in gloomy stillness; no sleep closed my aching eyes, as I every instant expected the joyful messenger of peace to my heart. At length the rosy dawn appeared, and with it came Mr. Black, one of the turnkeys, who unlocked the door of my wretched apartment; of him I eagerly inquired the result of the trial. But never will I forget the horror of that moment, when in a deep, hollow, solemn voice, he informed me Richard had been brought in guilty of wilful murder, adding, you know how that must terminate. Rage filled my soul, and madness fired my brain. I raved, stormed and threatened; excreated

judge, jury and witnesses, calling them fiends, murderers, and finally declared I would never stand before their tribunal, nor go to any trial, but die in the prison. At an early hour Jonathan Smith, Esq. visited me and confirmed Mr. Black's information. He also requested me to prepare for my trial, which he said would take place immediately. I then avowed my resolution not to attend any summons judge Rush would send for me. He reasoned and remonstrated, but in vain; I persisted in my determination, and he bade me good morning. Soon after came Joseph R. Ingersol, Esq. who endeavoured to console me, but my spirit rose superior to human consolation. I fancied I had now attained the climax of human misery, and my mind soared above earthly hope; no sensation lived in my bosom, except hatred to my persecutors, at the head of whom Thomas Abbott stood conspicuous, and judge —— formed the second figure, while the pious Mr. Coroner made the third person in this trio of foes. The associate judges and jury lay in the back ground, and merely filled up the horrible picture I had formed of my enemies. Of the rabble, otherwise "*le sovereign peuple*," I thought not, nor of their resentment, Judge —— I considered as Richard's destroyer, and fancied my life only would glut his thirst for human blood. Thus impressed, my ardent imagination rose superior to Mr. Ingersol's mild and soothing persuasions, and he quitted the prison, despairing of being able to serve me, and sincerely sympathysing in my unfortunate destiny. Soon after he left me came several of the inspectors, who appeared extremely concerned for me, and united their persuasions that I would venture on my trial, assuring me I would be acquitted. However, all their eloquence failed, I persevered in remaining in the prison.

I did not fear death; no, I wished to die, but the horror and contempt in which I held Judge ——, determined me to show that tyrant there lived one at least who dared to spurn his authority and deride his power. A short time I was suffered to indulge my fancy, and had by this time wound my feelings to the height of enthusiasm. I was, I thought, now performing a voluntary act of seclusion that would prevent further misery, and which I could support with fortitude. At length came Peter

A Brown, Esq. whose humanity had evinced itself in various acts of attention, though I have no reason to believe he ever was my friend. However, he was Richard's advocate and friend, and had behaved to me with kindness and the sympathy of a warm feeling nature. It was this gentleman's knowledge of the intricacies of the human heart, that induced me to recede from my hasty formed resolution; on learning which he rather warmly said, "What! madam, will you desert Richard in his hour of extremity, and leave him to perish? Can you do anything to save him while thus imprisoned? Come, be yourself, make a noble effort to regain your liberty, and much may yet be done to serve him."

He here, "struck the chord on which hung all my agonies;" my heart vibrated to the touch, and hope again reanimated my bosom; not hope for myself, but him I loved, 'What!' cried I, can I, is it possible to save his life? Oh! Mr. Brown, you have given me a new existence by telling me I may yet serve him. Yes, I will meet those cruel men, and that inexorable judge who condemned him; and if I am to die, we will together leave the world. 'In our lives we loved, death then shall not divide us.' Thus reassured I hastily equipped myself, and when sent for was ready to attend the summons, and entered the court with a calm, dignified air of composure, that seemed to be the attendant of innocence and the harbinger of peace. My appearance excited no commotion, and I being properly arraigned, plead not guilty. Thomas Abbott and the other witnesses being examined, the jury were preparing to leave the box, when the state's attorney said, "What occasion, gentlemen, is there for your going out?" they then in a few minutes, returned a verdict of "not guilty." My heart bounded in my bosom at this acquittal from so heinous a charge. I was instantly rising to leave the court, when Joseph R. Ingersol, Esq. came to me, and in a low voice informed me there was an indictment for bigamy against me, and I would be compelled to return to prison, till security could be entered for me. I therefore was re-conducted back to my gloomy habitation, where I continued a few days, till a friend became my bail, and I was once more restored to my home and family. On the night of my removal from prison, on

receiving my discharge, the inspectors sent for, and politely requested me not to leave the prison for a few days; stating, so inveterate was the popular prejudice against me, that they entertained the most serious apprehension for my life. To this friendly advice I proudly answered, I valued not all that I could encounter, and was determined to leave the prison immediately, if I had existence. This courage surprised them, but they acceeded to my wish, only taking the precaution to get Mr. Elliott, the deputy sheriff, to escort me to my own house, which I reached in safety. Here I found a general assembly of my friends, all met to welcome and congratulate me on my emancipation from the gloomy walls of a prison; but I was disgusted with society. After embracing my children, I eagerly flew to the solitude of my chamber; here I could "meditate to madness," and enjoyed the luxury of thought alone. These were how I should release Richard from his impending fate. The memorable winter of 1816 thus passed over in a repetition of misfortunes; my finances became almost exhausted, my stock in trade was gradually diminishing —and no addition making to it, for I was spiritless and depressed. That innate delicacy, so peculiar to our sex, prevented me from appearing in public, as I had hitherto done, at the head of the establishment, I being the vital spark that animated it; now that my faculties were rendered torpid by opiates, the whole languished. My father's family had on Capt. C.'s death, removed to my house, as I have before said I was totally incapable of attending to my own. The spring was rapidly advancing; its vivifying influence seemed to revive my spirits and in common, with all the children of nature, experienced her reanimating power. I reduced the quantity of those stupifying opiates I had been accustomed to take, and reason gradually regained her dominion over my mind.

The States' Attorney having, by mistake, returned the indictment of bigamy against me to the mayors court instead for the quarter sessions, my bail, by this error, was exonerated from his recognizance. Terrified at the imprisonment impending over me, and urged by my family to avoid if possible, a trial, I quitted Philadelphia for Burlington, New Jersey, intending to remain

there *incog.* till an amicable adjustment could be made, not then being aware of the inveteracy of the prosecutor. I therefore set off in the mail coach, at two o'clock in the morning, attended by my elder brother. There were two gentlemen passengers besides ourselves; we had not been long seated, when one of them recognized my voice, as I addressed a few words to my brother; he then whispered to me saying, "Excuse me, madam, but I think I have before heard that voice." "Where," said I in the same tone. "In court, when unjustly arraigned." Its melody, nor the words, I shall never forget. Finding myself thus discovered, I threw aside all reserve, and conversed sociably with the sympathising stranger in a low voice, unheard by the other gentleman, who, learning the cause of my exile, and where I intended residing, strongly advised me from the situation, saying, "That part of Jersey was strongly prejudiced against me, being generally ignorant, consequently inquisitive, weak, credulous people, among whom concealment would be impossible, and persuaded me so strenuously to go to Trenton, where he would recommend me to a retired lodging, that my brother was offended, and haughtily requested he would mind his own business, as he was fully adequate to guide and protect his sister. Thus repulsed, he forbore all further solicitation, and we reached Bristol, from whence we crossed the river Delaware to Burlington, and put up at the principal inn, where my brother having secured me private lodgings, to which I was to remove in the evening, left me and returned to the city. Here I dined with three gentlemen, namely, a merchant from Philadelphia, a Jersey farmer, and another whom they called Captain W——n. The conversation turned on my unfortunate affairs and character, the merchant saying, he understood I was an artful intriguing woman,

> Who spread my snares for all I met,
> And caught each coxcomb in my net.

This the farmer corroborated, adding he had seen me at court, and exaggerated every point against me, till I wondered if I was really the person spoken of. Capt. W——n then jocosely said, "gentlemen you remind me of our last battalion day in Mount Holy, where, I as-

sure you, the lady had a large majority in her favour." "That may be replied Mr. Ploughshare, but I believe her to be a very bad woman, and guilty of all she is accused of." Irritated at this sarcasm, I inquired, had he read the trial published by Mr. Desilver? if he had not, I advised him to buy it, and inform himself more correctly, as I believed he was censuring a woman he knew nothing about. His answer was simple and unimportant. Dinner ended, two of the gentlemen departed, but my advocate remained, who entered into conversation, inquiring whether I intended to reside in Burlington, and was a widow reverting to my sable costume. Convinced he was friendly to my cause, I replied, "I did not know, as judge Rush had decided I was."—Surprised he exclaimed, "Is it possible, do I see Mrs. Smyth?" To which I answered in the affirmative. I then solicited his friendship, and intreated him if he heard any inquiries made for me, to give me timely information, which he kindly promised to do. I then removed to the lodgings prepared for me, kept by a widow lady, Mrs. K——n. Here Capt W——n became my daily visitor and escort in my walks round the environs of that city. One day being engaged in chit chat with Mrs. K——n, the conversation, as usual at that time, turned on Mrs. Carson, who she observed, she could cheerfully see suffer an ignominious death. "What Madam," replied I, "would you wish to see me die that death?" "you," she answered, "Heaven forbid." "Well," returned I, "*I am that unfortunate female.*" Infinitely astonished, she gazed at me with an expression of surprise and horror, but in a few moments the tenderness of her nature predominated over prejudice. She affectionately took my hand, expressed her sympathy for my sorrows, thanked me for my confidence, and assured me of her secresy and friendship, adding, that in her house I should ever find a secure asylum on any future emergency. Here I continued till sent for by my mother, at the desire of my counsel, who advised my immediate return to Philadelphia, as the trial would take place on the following day. Soon after the receipt of her letter Capt. M——n entered, who I informed of the summons I had received. He started, and with emotion remonstrated against my going, pointing out the probable dangers that might re-

sult from it; but finding me resolute, with some hesitation, he said he had a private communication to make. I cheerfully replied, "No time is like the present; say on and I will hear you patiently." He then made me a formal offer of his heart and hand in marriage, which he warmly urged my accepting, observing, that Richard's doom was irrevocably sealed, as he was convinced Simon Snyder would never pardon him: shocked and mortified at this insult I burst into tears. This affected him: he begged my pardon for his abrupt proposal, stating his reasons for it, painted my forlorn situation in proper colours, which he hoped would obtain my forgiveness, as it was the peculiarity of my circumstances, and the probability that if we now parted we might never meet again, and impelled him to this premature declaration of a sentiment in my favour, that induced him to wish to pass his life with me; satisfied, in defiance of the prejudices of the world, he would find an affection and rational companion. Capt. W——n possessed a fine manly figure, with a martial air and commanding manner, rather handsome, and agreeable in his conversation, though a deficiency of education was apparently evident in his want of information, and the contraction of his ideas, as well as the total failure of delicacy. He was selfish, and rather impassioned than tender; this it was that first impelled him to solicit my hand even while my husband lived, and Capt. C. scarcely cold in his grave, and while yet my soul was trembling between hope and fear for the one, and my pillow nightly steeped in tears for the other. He had served in the same campaign with Richard, therefore was not a stranger to him of whom he frequently conversed. Disgusted by his love I determined to leave him, it, and Burlington together, and gladly stepped into the boat that conveyed us to Bristol, whither he insisted on attending me. Yet I parted from dear Mrs. K—— with tears of regret. The gallant captain waited on me to the best hotel in Bristol kept by a Mr. Bissenet, whose fat, vulgar, wapping landlady-looking wife, was standing in the balcony as we entered, and viewing me with a scornful eye as we passed into the parlour, where Capt. W——n took his leave. I inquired of Mr. Bissenet at what hour the mail coach passed to Philadelphia, he replied, "at two

o'clock in the morning." I then ordered a bed and supper to be prepared for me, as I intended to await its coming. His saucy air, and rather impertinent answer offended me; but placing no estimation on inkeepers civility, his passed for the ignorant arrogance of a low character, unworthy of my attention. However, the rudeness of the servant maid, who appeared to imitate the fat landlady, Mrs. Bissenet, at length called for my animadversions, and I complained to mine host in peremptory language, who I suppose, corrected her, as she became more civil, while seated in the parlour, forlorn, and unprotected, I was recognized by an acquaintance of my early life, a gentleman of the first respectability in that town. He politely offered me an asylum in his house, condemned my rashness in thus exposing myself alone in so improper a situation, assuring me that, excepting a few persons from Philadelphia, every inhabitant of Bristol was my inveterate enemy. I thanked him for his friendly offer, which I declined, and in defiance of the fat landlady's rudeness, mine host's impertinence, and the monky-like imitations of the servants, who generally ape the manners of their superiors, I retired to my chamber, and continued to count each passing hour, in hopes my ear would catch the sound of approaching wheels. Angry and mortified by combining circumstances, I threw myself on the bed, where for a moment sleep stole over my senses, from which I was awoke by the mail coach driving furiously past. Overwhelmed by disappointment and despair, I hastily rushed from the room, half resolved to bury myself and accumulating sorrows beneath the glassy wave that flowed beneath my windows, and would certainly have effected my purpose, had not the sudden appearance of my landlord, whose voice saying, "Where are you going madam?" withheld me. You will, probably, wonder at my anxiety and distress of mind, at so apparently frivolous a cause as being detained a few hours till the steam-boat would pass, but this will be accounted for when I tell you, that hours were to me most precious, as I expected at ten o'clock my name would be called in court, and disagreeable consequences might result to my bail from my non-appearance. However, I was compelled to wait for the steam-boat, and fortunately reached Philadelphia in proper time for the court, when I had my trial postponed to a future period.

John Hart, the high constable of Philadelphia, (who I have previously mentioned,) had ever evinced a friendly interest in my affairs. His polite protection of the house on the day of Capt. C.'s interment, and subsequent humane conduct, had given him a claim on my consideration, that seemed to authorise his frequent visits. He would therefore call as if to inquire after my health, and our general welfare. Seated by me on the sofa, hour after hour passed away conversing on various subjects. To my unfortunate Richard he also extended the hand of seeming friendship, and obtained for him several indulgences, such as books, tobacco, &c. and brought me intelligence continually from him, thus mitigating my affliction by a delicate attention, that seemed the offspring of philanthropy. As the weather became mild, he and my mother frequently urged my accepting of his protection in a walk, for the benefit of the air, on a fine night. He was a married man, the father of a family; how then could I suspect that these attentions were the result of illicit love, or myself an object of passion? I whose every thought rested on a dead or living husband? Was not the idea shocking to humanity? Yet so vitiated was this man by his constant intercourse with vice, that virtue was become a non-entity in his bosom, if she ever was a resident therein. Accident at length discovered his views to me, but I heard the tale with chilling indifference, that boded him neither good nor ill, and he continued his attentions as usual. The unfortunate Lieut. Richard Smyth had received the awful sentence of death from the lips of judge Rush, all was horrid suspense in my heart. Numerous petitions were sent to Simon Snyder, governor of Pennsylvania, in his behalf, by hundreds of the citizens; nay, even the jury whose verdict stampt him guilty, united in a supplication for his life, stated their ignorance of criminal law, and that this was the first cause they had ever tried. He continued, like George III, in the case of Dr. Dodd, inexorable, and I learned, from various gentlemen of the first respectability, that hope of pardon for him was vain; that he never since he held the office of governor, had pardoned an individual except one old woman, a German like himself, and whose advanced age, being near eighty, made the gift

scarcely worth her acceptance. Among the petitioners in favour of my Richard, was Peter A. Brown, Esq. on whose exertions my chief hope rested and an Irish gentleman, a merchant of Philadelphia. Mr. —— also offered to send him from the United States to Europe, and enter into bonds to any amount that he should not return to the United States, could his life be spared. But every effort proved abortive, for the obdurate old man continued inflexible; but to give the colour of justice to his obstinate inhumanity, he dispatched his confidant and privy counsellor, citizen Boileau to visit and converse with his victim. What the result of Mr. Boileau's observations were, I am ignorant; but the reports were certainly not to Richard's advantage, as in defiance of Mr. Brown's endeavours, and they were strenuous, (for I must here pay to that gentleman the only tribute of gratitude I can ever offer to his disinterested friendship for my my unfortunate husband, that he was to him, in the dark hour of his adversity, till his departure for Europe, his steadfast friend and warm advocate) he uniformly refused him a pardon. Disgusted with his obduracy, Mr. Brown returned to Philadelphia in despair for his unfortunate friend and client. He soon after sailed for Great Britain, having been suspended by judge —— from pleading at the bar for one year, merely because he too warmly advocated Lieut. Smyth; although his oath as a practitioner at the bar compelled him to exert the utmost of his powers to save his client.

I was now driven to the verge of insanity; his death-warrant was signed, and he became an inhabitant of the solitary cells. What! was he to become a public spectacle for the unfeeling eye of curiosity to glut on? A man who had fought the battles of the country be thus held up as a mark of public scorn? There was madness in the thought, and my whole soul recoiled from it. My mother now began to tremble for the result of her first deposition before the mayor, and wish the act recalled. But her wishes came too late, the action was past, and we were compelled to abide its consequences. I soon after his removal to the cells, received a letter from Lieut. Smyth, in which he requested me to send him a portion of arsenic sufficient to exterminate his existence, assuring me death had for him no other terror

than the *manner*, and that he never would become a public spectacle, saying, the world contained no object he wished to live for but my unfortunate self. This letter drove me to the verge of desperation; I slept not, my food was poisoned ere it passed my lips.

In this distressing situation I was one day lying on the sofa, lost in a chaos of ideas, when the servant informed me a gentleman wished to see me on business; to this I answered I was incapable of attending to him, but she pressed me so seriously to admit him that I consented. He entered and presented me with a letter, saying it came from Lieut. Smyth. However, on opening it, I detected the imposition, yet curiosity impelled me to read it. The contents specified that the bearer could point out a way by which his liberation might be effected. Though I was conscious this was a forgery, yet so eager was I to catch at even a gleam of hope, that I entered into conversation with him by telling him the letter was not written by my husband. To this he replied in the affirmative, adding he was himself the author, dreading being introduced to another lady instead of me, and considering that I alone could detect the imposition, he now knew me to be Mrs. Smyth. He then stated that he had been a prisoner in the penitentiary for some years; that he knew every part of it, and where it was most vulnerable, and would engage to liberate Lieut. Smyth, provided there was a sufficient compensation made him for his services. He then stated to me the method he designed to pursue. I soon began to think the plan possible, but that more persons would be requisite to effect it. I enquired could these assistants be obtained? he replied for money he would procure as many as was wanting for that purpose. I then desired him to introduce them to me, and I would make any arrangements they required; to this he agreed and took leave. On his quitting the room a train of feelings the most exquisite filled my heart, I, in imagination, beheld Richard restored to life and liberty by my efforts, and once more clasped to the bosom of his aged grandmother. The thought was delightful; I enjoyed it in idea, till fancy realized the picture, and I was happy. The scheme of this desperado perhaps would not so soon have made an impression on my mind, but that a gentle-

man, well acquainted with the interior of the prison, had previously mentioned the practicability of such an escape being effected, had Richard the courage to undertake it; and as I knew him to be a man whose judgment could be depended on, I entered into the spirit of it immediately. The next day brought my first visitor *Bowen*, accompanied by his accomplice, Henry W—s, who, in person, manners, and sentiment, seemed every way his companion's superior. He acceded to the proposed plan, but declined all pecuniary compensation. His manners were easy, genteel and frank; this gained him my confidence, and at once gave him a much higher place in my esteem than his associate. Through the agency of those men others were introduced to me of the same cloth, and I was gradually initiated among the fraternity of desperadoes, who keep civilised society in bodily fear for either life or property.

But how shall I delineate the horrid feelings that thrilled through my heart, and almost curdled the blood in my veins? When I thus beheld myself surrounded by a gang of robbers, all the terror I had once experienced in reading of banditties, in the various novels I had perused, again chilled my soul. Good God, I was tempted to exclaim, why am I thus reduced to the necessity of becoming the associate of wretches that are a disgrace to society? And had not my affection for the ill-fated Richard surpassed the love of woman, I could not have persevered in my acquaintance with them, but would have relinquished the whole scheme in despair and mercy to my own feelings. Actuated by this ardent and sincere affection, I resolved to rescue him from death or perish in the attempt.—Thus stimulated, I continued to meet the banditti for a few weeks, till every arrangement being settled between us, and a price fixed on the life of my dear Richard, I wrote to Mrs. Campbell, the first cousin and only relative, except his aged grandmother, in this country, to solicit her assistance, as I had not sufficient money to satisfy their rapacious demands. This lady accompanied by her husband, had come from Lexington, Kentucky, on first learning the fate of her beloved cousin, to endeavour to mitigate his sufferings, and, if possible, save his life. To her all our plans was submitted for inspection. The first of these were to scale the wall of

the penitentiary, possess ourselves of the yard, and release Richard from his cell window, which he was to designate by suspending a white flag therefrom. A small saw made for the purpose, was to be handed to him by a friend, with which he would cut through the bars of the window, and then descend by a ladder of ropes into the yard ; by which he was also to ascend the wall and descend into the street, where a carriage was to be stationed to convey him to a place of safety. This plan, so easy apparently, in practice, (and which I felt certain from my knowledge of the interior of the prison, could have been accomplished) was rendered abortive by the report of Mrs. Campbell, who confidently affirmed that Richard's strength would not admit of his using any exertion to save his life, and that it would be utterly impossible for him to descend the ladder without help. Thus, although I had gone to considerable expense in having the ladder and other necessary articles prepared for his release, her information at once put an end to this well devised scheme, as nothing effectual could be done without his exertions. Yet not to be deterred by any difficulty while hope existed, another plan was formed that ourselves could have effected without any personal exertion on Richard's part; this was after gaining the prison yard, to enter the cells by a door leading from it to those secluded apartments, they being entirely separated from the main buildings. This door they were to open by a key made for that purpose, or with instruments such as the banditti were accustomed to work with, and carry my unfortunate husband to a gig then waiting. This plan I judged equally practicable, and again submitted it to Mrs. Campbell, who I then fancied as anxious for his emancipation and the preservation of his life as myself. But she, from an *affectation of delicacy*, observed that men were the proper persons to judge of these schemes, and that she would send one to me who would enter into the affair, assist us, and advance the requisite sums of money to carry on any plans he should think practicable and prudent. With this luke-warm concession I was compelled per-force to rest content, as she and her confidential maid, Mary Conellen, was too deeply informed to venture offending them. Accordingly a Mr. Armour, from Germantown, was in-

troduced to me as an agent for the Campbells. He, after surveying all our plans, which he seemed to approve, rather abruptly inquired if I was in the family way; this question surprised and offended me, but he apologised for his seeming impertinence by assuring me the inquiry was made at the request of my husband's family; I then replied in the negative. Alas! I now feel assured my candour sealed my husband's doom for probably, had there been a living heir, his family might have taken more active steps for the preservation of his life. He appeared pleased, and advised me to endeavour to gain over one of the keepers to assist us, as it was impossible to remove Richard over the wall in his weak state; and meantime to send him an account of how we progressed, and money, if they succeeded, should be ready for them. This second plan was by the conspirators themselves brought to nought, and another, more probable, practical, and attended with less danger, proposed. It was customary, at the period of Richard's confinement, to receive all disorderly persons into the prison at any hour of the night.—Therefore it was agreed that one of the confederates should feign intoxication, and by his associates be carried, as a riotous person, to prison; and as only two keepers kept watch during the night, as soon as they gained admittance within the gates, these were instantly to rush on the keepers, make them prisoners, obtain the keys, and thus having the command of the prison, conduct the suffering victim to life and liberty. This plan seemed the most rational, and here I rested my hopes, as by it we determined to abide; and, to insure its success, I resolved to accompany the men in disguise, share their danger, and unite in bearing my beloved Richard from this den of horror, in triumph, to a place of safety. Mr. Armour, Mrs. Campbell, and Mary Conellen, attended my summons. To them this scheme was submitted, which with my heart glowing with hope, I was convinced she must approve. Judge then what was my horror to behold the hypocritical Mrs. Campbell raise her eyes to heaven and exclaim, "No, no, let him die, there has been blood enough shed already," and that she would never consent to this plan.—"Why, madam," said I, "is the blood of your own cousin, and the agonies of your aged grandmother, the guardian of your youth, will endure in consequence of his

ignominious death, less in your consideration than that of those men, or the keepers, admitting they do fall?—but of this even, I see no danger, as the whole will be conducted in silence; and with the greatest possible expedition. They do not apprehend any danger, then why will you thus condemn your cousin to certain death merely to avoid a danger which exists only in your imagination?" But she persisted in saying it should not be done with her consent, and that the ill-fated Richard might die. Terror-struck at hearing her thus inhumanly pronounce his doom, and conscious we were all in her power, I, having then no doubt she would betray us, tacitly but reluctantly relinquished the affair. Dark despair usurped the place hope had filled in my bosom, and I sullenly submitted him to the fate his dearly beloved cousin, in whom he placed the most implicit confidence, had decreed for him. And even now my heart feels she contributed to his murder, as a gentleman connected with the prison, acknowledged to me our plan would have certainly succeeded, as far as his judgment could decide. Had Mrs. Campbell been as Mary Conellen, her *confidant*, a Roman Catholic, I should have fancied her conscience was like the greater part of the ignorant Irish of that persuasion, *priest-ridden*, and this would have obtained for her my pity and forgiveness; or was she a soft mild feminine character, with gentle affection and devoid of courage, my respect for her would not have declined, and I should still commiserate her imbecility of mind, while I could love her milder virtues. But so far from being either of these, she was by profession a member of the Episcopal Church, and so decided a character, that she had forsaken her aged grandmother in her eightieth year, when a daughter's tenderness and duty was essentially requisite to smooth the pillow of declining age; to the care of strangers she had consigned her, to follow the fortunes of Mr. Campbell in Kentucky, on her marriage with him. In this she certainly evinced the strength of her passions over filial affection, and although she may be a good wife, was not a dutiful or an affectionate relative. Her objections at once obviated our well concerted plan, and it was then proposed to bribe the keepers, to avoid bloodshed. Mr. Ferman Black, one of the turnkeys, was the man fixed

on as best suited to our purpose, as we fancied, from his recent introduction into this seminary of hardihood, he might yet have a few particles of humanity remaining; these I undertook to modify, and if we could bring him to our proposal, money to a considerable amount was to be paid him. This arrangement being agreed on, she and her satellite, took leave.

My mother was despatched to Ferman Black with a message, saying I wished to see him. The old man obeyed the summons, but my rhetoric proved ineffectual; he continued obdurate to all my eloquence, and although he promised to consider what I said, I then judged this was merely an evasion to gain time, for he in his second visit, positively declined my offer, or any interference in the affair, but pledged his word to keep the matter secret. I then thought perhaps Mr. Geise, a man far advanced in life, might be more accessible, and my mother undertook to sound him: but here we had a rock of adamant to deal with; no prayers, no entreaties produced any effect on his flinty nature, and we relinquished every hope, from either of those persons in despair.

> Soft humanity ne'er touched this veteran turnkey's soul
> But apathy reigned o'er it uncontrolled.

Perhaps had my powers of persuasion been exerted on a man in whose bosom nature had not forgot to throb —I might have been more successful; as it was, all attempts to bribe the keepers were relinquished. My last hope was thus o'erclouded by dark despair, and I became the prey of that heart consuming fiend. Thus driven to desperation I forgot every thing but the dread of Richard's suffering an ignominious death, and I resolved to blow up the cells with gunpowder, thus to bury him beneath their ruins. For this purpose the men proceeded to enter the common sewer, and ascertain its practicability. This I determined not to trust to Mrs. Campbell, who I now heartily hated, and feared her treachery, which I am convinced had avarice and ambition for its basis, or she would not have betrayed us. If Richard died, she would in all probability, become heiress to all her grandmother's wealth, which he would

otherwise participate in, or his child, had there been one. The men's account of the practicability of this plan was satisfactory, yet, to be sure, I engaged a particular friend to examine these subterraneous passages, and his report coinciding with their's, I resolved should every other scheme prove abortive, this should be a *dernier resort*, or rather my last hope. My soul was now on the verge of distraction; Good God! and was I thus compelled to become the murderess of my beloved husband? —the thought was worse than death in its most terrific form. The men continued faithful to their engagements, but could devise no more plans for his rescue, and thus was I sunk to the lowest gulph of human wretchedness; nature could sustain no more and live. I sat one day, being absorbed in anxious thought, when suddenly despair suggested the idea of making a prisoner of Simon Snyder, and holding him in custody till he signed Richard's pardon, and he was released from the walls that then immured him. The idea no sooner entered my mind than its brightness dazzled my imagination, and I became convinced it could be achieved, I therefore, in a voice wild and hurried by emotion, communicated it to my colleagues, some of whom doubted its being feasible; but Henry W. entered into the spirit of it instantly. However, in a few minutes, his mind, active and energetic as my own, suggested the idea of securiug one of his children, as an infant could be more easily secreted than the person of the governor. But should these attempts fail, one of John Binns' (his cidevant friend) could be readily secured, and, as it was well known he had influence sufficient to induce Simon Snyder to pardon Richard Smyth, this expedient we could then have recourse to, as the children of this hero and heroine of Shamoken island were in the city, and running the streets daily, therefore could be easily caught, and through them this leading star of our nominal governor be rendered subservient to our purpose. This plan reconciled us to the total failure of all our other schemes; for Mr. Geise having betrayed to the inspectors of the penitentiary my attempt to bribe him to our interests, a guard of armed men were stationed in the prison yard every night, which they patrolled till daylight, thus precluding every other hope of releasing him. It was

therefore determined to put our plan in immediate operation against the governor, and if we failed in that expedient, John Binns' was certain; and so decided was our resolution, that only my arrest prevented its being realised, as every necessary arrangement was made. A lone house, on the banks of the Susquehanna, was secured for our use, and here we determined to fix ourselves and prisoner, till Richard was at perfect liberty. This plan I in part slightly communicated to Mrs. Campbell in a letter, of which my mother was the bearer, though entirely ignorant of the contents. On receipt of this communication, Mr. Armour hastened to me, and warmly expressed his disapprobation of it, and fears that I would involve myself in trouble. I persisted in not abandoning this, my last hope, to any person's caprice, cowardice, or parsimony, I knew not which. They had engaged to furnish the requisite money to pay the men: had I possessed that essential, Mrs. Campbell should never have been acquainted with my views, as her homely face, and low mean figure, had not gained her my friendship, but *contraire* had excited my disgust. We had no other resource, his grandmother being too infirm to be ever informed of his fate, least her reason should become sacrificed. Previous to any scheme being laid for his release, I had urged Mrs. C. to solicit his pardon in person, with my mother and myself. This she declined, saying, we had nothing to hope from the clemency of Simon Snyder; as the citizens had failed to move his obdurate heart, how could three females expect to prosper? Thus satisfied in her own imbecility, she constantly endeavoured to cross every active exertion I proposed; but I now resolved not to suffer her to thwart me in my intended expedition to Selins Grove. I marshalled my little band in the best manner possible. Henry W—s' and Bowen were to accompany me, the other four men being directed to meet us in Harrisburg, at the capital. I furnished them with money for requisite expences on the road, Mrs. C. never advancing one dollar in the cause, though very liberal in her offers. In this expedition I was to command personally, fearing the governor might either outbid me, or intimidate the men by threats of future punishment. Impelled by these apprehensions I prepared to accompany them and take a

decided part in the whole affair. Accordingly, at five o'clock in the morning of the memorable 16th of July, 1816, I set off in a gig, attended only by Bowen, for Harrisburg, where the confederates had appointed to meet. My plan was to wait on the road leading to Selins Grove (the Governor's residence) for a few days, as Simon Snyder was expected to pass shortly that way to the seat of government, when I meant to seize him, and after securing his person, that he could make no alarm, bear him to a boat in waiting for that purpose on the Susquehanna river, from whence I intended to carry him into Maryland, there to hold him till he signed the pardon, and my husband was released; Simon was then to be restored to liberty, while we, with all possible expedition, meant to fly to the British provinces. Provided he did not fall into our power, we were to pursue our way on to Selins Grove and secure one of his children. We proceeded on to Harrisburg, the seat of government, distant a hundred miles from Philadelphia, and put up at the sign of the Golden Fleece, an inn kept by a Snyderite of the first degree called Bissill. Here we waited a whole day for Henry W——s who followed us in his own gig. At length he came, and, according to appointment, we met at the capital. Henry W's then informed us that, being detained by unexpected business, he had overdriven his horse, which he was obliged to leave at Middletown; that he must consquently return the one he had borrowed, and get his own again, before he could proceed in our expedition, but that he would be back the next day. This delay displeased me, but as it was unavoidable, I submitted therefore with as good grace as possible. Accordingly he and Bowen set off for Middletown, while I remained at the inn. Shortly after his departure Mr. Bissil entered the parlour and inquired the name of the gentleman that accompanied me. To this I rather haughtily replied, that he could best answer that himself, when he returned. This short answer sent mine host away in a dudgeon. I then observed a variety of gentlemen's faces peeping at me through the door. Conscious that there was nothing peculiar in my person or dress to excite their curiosity, I became alarmed, and suspicion that we were betrayed into the hands of our enemies by Mrs.

Campbell or her agents, flashed with conviction on my mind, and excited a presentiment of future evils that pressed heavy on my heart. To avoid observation, I retired to my chamber, where I continued till called to dinner by a coarse, awkward Dutch girl, daughter of mine host. I debated for a few moments whether I should attend the summons; at length I resolved to go down, and make such observations as might either confirm or eradicate my suspicions. At the table I met nearly all the persons I had seen looking at me through the window, and who afterwards proved to be the satellites of the governor. However I took a seat at the table; the conversation then turned on me and my affairs, by Mr. Antis' saying, Mrs. Smyth had eloped from her bail in Philadelphia; and asked, as I came from that city, had I heard of it? I replied rather ambiguously, that when I left there she was still in the city. He then observed it was almost certain Mr. Smyth would be executed. At this unfeeling speech I felt my countenance change; indignation and horror caused a sudden flush of anger to mantle on my cheek; but I instantly recovered my spirit, and assumed a composure foreign to my feelings; to this I replied it was highly probable, as I understood Simon Snyder was so dead to the feelings of humanity, that he had never pardoned any person during his administration. To the truth of this observation he acceded. A variety of desultory conversation ensued, but it principally related to Richard and myself. By this I was confirmed in my suspicions, that I was suspected or betrayed. I therefore, after dinner, walked about the parlour, and judging Mr. Antis a superficial character, best suited to answer my purpose, entered into conversation with him, hoping to collect a refutation or confirmation of my doubts. Here my expectations were realised, as I soon learned sufficient to convince me my first impressions were correct, and that we were betrayed. I therefore returned to my chamber, to consider what steps I should now take. Soon after dinner Bowen and Henry W. returned from Middletown, and joined me there. I then communicated to them my suspicions and apprehensions, which they ridiculed as mere womanish fears, urging me not to abandon our enterprize, when every thing promised success, from a

foolish timidity. Thus excited by them, although conscious of our danger, after making every necessary preparation, we proceeded on our journey to Selins Grove, and soon lost sight of Harrisburg, mine host of the Golden Fleece, his awkward danghter, and all its curious inhabitants. Leaving them to their own conjectures, fearless we pursued our road, and notwithstanding I had been informed that the governor was arrived at the seat of government by a circuitous route, still I resolved to proceed to his summer residence, to investigate whether any member of his family was there, and the situation of Selins Grove determined to revisit the spot again, if I proved unsuccessful in this my first expedition. We halted for the night at Armstrong's ferry, an uncomfortable inn, about ten miles from Harrisburg, situate at the foot of the chain of mountains running through this state. There, imbosomed in a bed of rocks in a wild and barren spot, stood this dreary mansion, which forcibly reminded me of the description I had read of the haunts of banditti. Here we revised all our plans, and it was agreed that we should proceed on to the neighbourhood of Selins Grove, introduce some of the party in disguise, as hay-makers, who were to ensnare the youngest of the children and convey it to me. This hostage I was to retain in my safe keeping till Lieut. Smyth was liberated, and in a place of safety; the prisoner who for worlds I would not have injured, should then have been restored to its parents. Now, who that has heard of the facility with which children are stolen in Europe by travelling beggars, and secreted for years from their natural protectors, will doubt the success with which, if we had not been betrayed, we could have realized our plans? None. It is well known that the stealing of free negroes, in the United States, and selling them for slaves, is frequently practised; these unhappy creatures being conveyed secretly to lone houses in Maryland, where separated from their connexions and friends, they are bartered for filthy ore.

No female who has seen little of the troubles of this life, might fancy as impracticable, or rather the effect of insanity, these my schemes. But give me leave to assure them, that I have heard of more desperate ones being carried into effect. I was, at this period shut out

as it were, from society, stigmatized and disgraced; the conduct of my parents had estranged them from my heart and affection; I had no protector but my husband, and to preserve his life I would gladly have sacrificed my own. What then had I to fear, who valued not existence, for all else I had lost? Nothing. I had read of heroines whose courage had risen superior to sex, and transmitted their names to posterity with honour; instance Joan of Arc, Jane, countess of Mountford, Charlotte Cordet, and other females of the present age, among which none, was to me so bright an example as madam Lavalette, whose success in preserving her husband's life excited a spirit of emulation in me, and stimulated my perseverance. But despair was the actual excitement, which added to a thirst for vengeance on my persecutors, by whom I had been degraded, imprisoned, and driven to desperation, determined me to die, or set my husband free. Can you wonder that, thus goaded, I anticipated with pleasure the moment that should give to my power the child of a man in whose hands rested the fate of that beloved husband? I was a parent myself, and therefore felt that Simon Snyder must yield to my conditions. Who that knows the doating fondness of an old man for the child of his age, will question his compromising for its return on any terms? Some of Simon Snyder's friends have said, that he would have suffered death rather than commit an act derogatory to his dignity as governor; but those persons, should have remembered that he was of mean spirit, and low origin. Here was no regal honour to support, no name to transmit to future ages, or any inducement of an office superior to that he held, to compensate him for his lost child. I had all to gain, and nothing I estimated to lose. Richard's pardon was the desire of the citizens generally, and which his obdurate heart had refused to the solicitations of hundreds. Who then could be injured by my exertions in Richard's favour? Would his death recal Capt. C. to life?—And could only his blood satisfy the vengeance of that selfish and vindictive family, who, not content with neglecting the children of Capt. C. sought to rob them of their only surviving parent, by being instrumental in having me indicted for bigamy, hoping to confine me for two years in the peni-

tentiary. But I must here return to my celebrated conspiracy, the failure of which cost my wretched husband his life.

Mrs. Campbell, to avoid the obloquy of herself becoming an informer, in her visits to me, constantly brought Mary Conellen with her, who being a rigid Roman Catholic, made it a point of conscience to tell all to her confidant, the Rev. Mr. Hurly, who, valuing any thing more than the liberty of Richard, whose conscience he had then under his guidance, and whom I trust he aided in his last hours, as he counteracted our attempts to preserve his life, and ought therefore, have been well assured of the health of the soul of his penitent, when it fled to that "awful bourne from whence no traveller returns." Be that as it may, this man communicated to his friend, John Binns, the discovery he had obtained from Mary Connellen and Mrs. Campbell in their own proper persons. Here was an affectionate cousin and faithful servant; a woman of such refined feelings that she would not even permit her only male relative to be snatched from the gallows, for fear of bloodshed; this might be delicacy of sentiment, but certainly is a defalcation from nature.

I will once more lead you to the banks of the Susquehanna, at Armstrong's inn. The house was crowded with rafts-men, who generally stopped there on their passage down the river, and remained all night; we ordered supper and beds, intending to depart at sun-rise the next morning. Soon after we had supped I observed three horsemen alight at the door, who from the contour of their faces, I instantly fancied were officers of the law in pursuit of us. Alarmed by that cast of countenance so peculiar to the myrmidons of justice, I hastily communicated my suspicions to my companions, who again turned them into ridicule, saying they expected more courage from me. I observed the strangers watching us closely all the evening, and when we retired for the night, my companions were lodged in a room contiguous to mine, at the extremity of a large hall, where the rafts-men slept, whose straw pallets laying in a line on each side of the room through which we passed to our chamber, half induced me to fancy myself already a prisoner. My window opened to the river, which here

rushed over a bed of rocks, causing a roaring noise in unison with my feelings. Here I passed a sleepless night, mortified and grieved at the total overthrow of my plans and the obstinacy of my confederates, who I vainly solicited to leave me to my fate and save themselves by flight. I arose ere morning had streaked the sky with saffron light, and summoned my two companions from the adjoining chamber, we sallied forth to inhale the refreshing breezes and prepare for our departure, but had not long patrolled the shores of the Susquehanna, till I observed the three strangers approaching us; they advanced, gave us the usual morning salutation, and at the same time made us all prisoners by producing a state's warrant to apprehend me by the united names of Carson and Smyth, Elisha Bowen, and a man dressed in gray clothes, meaning Henry W——s, who jocosely observed, if he was to be thus arrested on account of the colour of his clothes, he would soon obviate that, and regain his liberty, by changing them. We however accompanied them back to the inn, and stationed ourselves in the piazza. Here my temper got the better of my prudence, and, impelled by despair, I urged my companions, who were in company with me, to escape, nor thus pusillanimously be made prisoners. But my eloquence failed in producing the desired effect, as Henry W——s insisted they could not detain us. My manner and conversation alarmed the Harrisburg officers, who civilly entreated me not to excite the men to injure them, as they were only peforming their duty, and acting in the line of their profession, therefore hoped I would proceed with them peaceably. To this I replied they should procure me a carriage before I moved one inch with them, as I had no idea of being a public spectacle. Here was a new and unexpected difficulty, which they in vain endeavoured to obviate; no conveyance of the kind could be procured for money or the love they bore their august governor. Two hours was thus wasted; the officers again entreated me to return with them in our own gigs. At length I compromised, on condition they should first subject their writ to the inspection of a magistrate, who resided a few miles distant, hoping that he would question the legality of their precept, or that we might be fortunate enough to

meet our confederates on the road; here disppointment again awaited us. The sage magistrate, after duly examining the warrant, gravely assured me it was "All very right and very proper, just like the Law." Wearied with the contest, I concluded it best, as our associates did not appear, to submit with a good grace to an evil I could not remedy. I therefore obliged the officers to pay all our expenses, and after partaking of an excellent breakfast, proceeded in procession, on our return to Harrisburg; our three escorts on horseback completed the cavalcade. Thus in solemn silence our train pursued its way a few miles, till we came to an elegant mansion; at the gate of this villa I observed an elderly gentleman, whose open interesting countenance excited my admiration. It was a face, Guido would have delighted to paint. There was that calm placidity that bespoke a conscience void of guilt, a well spent life and green old age, pourtrayed on every line. As our cavalcade advanced, he beckoned me to approach; accordingly I drove up to the railings that enclosed his ground, when he politely enquired if I was Mrs. C.; I replied they called me by that name. "Well madam," answered the reverend gentleman, in a voice and manner that bespoke a mild and feeling christian, "Our potent governor has, I understand, apprehended, and you will I fear, be lodged in prison. When there, do not submit to any private examination, but demand a public investigation of the affair; send for Messrs. Elder and Fisher as your counsel, and communicate your business to none else." I thanked him for his advice, which I promised to profit by, nor for a moment distrusted his integrity, though in the vicinity of the governor I might have judged him to be a Snyderite. Wishing him good morning, I drove off; no other circumstance occurred worth mentioning, and we reached Harrisburg by noon. We were then conducted to the house of judge Fahnestoch, where in a private room we met the worthy magistrate. The front door on our arrival, was surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, impelled by curiosity to see the heroine that had thus intimidated their puissant governor; nor was the females of the good 'squire's family less gifted with the spirit that turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, for I observed them peeping through the

cracks and crevices of the door to catch a glimpse of us. This mean conduct excited my contempt, particularly when I discovered that the renowned Mrs. Snyder was one of the delectable group of *peepers;* a line of conduct so far beneath any thing I had ever known, exasperated me, and remembering my friend's advice on the road, I declined any examination in private, insisting on instantly being committed to prison, where I flattered myself I should at least be exonerated from the scrutiny of these would-be-fine ladies that at present infested his doors; adding the potent lady, governess of the state of Pennsylvania, ought to be better educated, have more spirit, dignity, and respect for the office her husband filled than thus to descend to the conduct of servant girls, whose deficiency of education was their excuse, but in a governor's lady it was unpardonable. Mr. Fahnestoch then "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" and proceeded to fill up a commitment for us all to prison, then in *statu quo*, we were conducted peaceably in our gigs; these we ordered to be taken back to Bissel's, were they were left by the officers of justice, who really behaved politely on the occasion. Having entered the interior of the prison, we were ushered into a very neat sitting room, where I fancied we were to remain, and the keeper's family had more politeness than that of Mr. Justice's for they did not even intrude on our privacy; this soothed my irritated feelings, and I became more calm. Here we continued until a place was prepared for us; this was a small room about twelve feet square, and to this apartment we were all three removed, where we remained until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the learned justice Fahnestoch came, attended by two other Solomons as wise as himself, one of which was Henry Antis. The men were then separately called to undergo an examination in private before this wise trio; nothing however resulted from this formal ceremony of law, except Mr. Justice Fahnestoch being extremely surprised by the appearance of Bowen's arm, on which he had, at some period, impressed, with India ink, the figure of a mermaid and some initials. At this sight that gentleman expressed his wonder, which Bowen archly increased by telling him he was born with the impression, consequently it was a natural mark; this amazed him, and he

gravely declared, he had never in all his born days before seen any thing so curious. They dismissed the men and sent for me, but I refused to attend the summons, calling to mind the advice of my friend on the road. We were then left to our reflections, which were not extremely pleasant. Mr. Kelker, the principal keeper, being absent, we made arrangements for being properly supplied with our regular meals. At night the men were removed to the adjoining apartment, where they remained, I not having thought of a bed, which I inferred would be provided; here, however, I was mistaken, no such accommodation was made, and I was only furnished with a small blanket, to use as I thought fit; however I concluded to make a virtue of necessity, therefore chose the softest plank, placed Henry W.'s portmanteau for my pillow, wrapped my silk coat round me, and spreading my blanket on the floor, soldier-like, resolved to enjoy if possible, a few hours slumber, hoping thereby to recruit my wearied and harrassed frame. But alas! my chamber had too many inhabitants besides myself for me to sleep in peace. Myriads of bed-bugs soon assailed me from every quarter, probably intending to avenge my intrusion on their natural possession, as from their number there must have been ten thousand generations. Thus tormented from every corner, to sleep was impossible; in vain I changed my place from one situation to the other, they still pursued me, till my patience being exhausted, I removed my portable bed to a large bench under the window, where the breeze cooled the fever of my brain, and alleviated the heat caused by my tormenting visiters, the Harrisburg bugs. This was the first time in my life I had ever been incommoded by such gentry, and it will never be obliterated from my memory. That night I caught a violent cold, which I have ever felt the effects of occasionally, causing a severe pain in my breast that has not a little been increased by my confinement in the cells of the Philadelphia penitentiary, (but of this more hereafter.) Soon after I had lain down in this my dreary apartment, a man abrubtly entered my room; this excited my apprehension, and I fiercely demanded why I was thus disturbed, and what he wanted; he answered he was searching for a man's coat; I replied angrily, there was none in my

room, and inquired how he dared thus to intrude on my privacy, after the doors had been closed for the night? He, however found the coat, and retired precipitately, grumbling as he went, that they must henceforth take care how they conducted themselves while I was there. This person I afterwards learned was the sheriff. The next day I hired a bed from my host of the Golden Fleece, which contained about ten pounds of feathers, at the moderate price of one dollar and fifty cents per week. I, for one night occupied this miserable pallet, and then exchanged it with my confederates for a straw one, that being infinitely preferable.

A person who has never been in a prison, I am well aware, can form no idea of what were the sensations of wretched Ann, nor can my pen delineate them, thus to find myself entrapped and made prisoner, in a town where I was almost a total stranger, far distant from my family and friends; my plans frustrated, and all my efforts to save my suffering husband's life forever annihilated. Conscious they cannot be expressed, I pass them over in silence. A few days after my arrest, the head keeper, Mr. Kelker, returned. He was a tall German, with an open, honest expressive countenance, that was indeed the index of his heart. From him I received every attention and kindness my situation demanded; instead of being constantly locked in my room, I was permitted to walk the prison yard, and garden appertaining to it; this was an especial indulgence, as not even the debtors were allowed that privilege. This exercise, combined with the pure atmosphere of Harrisburg, greatly contributed to the restoration of my health. Mrs. Kelker, the keeper's wife, seemed rather distant, though kind, but his daughter, an amiable girl, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, was on the most friendly terms with me, frequently bringing her young companions to pass an idle hour away in social chat. This feminine tenderness to me, then an isolated prisoner, found the way to my heart, and I shall ever remember *Mary Kelker* with affection and gratitude. I sent for the counsellors my reverend friend had directed me to consult, and from these gentlemen received every advice their knowledge and prudence could suggest. Curiosity may, perhaps excite a wish to know something more

of the persons and manners of these gentlemen. Mr. Elder was a tall, grave personage, whose countenance announced him a man of deep, profound erudition, and intense thought, united to a penetrating judgment, which it was almost impossible to deceive; these lines were softened by a smile of benevolence, and a serenity of aspect, I want language to delineate. Mr. Fisher was considerably younger than Mr. Elder, handsome, lively and intelligent, equally as learned as his friend, but it was apparently attained without such intense study. His were the acquirements of genius, whose attribute it is to sip and imbibe the whole, while others labor to acquire a part. His manners were easy, graceful, cheerful and friendly; he gained on the feelings ere reason had power to judge, yet when she did, it was but to approve. These gentlemen both uniformly advised me not to bring Simon Snyder into a public court, but here I was obstinate; well knowing I had no lenity to expect, I resolved to mortify him as far as my power extended. At length a court was called to investigate the nature of the accusation against me, and under which we were imprisoned, and to show cause why we might not be liberated. A writ of *habeas corpus* being taken out, I was conducted to the court house; here seated on the bench, as the judge, I beheld my venerable counsellor and friend who had stopped me on the road. Oh, how my heart bounded with pleasure, when his truly patriarchal countenance once more met my view, and I beheld his mild eyes beaming benevolence, justice, and intelligence on me. The court being properly organized, and mine the only cause, my counsel, Mr. Fisher opened the case in an elegant but concise manner, representing to the judge that my imprisonment was unjust and illegal, praying for my immediate discharge, or the personal appearance of my prosecutor, that the accused and accuser might be confronted. Mr. Elder then rose, and was equally eloquent, rational and feeling. While this gentleman was speaking, I observed an unusual bustle near the door; then a stranger passed me, bowed, and took his seat beside my counsel, whose countenance, as he smiled on me in passing, seemed to say, fear nothing I will protect you. The opinion I had formed was soon realized, for this gentlemen proved to be an eminent

lawyer, who perhaps influenced by a feeling of commisseration for a hapless female, had come several miles to defend my cause. From what reason I know not, the state's attorney declined acting, pleading indisposition. Simon Snyder, therefore appointed as his substitute an Irish gentleman of some eminence at the bar, but unfortunately so strongly addicted to inebriety, that his reason began to experience the consequence of thus brightening his ideas. He, in his address to the court, used towards me language beneath the character of a man, I will not say gentleman; he exaggerated our intentions into action, discoloured truth, plunging deep into the abyss of falsehood. He was a friend to the knight of the woful countenance; that to those who know this personage, is sufficient to throw more light on his character than any language I can use. Now all know the old adage, "birds of a feather generally flock together." Perhaps Mr. —— had his eye on a good fat office at the time he was thus abusing a woman he had never seen or known except by report. The state's attorney, *pro. tem.* having harangued for some time, took his seat, when the stranger who had entered the court arose and addressed the judge in my defence. His speech was satirical, spirited, learned, and eloquent; he maintained the full power of the *habeas corpus* law, and asserted my legal right to be either confronted with my accuser, or discharged from imprisonment. That the rank of the plaintiff did not exonerate him from, or make him less amenable to the laws, than the lowest citizen. This was a land of equality, as far as law, justice and equity extended. I had my rights, and those required the accuser's personal presence to declare his apprehension of danger from me publicly, or I ought to be released. This address Mr. Godwin, the kind stranger, and my able advocate, finished by observing, if the power of the *habeas corpus* law was less than what he had asserted, then was our country worse than the *rotten boroughs* of Old England, and he should be ashamed to acknowledge himself an advocate of those laws, or an American citizen. The acting State's attorney again rose and warmly asserted the contrary, adding the cause was singular, I had not only the best and most eminent lawyers Harrisburg, or this country,

could boast, on my side, but they fell, as it were, from the clouds in my defence. Having concluded his harangue, Mr. Godwin begged to be heard for a few minutes, saying he merely wished to state to the court that he had not taken so dreadful a fall as the learned gentleman asserted, but had really driven there in his carriage, from his own house, which was no ærial castle, but stood on *terra firma;* that he was actuated, in the active part he then took, by a desire to see justice done to all parties, and the laws properly and equitably administered. He then took his seat, and left his opponent to flourish with all the fire of rhodomontade. This trial between Simon and myself lasted two days, without his making his appearance; but on the third the judge decided that the governor must come into court in *propria persona*, and make the customary oath on such occasions, or I be liberated according to law. Various now were the speculations on the probable termination of the business; bets ran high on the occasion. The question was, "would Simon Snyder, the governor of Pennsylvania, and commander in chief of the state military, come into a public court and swear his life was in danger from a woman, in the face of the people of Harrisburg, the seat of government, surrounded by his friends and dependents." At length the conflict ended, and the puissant governor made his appearance in court, accompanied by Miss Bissil, daughter to mine host of the Golden Fleece, who was brought there as an evidence against me. The fact was, that when I quitted Philadelphia I had taken Capt. C.'s pistols with me in my travelling trunk. On going to prison my baggage was conveyed to Bissil's, where my trunk had been opened and searched, but nothing that could excite suspicion was found therein except the pistols. On Miss Bissil's paying me what she called a friendly visit, while walking in the garden, I requested her to take care of them as they were valuable. This desire the malicious girl had exaggerated into a wish for her to conceal them, which she was brought into court to depose against me as corroborative of John Binns intelligence. On the governor's entrance into court, dressed in deep black, I started from my seat and exclaimed, "Oh! there is no hope for Richard Smyth; that face has not one trace of humanity in it." Mr. Fisher, by whose

side I was seated, whispered me to be silent, and suppress my feelings for my own sake. In my childhood I had often contemplated, with pleasure and admiration, the noble carriage and martial step of general Washington, and from hence imbibed an opinion that all commanders must bear some resemblance to our departed hero; consequently, that the commander in chief of so respectable a body as the military of the state of Pennsylvania, would externally have some recommendation to the popularity which had exalted him so much above his original state. Now, his advantages, I had understood, were not mental; I had therefore fancied him a man of pleasing manners and prepossessing exterior, with at least a commanding figure. Judge then my astonishment when I beheld a person of a middle stature, hard features, thickly pox-marked, with a dark, austere, unbending brow, and a countenance that seemed as if it had never relaxed into a smile, nor melted to soft pity's throe. This august personage; accompanied by the bar-girl, advanced to the bench where judge Carson sat. The contrast in the countenances of these two gentlemen was too remarkable to escape my observation. Simon's was the expression of pride and malice, panting for revenge, while the just judge's beamed with benevolence, intelligence, and humanity. Scott, in his Lady of the Lake, defines this idea when he says,

> "Some feelings are to mortal's given,
> With less in them of earth than heaven."

He looked like a superior being descended from his blessed abode to snatch, as it were, a weak and erring mortal from the grasp of a set of fiends, who were attempting to hurl her down the precipice of infamy and despair to eternal misery. After some questions being asked, my counsel requested Simon Snyder to look at me and say whether he knew me, or saw anything in my face to fear; he turned on me a demoniac glance, and then declared he had never before seen me. Miss Bissel was then sworn, and told her story concerning the pistols. Mr Armstrong was then sworn, at whose house we were taken; he declared that a straw hat had been found under the bed in the apartment which I occupied the night preceding my apprehension. Bowen being

called as a witness for me, was asked did I keep genteel company? to which he replied in the affirmative. The state's attorney then said, "If her acquaintances are respectable, how came she to associate with you, who was late a convict in the Philadelphia penitentiary?' 'And how,' haughtily retorted Bowen, "is it that we see the governor of Pennsylvania the intimate friend of John Binns, who has been in seven prisons, while I was never in but one?" These depositions being of no importance, judge Carson requested Mr. Snyder to state what he had to allege against me, who, after hemming several times to clear his throat, said he had received a letter from Philadelphia, the contents of which induced him to suppose himself and family in danger from me. The judge then observed it would be necessary to produce it in the court, that it might be read. Simon Snyder replied, that he could "produce the letter," but as its contents were of private import, he begged, as an especial indulgence, he might be allowed to read only such parts as related to the present affair. The judge assented to this request, adding, he wished to know who was the writer of the epistle. Again Simon endeavoured to clear his throat, and, after some hesitation, answered, John Binns, as if ashamed of his correspondent, which was followed by several audible *hems;* he then proceeded to read such parts of the letter as he thought proper. (What a pity this precious *morceau* had not been read *pro bono publico*, as propably a fund of information, secret and useful, might have been derived from it.) John Binns, in this letter, styled me a woman of diabolical spirit, capable of any atrocious act, and that my intentions were to injure him and his family so materially, as to compel him to pardon Richard Smyth. Judge Carson inquired did he believe himself in danger from me, he replied in the affirmative; the book was then tendered to him, and, in all due form, *he swore his life was in danger from me.* This excited a general, but smothered laugh in the court, from which he and his fair friend, the *pretty bar-girl*, escaped as fast as their limbs could carry them. I was then required to enter into recognizances to keep the peace in five thousand dollars; this not being at present in my power; I was returned to prison, and here, under the care of the liberal Mr. Kelker, I continued some time.

Two offers of bail were made for me, but I, disdaining to forsake my confederates, declined them, unless they could participate with me the blessings of freedom.—The first who stood forward to offer his friendship was an Irish gentleman; he was a young, handsome man, of agreeable manners, polite address and pleasing exterior, he politely offered to release me from "durance vile," and conduct me to his residence, some miles distant from Harrisburg, on the banks of the Susquehanna, there to remain till the affair was decided. To this generous offer I frankly replied, if he would extend his confidence to the men who accompanied me, I would gratefully accept his kindness; this he refused to do, and with many thanks I declined his offer. My next compassionate friend was an old gray-haired German, of an open, honest countenance, who said it was a d—d shame thus to confine me, adding, Simon Snyder was not a man to keep so fine a looking woman shut up there, offering to lay down a considerable sum in cash, and enter security for me; but this I also declined, from the same motive. This old gentleman had came forty miles on horseback for the express purpose of seeing and conversing with the heroine of the famous conspiracy. My firm adherence to my companions deterred any others from appearing personally in my behalf. While I remained a prisoner Mr. Kelker treated me with unremitting indulgence, never closely confining me, but trusting to my honour, which I had pledged to him, that I would never attempt an escape. Having now become an object of general attention and commiseration, several ladies visited me, and a number of gentlemen. This amused my mind, banished the horrors of imprisonment, and soothed my wounded spirit; by so doing Mr. Kelker incurred the resentment of the vindictive governor, who, hearing of the indulgences granted me, sent for that gentleman, and required my close confinement; this generous man frankly told him he was not responsible to him for the safety of his prisoner, nor held his office by his appointment, and therefore would not sacrifice humanity to his resentment and fears. This Mr. Kelker disclosed in private to me, requesting I would avoid if possible, being seen by the friends of the governor, as he did not wish to offend him, nor yet debar me from the privileges

I had heretofore enjoyed, fearing close confinement would injure my health, the weather being very warm. About this time a female of refined feelings and extensive property came to visit and converse with me; religion was the subject she chose, but as our opinions did not coincide, we parted mutually pleased, but equally dissatisfied with each other, she having flattered herself with the hope of making me her convert. The first step towards a reformation, was, she said, "forgiveness of our enemies." "What! madam," replied I, "do you suppose that I could ever forgive Simon Snyder's obduracy?" she mildly answered it was the christians principle to forgive, "Then," I emphatically said, "I shall never be a *christian*," this ended our controversy. (In fact, I was too well acquainted with the hypocrisy of many professed christians not to question their sincerity. I had once been partially initiated into the mysteries of the Baptist church, which might perhaps have terminated in my becoming a member, as two of my sisters already were, when an incident occurred that at once filled my mind with horror and detestation at their profound deception. One evening, as I was walking up Market street I discovered one of their leaders escorting a young woman, who I judged to be of the unsanctified sisterhood that infest our streets. Shocked to see a holy brother with such a companion, especially when I knew him to be a married man, and his wife at that time in her accouchement with her first child, yet fearing to censure him unjustly, and hoping his motives might be pure, curiosity induced me to follow him, and with terror I saw him enter a receptacle of vice; this I afterwards accused him of. Finding he was detected, he threw himself on my mercy entreating me to keep his secret. This, and some similar incidents, has ever deterred me from seeking consolation in the bosom of social worship, from the sorrows that have oppressed me, as I hold hypocrisy the most detestable of all vices, and whatever may be my feelings of contrition in future, they shall never be trumpeted to the world, but laid in silent and humble penitence before the throne of grace. However strong the popular prejudice may be against that class of religionists denominated Methodists, I have ever found them humane, pious, and charitable; not only

professing Christianity, but, actuated by its holy spirit, closely following the example of their Blessed Master by commiserating the woes of the unfortunate, visiting the sick and imprisoned, and cheering the bed of the dying penitent by hope and consolation.) Being informed that a celebrated belle, the daughter of a tavern-keeper of Lancaster, intended to honour me with a visit, which she publicly expressed at a tea-party, observing that she was determined to see that celebrated heroine Mrs. C. before she left the place. This sally of vulgar impertinence one of the ladies present conveyed to me, and I resolved to disappoint the consequential Miss Haymaker. Accordingly, on the day she honoured the prison with her presence, I kept my room, and fastened the door. In vain did she visit all the other apartments, traversing the hall and garden. I was invisible, and she quitted the building with her curiosity ungratified, though I obtained a full view of her, as she went out, but seen nothing to admire or disapprove, she being one of those females formed in Nature's common mould, and only conspicuous for her deficiency in politeness and feminine delicacy; however my friend laughed heartily afterwards at her expense.

But to return to Philadelphia. I received from that city a letter containing the dreadful account of my mother's arrest and imprisonment, as an abettor of the conspiracy, for merely being the bearer of a letter to Mrs. Campbell, she having turned state's evidence, in conjunction with John Binns, who declared he could bring both *oral and written testimony* against her; thus effecting the imprisonment of my aged parent.—This information drove me to the verge of insanity.—I beheld her in imagination, the inmate of a gloomy prison, her gray hairs thus brought innocently to sorrow and ignominy, by the imprudence of her unfortunate daughter;—I wept incessantly; tears only preserved my reason. To this was soon added the account of the death of my husband, which was communicated to me as delicately as possible by the state's attorney, Mr. Irvin. My cup of misery was now full; I imagined Misfortune had then expended her last dart on my devoted head; no tear fell from my eye, my heart was a burning volcano, consumed with inward fire. Rage and despair shook my soul, and

when a sound did escape my lips, it breathed nought but threats of vengeance on his fell destroyer. But alas! I was immured within the gloomy walls of a prison, or perhaps Simon Snyder would indeed have felt this, my first ebullition of rage. Nay, even now I am convinced it was his diabolical policy to hold me there till his thirst for human blood was glutted by the execution of a man who had fought the nation's battles while he lolled on the supine couch of ease and indolence, meanly filling his coffers with her wealth. when he should have led her armies to the ensanguined field.—Nothing material occurred, till one morning I was surprised by the entrance of my quondam friend, John Hart; but how changed in his manners; he was no longer my very humble servant, but the proud consequential man of business; yet he accosted me with a fawning servility that seemed the harbinger of persecution. I coolly asked him had he come for me? to which he replied in the affirmative, observing that he should not leave Harrisburg for three days, when he hoped I would be in readiness to accompany him; then politely bowing, took his leave.

The devotion of Henry W———s to my interests, the sacrifice he had made of his liberty and property to my cause, and my firm adherence to him, had, to many persons in the place, an air of something warmer than mere principle; this must, of course, be love. Report therefore said we were mutually attached to each other; thus planting jealousy in John Hart's bosom, who was naturally malicious. Therefore instigated by that green-eyed monster, he resolved to extend his power to its utmost limits, and with the malice of a fiend, on my return to Philadelphia, he circulated reports injurious to my reputation, which were alike false, gross and malicious. He also persecuted Henry W———s, till the day of his death, with the most unrelenting severity. On the morning of the third day, I was informed by a friend that John Hart had engaged our passages in the mail for Philadelphia. Accordingly, soon after, he made his appearance, attended by Mr. Hufty, another officer, who he had brought with him to escort us to the city. Finding myself thus entrapped, I determined to make an effort to remain in Harrisburg. For that purpose I requested to speak in private to Mary Kelker, which was

granted. I then walked into a large room occupied by one of the debtors, the massy door of whose apartment I was assured would withstand for a time, all the efforts of my opponents, if indeed they dared to asault it. Having gained the inside of the room, I hastily turned the ponderous key in the lock, congratulating myself on the success of my finesse. I was suffered to remain but a few minutes in peace, when my fortress was violently attacked by John Hart and his myrmidons without, and by the affrighted girl within, whose shrieks and entreaties for liberty was re-echoed by the vaulted ceiling of this large unfurnished apartment; but I withstood their threats and defied their power; conscious of the strength of my entrenchments, the door being almost a solid body of iron. My object was to gain time, as Mr. Kelker had gone for Mr. Fisher, for the purpose of scrutinizing the warrant, hoping there might be some flaw in it, that would authorize my detention; his friendly voice assuring me my counsel was present, induced me to surrender, and suffer myself to be made prisoner. On a close investigation of John Hart's papers, Mr. Fisher communicated to me the disagreeable information that the legality of his authority could not be questioned, and I must therefore comply with it, Mr. Hart had taken the precaution to have the warrant signed in the different counties he passed through. Having thus secured his prey within his deadly fangs, contrary to either law or justice he ironed my two adherents. In this manner, like convicted criminals, rather than untried prisoners, he conducted us to the mail-coach in waiting, which, owing to its long detention, drove furiously on, leaving Harrisburg far behind. Thus we arrived at Lancaster, the principle inland town in Pennsylvania, distant sixty-six miles from Philadelphia, where we were safely lodged in prison. Our arrival caused a violent commotion in this indeed dreary building, whose long dark passages and dungeon like apartments, contrasted with those of Harrisburg, impressed me with horror. I was conducted to one of the upper rooms by the goaler, an agreeable and friendly German; the door was unlocked, when the first object that attracted my attention was a tall, meagre figure of a man, who bowed respectfully at my entrance and withdrew. This person, the goaler informed me,

was a gentleman from the state of Virginia, convicted for bigamy who thus generously resigned his room, the use of his books and writing apparatus, for my accommodation. Thus left alone I commenced reading, which was soon interrupted by the return of the goaler, in company with several gentlemen. I arose from my seat on their entrance, and haughtily demanded, had Mr. Hart placed me there for safe keeping, or for the purpose of exhibiting me as a curiosity? "Well well," exclaimed the good natured German, "You shant be affronted; I told you how it would be, the lady dont like to be looked at. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves;" precipitately retreating driving the whole Lancaster *posse* before him like a flock of sheep. In a second he returned, bringing a large waiter with refreshments, accompanied by his wife and daughter, with whom I entered into conversation for some time, and then jocosely observed, that as his friends had gratified their curiosity at my expense, I hoped he would indulge mine by showing me all the interior of the prison. With this request he readily complied, conducting me into every apartment worthy of notice, as also those occupied by his family, in one of which I observed a number of portraits. These he informed me, were the likenesses of his sons, requesting my opinion of which was the "best looking," having selected out one from among the number that bore the strongest resemblance to himself, I fixed on that as the handsomest, as it really was in my opinion. "Why now I declare," said the good man, "you have made a curious choice; no one put you ever sait that poy was handsome." At this I expressed my wonder at the want of taste and judgement displayed by those persons who had given their opinion on his family pictures, and requested to be reconducted back to my room, where, being carefully locked in for the night, and impelled by our sex's predominating passion, I began to inspect the curiosities of my apartment, the greatest of which was the enormous fire-place, extending half way across this dreary chamber; but on the table I indeed found food for investigation; here, confusedly scattered, lay odes, sonnets, madrigals, and a letter, all addressed to me by its late inhabitant, who, I suppose fancying we were congenial spirits, adopted this method of mental communi-

cation between us, which I regret not having in my possession, or I would certainly present them to my readers, being a singular compound of curiosity, sympathy, and commiseration, but without merit to recommend them to attention. However, slightly entering into the spirit of the writer, I laconically answered his questions; this letter by some means found its way into the public prints. There I remained till three o'clock in the morning, finding it impossible to close my weary eyes, as two of the inhabitants of the lumber room, as it was called, amused themselves and me, by conversing audibly of a ghost which they said performed its nightly gambols in my chamber. Anxious to see and converse with this ærial or etherial visitor, I courted not the favours of the poppy-headed god, but fixed my eyes on the monstrous fireplace, from which I expected to see it emerge: but alas! in vain till chanticleer, harbinger of the dawn, announced the approach of day, and my utter disappointment. This pleasing reverie was interrupted by the clanking of chains and heavy foot-steps advancing towards my door, and my friendly host appeared, accompanied by my two confederates, who privately returned me a saw I had furnished them, with which they intended to emancipate themselves from their fetters, proposing to escape on the road. I, having secured the precious pacquet of my unknown correspondent, attended them down to the office. Here the goaler, after examining their irons, exclaimed against Mr. Hart for having misrepresented them to him facetiously saying, they were "goot poys, and not tampt rascles and prison-preakers, as I have been informed." John Hart then entered, and again their fetters underwent investigation, during which the good German was repeating, 'Oh Mr. Hart you need not look at their irons they are goot poys, they woaldent preak tho brison," when, to the astonishment of their friendly advocate, accident disclosed to us all the labours of the night, which was confirmed by their rising from their seats, and releasing themselves from their fetters, to the utter discomfiture of the honest German, who emphatically exclaimed, "Now you are not goot poys but tampt rascles indeed." John Hart, having given vent to his rage in the most opprobrious language, secured my confederates with heavy fetters, to which he inhumanly added hand-

cuffs. Being thus accoutred we entered the mail-coach, and proceeded on our journey to Philadelphia. Nothing particular occurred till we were within a few miles of the city. A dead silence prevailed among the passengers, which was broken only by my sighs; we were fast approaching the burial-place of my dearly beloved Richard, and every heart save one, seemed to sympathize in my griefs. The coach at length entered Hamilton Village, situated one mile west of Philadelphia and the river Schuylkill. I covered my face with my handkerchief, to conceal my agony, and avoid the sight of the tomb that contained the remains of my sainted husband. An exclamation of "That is the lieutenants tomb," uttered by this one unfeeling stranger, involuntarily caused me to look in the direction where I knew it stood, when overcome with grief and horror, my fortitude for a moment forsook me, and I uttered a loud shriek of despair, that touched at once the heart of my unfeeling conductor, John Hart, who angrily reprimanded the person that uttered it, observing, if he again attempted to wound the feelings of his prisoner, he would put him out of the coach. We passed the large and elegant bridge which forms the communication between the interior of the state and the metropolis, across the river Schuylkill, and I once more breathed my native air.

The disturbance at Lancaster had detained the stage considerably beyond its usual time of arriving; consequently the driver, conscious of the importance of punctuality in delivering the mail, drove his horses at full speed; this rather offended John Hart, who frequently endeavoured to check their rapidity, and at length struck the driver and knocked off his hat; a fracas ensued that detained us some time longer; this was however made up, the driver resumed the reins and drove as swift as Phæton when he set the world on fire. Most "Jehu-like" again the mighty man of law took umbrage: another quarrel ensued. The driver leaped from his seat, and the stage coach stopped in High street; a mob gathered, who joined John Hart against the driver. I was soon recognized as being a prisoner, and was greeted by *la sovereigne* people with loud huzzas, not very gratifying to a female ear; but I had offended their high mightinesses, by daring even to think of an attack on

their idol, Simon Snyder; and on the coach proceeding, the procession of *mobility* continued to follow until they beheld me safely lodged in prison; then, with three cheers of triumph, they retreated to enter a whiskey-shop, or their smoky hovels, to exult in my disappointment, consequent imprisonment, and probable future punishment, while I retired to think and weep alone. On my entrance into the prison, I walked down the main passage leading to the women's apartment; at the end of it, I met Mr. Bradford, one of the inspectors, of whom I enquired what room I was to occupy? he answered the one I had formerly done. This was a special indulgence, for which I thanked the gentleman. This apartment was used as an hospital, and styled the sick-room. To it I was hastening, attended by the turnkey, Mr. Black, when the voice of Mr. Flintham stopped me and Mr. B. while he and Mr. Bradford retired to the watch-room, from whence I could distinguish their voices, apparently in debate, which I since learned was an altercation between them, Mr. Flintham wishing to put me in a room among the lowest vagrants in prison; to this Mr. Bradford objected, and his power prevailed; to the sick-room I was conducted by Mr. Black, and left to my own meditations. Here I had not remained long when my persecutor, Mr. Flintham, appeared at the large grated door, and in a voice of authority, said "Nurse, dont give up your bed to any person;" this command was answered mildly in the affirmative. Stung to the soul by this low, mean, unfeeling speech, which I well knew proceeded from inveterate enmity to me, as I was the only person to whom it was probable the nurse, who was the celebrated *Ann Maria Lewis*, would resign her bed. Irritated by this base attempt to prevent my having even the comforts of a straw pallet to rest my weary limbs on, after a long and fatiguing journey although I should be indebted to the humanity of a convict for the indulgence. I hastily went to the door and exclaimed, "It is unnece-ssary Mr. Flintham, to issue that command; I never have been indebted to the commonwealth for a bed, nor, I trust, ever will be, for even at this late hour I am convinced my family will send me one." "Hold your tongue madam, I am not speaking to you," was his polite reply. "No sir," said I, "but by your speech,

you indirectly mean to insult me, and set an example to others, who, debased as they are, have too much humanity to follow; but I thank you for this, it is only one among the numberless obligations I stand indebted to you for." Indeed from this pretended friend of Capt, C.'s I have ever experienced the most unrelenting persecutions; for on Capt, C.'s brother visiting Philadelphia, they called at my house, where they stated to me that Mr ———, had said he would abandon their interest, if they ever visited me or my children. This, therefore, was the reason they assigned for not affording them a portion of that wealth they could easily have spared. Mr. ———'s heart seems to be composed of the first syllable of his name, therefore I can only pity and despise him; he cannot further injure me or my children, who were again restored to my maternal protection, and shall be sheltered from adversity with all a mother's care. This malice in the prison was obviated by the attentions of my careful mother, who had been some time released from imprisonment on security, and learning my arrival, and abode, sent me bed and bedding, with every accommodation the strict rules of the institution would permit. The next morning the turnkey entered the sick-room, and in a sarcastic tone said, "Ann, you are ordered by the inspectors to remove to number seven." (You will probably be surprised at this familiar address of the keeper, but the rules of the institution require every person to be called by their christian name.) This was a room occupied by the lowest vagrants, in which there were about twenty-eight or thirty persons at that time confined, and not more than twelve feet square alive with vermin, early in the month of September, and the weather extremely warm; "but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." I determined never to forsake myself by submitting to this degradation; therefore when Mr. ——— came in, I candidly avowed my resolution; he observed, in consequence of the offence I had given Mr. —— he, as visiting inspector, had ordered me to that apartment, and from his authority there was, at present, no appeal. Therefore, if I did not wish to comply, I might still retain all the indulgences I had heretofore enjoyed, by making a suitable apology, and requesting permission to remain where

I was. Incensed at this proposition I haughtily replied, that I should make no apology to him, nor condesend to ask a favour of an enemy, nor would I quit the apartment I occupied at present. Mr. ——— then replied in his natural imperious manner. "You will not madam? that is a language *we* are not accustomed to hear in this *building*." "Well sir," I retorted, "you hear it now. This room is occupied by criminals of the lowest class of society, to which no act of mine has ever yet degraded me, and if they enjoy that privilege from *your indulgence*, I, as a citizen of Philadelphia, and a housekeeper, am legally entitled to it." "But madam," said he, "you ought to understand that this indulgence must be *humbly* requested, and not demanded as a right." Mr. ——— then left the room, rather irritated at not having the power to compel me to submission. My feelings were now wound up to enthusiasm, and I resolved to die rather than be thus degraded. Life was valueless in my eye; Richard was dead, my character ruined, and what had I to live for? nothing but my children, and they were at this moment of desperation, forgot. In a few hours several of the board of inspectors entered, one of whom was Mr. ——; to them I repeated my resolution of not going among vagabonds. In vain they remonstrated, and urged my compliance with Mr. ———'s terms. I was firm in my determination not to submit, but said I would willingly go to the cells, as I would rather be alone than in such infamous company. To this they replied, those apartments were places of punishment. "Well then," I exclaimed, "punish me for my disobedience, and put me there, for into number seven I will not go. Richard Smyth is dead, I wish to follow him; you can but murder me, as he was." Mr. ——— then urged that my non-compliance would oblige them to use force. To this unfeeling remark I returned a glance of scorn and contempt, haughtily observing, "I should like to see the keeper who would dare to compel *me* to go into number seven." Mr. ——— sarcastically replied, (being stationed before the fire, with his hands behind his back,) "I think that I could madam." "Perhaps you had better try, sir,," replied I, willing to put his courage to the test, "remember I do not value life, and I will sacrifice the last drop

of my vital fluid ere I submit." Mr. Harrison, an amiable man, apparently with a benevolent heart, advanced towards me, and endeavoured to soothe my irritated feelings, but without effect. I was alike insensible to human consolation or mortification. Finding me thus invulnerable; they gazed on me, some with wonder, others with compassion, and withdrew. Conjecturing they were gone to bring Mr. Dayton, who at that time I considered one of the most ferocious of the keepers, I resolved to defend myself *vi et armis*, or die in the attempt. For this purpose I secured a knife, which from being in constant use had been ground in the shape of a dagger, and with this weapon I determined to act on the defensive. In vain did the female prisoners weep, and entreat me to submit. I was inexorable; night was fast approaching, yet my resolution suffered no change, and as I cast my eyes on the declining sun, a deep melancholy filled my heart, and I mentally exclaimed, "shall I ever again witness thy rising beams." At length Mr Black entered, and proceeded to call the roll, for the purpose of locking up. Never shall I cease to remember the sensations that assailed my tortured heart, and fired my bursting brain. In imagination I beheld him the victim of his temerity, myself seized by the myrmidons of the prison, which attempt I resolved should be the signal of my own death. Having secured all the rooms, he stopped at the sick room, and said in a hollow voice, "Ann, you are going, I suppose, to the cells." I replied in the affirmative, observing such was my choice. The women instantly packed up my bed, &c., which Mr. Black peremtorily said I should not be allowed. To the cells then I was conducted; I started with horror as I entered these abodes of human wretchedness, that were at this period filled with miserable victims, who had given some slight offence to the sovereign lords of this *American Bastile*. Previous to my quitting the room, I wrote a letter descriptive of my wretched situation, which I threw into the street from the cell window. It was found, I presume, by some of the citizens, and returned, accompanied, as I understood, with a letter of remonstrance. This produced no change in my situation, though it highly incensed Mr. —— and his brother-in-law, Mr. —— Having thrown myself on my blanket, I commenced

chewing opium rapidly, not recollecting it was the pure gum; this produced the effect to be expected, and I fell into a stupor; a deep, heavy, oppressive pain in my breast, and a sense of misery, caused me to utter involuntary groans. These alarmed the prisoners in the adjoining cells, who called to me, inquiring the cause of my illness, of which I informed them; they instantly raised an outcry that brought Mr. Black. The terrified old man having learnt the cause of the disturbance, soon procured assistance. The nurse came—an emetic was administered, and she remained with me a considerable time, till the opium was discharged, which was not effected until the draught was repeated. This relieved all apprehensions for my life, but restored the sense of my wretched situation. It was a night calculated to create horror in a soul at peace, and firmer than mine. The rain fell in torrents on the roof of this abode of horror, and beat against its walls, while the howling of the wind rushing in gusts down the passage, and entering at every crevice, increased the dreary feelings that bent me to the earth. God of heaven, what were that night, the agonies that rent my heart? thou alone witnessed them, and to thy vengeance I consign the author. Here, in solitude, stretched on a blanket perhaps to die, as many an unhappy prisoner had done, amidst the dregs of creation, lay the woman that had once been the idol of an affectionate family, the object of the tenderest love, whose every wish had been anticipated by partial friends, and whose society had been courted by gentlemen of the first rank; now, alas! the victim of oppression.

The contrast between the treatment I received from the kind Mr. Kelker, and the friendly inhabitants of Harrisburg and Lancaster, where the humane goaler had put up a bedstead, and prepared other comfortable accommodations for my reception, also increased my sufferings. My removal to the cells was no sooner reported to Mr. Holloway, the principal keeper, than he came to the door of my gloomy apartment and called me by name. "Who" cried I, "calls the wretched Ann?" "Me," replied a voice, in accents soft as melting snows, "your friend." "I have no friend in these detested walls" said I. "Yes" said he, in the same mild tone, "I am and will be your friend." He then

endeavoured, by soothing condolence, to assuage the violence of my griefs, urging me to conform to existing circumstances, and remove to number seven, telling me I would take cold without my bed, which I should have restored to me. Here my spirits rose superior to prudence, and I declared I would not receive even that till legally adjudged to me, as I wished for no favour from the inspectors. He finding my mind in unison with the war of elements then convulsing nature, and knowing he might as reasonably attempt to still the warring winds as my mind at present, left the passage, after giving a severe reprimand to Mr. Black for refusing to allow me my bed. I sunk as I thought, on the pillow of death; exhausted nature, seeking calm repose, at length closed my aching eyes, and lulled my cares to rest. This soothed my irritated mind, and calmed the stormy passions within my breast. I awoke at rosy dawn, the storm had ceased, and nature, renovated by her late convulsive throes, smiled in renewed beauty. Not such was the effects of the storm that had raged in my soul; it had left me depressed in mind and spirit, reduced to infantine imbecility in body, almost an inanimate figure. Listless and lifeless, extended on the floor, I lay—no human being approached my cell to ascertain my fate, or give me comfort; but thou, Great Author of my being, wert with me in my hour of calamity, and thy gentle messenger Hope, alleviated my miseries by pointing to futurity, and bidding me trust alone to thy protecting power. Thus absorbed in reflection, time stole on till the hour of breakfast, when Mr. Black entered the cell, accompanied by Dr. ——, This gentleman approached me, felt my pulse, and said I required only restoratives suitable for an exhausted frame, and proposed my having some strong coffee from Mr. Holloway's table. I then, not knowing this was an indulgence almost unprecedented in this abode of tyranny, declined the offer, saying I wanted nought from them, and would wait until my family sent me my usual refreshments, which I was certain they would do shortly. The haughty little man of great self importance turned abruptly from me, saying, "No compulsion, madam, no compulsion," and hastily left the cells. Had a spark of humanity warmed his petty

soul, he who has ever known me as his equal, would by mild persuasion, have induced me to accede to his proposal, and take the prescribed cordial; but I was fallen and he like all mean spirits, triumphed o'er my prostrate state. My bed was then placed in another cell by Mr. Holloway's order, and with the assistance of the kind nurse I was removed thither. My mother sent me my *dejeune*, and earnestly entreated to see me, as there was a report in circulation of my having attempted to commit suicide. This indulgence however could not be obtained, as I was unable to go to the front door, and she was not suffered to visit the apartment in which I was confined. Here was another instance of Mr. ——'s tyranny, as my family had been hitherto permitted to visit me when imprisoned under a more serious charge than simply having frightened Simon Snyder by my western excursion. I remained a close prisoner within this noisome abode nearly two weeks, when my health beginning gradually to decline, owing to the putrid atmosphere I inhaled, (the cells being injudiciously constructed over the common sewer, from which there is a flue leading to each apartment, that at once accounts for the numerous deaths and ruined constitutions of the unfortunate inhabitants of the penitentiary, who, for the most trifling fault, are hurried into these abominable receptacles for thirty, sixty, and ninety days, with one miserable blanket for their covering, and an allowance of three ounces of brown bread for twenty-four hours.) A change having taken place, and Mr. Bender become visiting inspector, a gentleman of acknowledged worth, who never had been known to abuse the power vested in him, I requested permission to walk in the hall during the day, and lodge in the cells. This he kindly acceded to—Another instance of his humanity was shortly after evinced by having a large room, that was styled the old cells, prepared, into which the inhabitants of number seven were removed. My objection thus obviated, and the rules of the prison enforced, I gladly exchanged my loathsome abode for the one assigned me. Here I should have enjoyed comparative comfort, had it not been for the persecutions of my enemy, ——, who continually called me up for the most frivlous tales reported to him by the vagrants that surrounded me.

The most important and disgraceful of these was, my having kicked up my heels at him, as they said, and for which he threatened me with severe punishment, that no doubt would have been inflicted, but for the generosity of Mr. Bender and Dr. Leib, of whom I suppose, tyrant-like, he stood in awe.

About two weeks previous to my trial for the famous conspiracy, I was one night shocked to see my dear mother enter my room a prisoner. Alarmed at her appearance, as I knew that she was under bail that would not give her up, I enquired the cause of this new outrage, which she informed me proceeded from Mrs. Campbell. The fact was, that woman hated my mother with deadly hatred, and panted to revenge the ignominious fate of her cousin, my dear Richard, which she had actually caused by her treachery. Nor was my mother less her enemy, as she fancied Richard had drawn all the accumulated mass of ruin on our family, under which it was then sinking. Thus mutually irritated against each other, these haughty spirits met in the vicinity of the court house. My mother, conscious of her respectable standing in society, with all that pride peculiar to a Philadelphian, an old established housekeeper, and the mother of a family, looked upon the exotic Mrs. Campbell with contempt; high words ensued, which the petty lady resented by complaining to the deputy state's attorney of the affront offered to her dignity, who condescended to become her *humble* messenger. A complaint was entered to judge ———, who being the known enemy of our family, was glad of an opportunity to vent on any of its members his malice, inhumanly and illegally committed my mother to prison for trial. Her company was to me a blessing, as we consoled each other by sympathising in our mutual afflictions. At length the day of trial arrived; three of us were conducted to court, my mother, myself, and Henry W—s; Bowen, having obtained bail, was liberated and had left Philadelphia; but this indulgence was withheld from me by every impediment being thrown in the way. When several of my friends stood forward for security, their affairs were scrutinized with a microscopic eye, and some cause ever found for objection, till every one was intimidated. Thus an inveterate enemy had kept me a

prisoner till the day of trial. Here I will relate an anecdote, trifling in itself, yet calculated to convince you how erroneously events have been circulated, and I innocently accused of acts I never committed. In my walk from the prison to the court house, my sister Sarah Hutton in company, an impertinent black woman insulted me as I passed. Sarah having a parasol in her hand, struck her a smart blow in the face with it, and report has ever said that I beat a poor black woman unmercifully for only looking at me. Another of the prevalent tales that prejudice has raised to injure my reputation and colour it with a sombre hue, I will also here relate, though it may appear rather out of place, but it has just occurred to my memory. I had purchased a small quantity of fine china (from a Mrs. Allen, who had declined business) to the amount of fifty dollars. Those articles being valuable at that time, I feared to trust them with a porter, and had sent the servant girls for them in the evening. They were packed in a large basket, such as is commonly used for that purpose, with two handles; the girls were proceeding down High street and stopped to rest, when a child in action, though a man in years, impelled by a spirit of mischief, made an attempt to leap over the basket, failed in his purpose, and fell into it, crushing every article; thus mutilated they brought home the fragments. Irritated by my irreparable loss, I obtained from Alderman Kepple a warrant; a man was arrested whom both the girls were qualified was the person, he would certainly have been committed to prison, but I, crediting the man's asseveration of innocence, pitying his situation, and rather doubtful of the girls being correct, knowing how liable persons are to make mistakes at night, suffered the whole affair to drop, and submitted to the loss rather than the innocent should suffer by mistake. This misfortune has been perverted into a tale the most infamous and ridiculous imagination ever invented. I have laughed at it, and so may you if you please. The story after Capt. C.'s death was thus metamorphosed and circulated: I had (some *person* said, but who that person was I never learned,) been in the habit of entertaining gentlemen at night in my bed-chamber, and then intimidating them out of large sums of money by threatening them with my hus-

band's vengeance. One of these, my dupes, being as he fancied, in danger, attempted to escape, and fell into a basket of broken crockery-ware I had placed on the stairs as a trap for him, and for which I afterwards exacted five hundred dollars. Who this liberal gentleman was I have never heard or ascertained. Some persons said it was *Robert Wharton, Esq.* mayor of the city, others assert it was the French Consul, some the Spanish Ambassador *De Onis*, and others again, the Russian Ambassador, *Dashkoff*. but as the whole affair must have been conducted without my knowledge, or that of my family, I am unable to decide to which of these gentlemen I am indebted; however, truth compels me to exonerate the whole from the charge. Who or what this unknown man of money was, I cannot say, as I never even heard of him till the story was related to me by John Hart. But so many ridiculous tales, equally false and malicious, were then in circulation at my expense, that this passed with the rest, without making any impression on my feelings.

The famous trial for the conspiracy commenced on the seventh of November, 1816, at the mayor's court, at which Judge Reed presided; Mr. R. state's attorney. Counsel for defendants, Joseph R. Ingersol, Z. Phillips, Thomas Armstrong, Benjamin Chew, and Joseph Loyd, Esqrs. Mr. R. opened the case in a long elaborate statement, in which he represented everything in the strongest and darkest colours of exaggeration against me. The trial lasted three days; but as nothing that I have not previously related was then repeated, with the exception of Mr. Antis' testimony, and a full avowal of Mrs. Campbell's treachery, I shall pass over the other evidence in silence. She had never delivered my letters to Richard, nor communicated to him any of our plans for his escape, but suffered him to fall a sacrifice to her deceit. The tenor of Mr. Antis' speech was, that *curiosity* induced him to follow our gig to mine host's of the Golden Fleece; *curiosity* impelled him to dine there, and finally, this female quality still predominating in his mind, humanity became its sacrifice, and he unfeelingly began a conversation at dinner on my affairs. Now, could any village gossip, that ever propagated a *faux pas* of an erring sister, have evinced a stronger

malignity of heart than did *Gossip Antis*, of celebrated memory, and for which no doubt, Simon rewarded him with a good dinner on the ensuing Sunday. But this was not the only advantage *curiosity* procured for him —it enabled him to visit Philadelphia, at the expense of the state, to remain there two or three weeks, perhaps as an escort to Mrs. S. who resided in the city during the trial. Mr. Justice Fahnestoch, and mine host Bissel, also availed themselves of the famous conspiracy to visit the metropolis gratis—to prove, what?—Why that I had been in Harrisburg, which John Hart and Mr. Hufty could have done, and have saved the state near one hundred dollars, which this hopeful trio's expenses must have amounted to. But the public money was not valued, when employed in the service of his excellency, for it is not to be inferred that these persons broke the laws of their country by paying their own expenses. Who, or what Mary Connellen was, I never learned: she was neither a relation or a companion, but an Irish adventuress, who had resided with Mr. Clark, at New Orleans, in the capacity of a servant; yet to her Mrs. Campbell confided a secret of the first importance. She is too insignificant for attention, and, but for her officiousness in Richard's affairs, I should not have thought her worth mentioning.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

# THE MEMOIRS

OF THE

## CELEBRATED AND BEAUTIFUL

# MRS. ANN CARSON,

DAUGHTER OF AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY,

AND WIFE OF ANOTHER,

WHOSE LIFE TERMINATED IN THE PHILADELPHIA PRISON.

SECOND EDITION,

REVISED, ENLARGED, AND CONTINUED TILL HER DEATH,

BY MRS. M. CLARKE,

Authoress of the Fair American, Life of Thomas L. Hamblin, Edwin Forrest, &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA, 1838.

NEW-YORK:

Sold at No. 167½ Greenwich st. and N. E. corner of Nassau and Greenwich sts.—Wholesale and Retail.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by M. Clarke, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE

# MEMOIRS

OF

# MRS. ANN CARSON.

Our lawyers exerted themselves so judiciously, that this celebrated conspiracy, so far famed, and which put all the state of Pennsylvania into commotion, ended like a flash of gunpowder, in smoke. After the jury had patiently heard the depositions of eleven witnesses, none of whom corroborated the evidence of each other, our counsel commenced their duty in summing up the evidence, which actually amounted to nothing, and commenting on its imbecility, and the frivolity of the charges brought against us, which they did in so able, rational, and humorous a manner, especially Z. Phillips, Esq., who, giving the reins to his natural wit, turned Mr. Antis' testimony into ridicule, descanting freely on his impertinent curiosity in visiting Bissil's tavern to scrutinize me, placing the whole transaction in so contemptible a point of view, that the court was a scene of mirth and laughter. The other gentlemen were equally eloquent, though not so satirical.—Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., in this case excelled even his usual excellence; his *forte* lies particularly in convincing the understanding, by clear, perspicuous reasoning, and exciting the nobler feelings of the heart into action, apparently by an emanation from his own humane and liberal one. In these he was eminently successful, and being ably supported by the junior counsel, B. Chew, Esq., whose youthful appearance and juvenile talents excited universal inter-

est when contrasted with the mature abilities of his co-adjutor, Thomas Armstrong, Esq., who substantiated our national system of equality by placing himself on a level with the jury, whom he addressed individually as his friends and clients, making it a case in point between fellow-citizens, and taking that for the criterion on which they were to decide.—D. P. Brown, Esq., whose talents are generally known, and who generously volunteered his services, was also of essential service on the occasion. Thus the puissant governor and his coadjutor's malice were defeated by a verdict of *not guilty*. Could the knight of Shamokin Island have produced his promised *oral and written testimony*, the affair perhaps had taken a turn more agreeable to him and his friend Mr. ——, and the commonwealth been saved a considerable sum. This verdict, so totally opposite to the expectations of the court, excited a general murmur of applause, and many of my very good friends abruptly quitted the court to indulge their chagrin in secret, and chew the bitter cud of malice. Indeed Mr. ———'s was visible to every eye, for so sanguine had been his hope of my conviction that his mind denied assent to his sense of hearing when the verdict met his ear. On this gentleman's closing address to the jury I must now make some observations: forgetting the conduct of a christian, or that he has relations, who have already drank of the bitter cup of *misfortune*, and may probably hereafter become amenable to the laws, he ran into a strain of invectives against me, that at length became ridiculous, and had more the air of private malice, than a learned barrister tutoring a jury. He observed that my counsel had asserted that my mental faculties were deranged, "But," he exclaimed, "gentlemen of the jury, did ever a maniac write such letters as those?" (laying my communications to Mrs. Campbell and Richard, before them, while he read aloud one in which I had mentioned that the officer who had the charge of my husband, impelled by humanity, had not cofined him in fetters, and would rejoice in his escape.) "Are we to infer from this that Mr. Holloway, the head jailor, (pointing to that gentleman,) is unworthy the trust reposed in *him*, or does she mean to insinuate that Mr. Dayton, (also pointing to him,) would connive with her in Richard Smyth's

proposed escape? No, gentlemen of the jury, she is a *liar*." Stung to the soul at this rude attack on my veracity, which had never before been called in question, I involuntarily started from my seat, and gave vent to my resentment by observing that my sex alone hindered me from chastizing his insolence, even in the court. Astonished and confounded, —— resumed his seat, while I, oppressed by feelings now indefinable, lost my fortitude, and gratified his malice by bursting into tears. For a few minutes a profound silence reigned through the court, when Mr. —— again arose and proceeded to delineate my character, which he massacred in a barbarous and unfeeling manner. Had I been the vilest, basest of my sex, a man would have shown more lenity to me for the sake of my being a female. The trial lasted three days, and terminated at night, when I was, as I have before stated, totally cleared from any prosecution on the conspiracy charge; but an action for bigamy still rested against me, and I was remanded to prison. On quitting the court, a number of gentlemen crowded around me, warmly congratulating me, and the mob, who a few months before had followed me to prison with loud huzzas, were now as loud in their exultation at my acquittal. They escorted me to the prison, where my mother accompanied me, and it was with difficulty my father prevailed on her to leave me. On my ascending the steps of the prison, I turned and politely thanked my *corps de guard* for their protection, saying, as they had once publicly exulted in my imprisonment, I hoped they would now give me as warm a testimony of the pleasure they felt at my honourable acquittal. In a moment loud shouts rent the air, and from their heads, off went their hats. Having proved the versatility of my former enemies, I walked through the iron door more like a conqueror than a prisoner. Thus terminated a cause that at first assumed so threatening an aspect, that the judges, it was whispered in the court, were agreed on the term of my imprisonment. I had yet one more trial to pass through, and this was to be the fiery ordeal. Should I be acquitted of the charge of bigamy, I would then be innocent in the eyes of the law, which is the criterion that guides public opinion.

I remained in prison a short time, and at length, pro-

per security being entered for my appearance at court when called for, I was set at liberty. I then resigned to my bail a legal claim on my real estate, to secure him from actual loss, should any business draw me from Philadelphia, and the trial be called in my absence.

I once more returned to the bosom of my family; my beloved children were restored to my arms; but in health, spirits, and finances, I was materially injured. During my imprisonment my mother removed to Almond street: she had sold the greater part of my goods, and lived private; but I was not long suffered to endure a respite from persecution; the mighty arm of the law was raised against me and its ministers pursued me with unrelenting perseverance. Two weeks after my return home I was informed, through the medium of Joseph Hutton, that a bench warrant had been issued for my apprehension: this was the signal for flight, as the family insisted on my not encountering the horrors of a public trial; nor subject myself to the tender mercies of judges whose characters I well knew, and duly appreciated their *virtues* in my then debilitated state of mind and body. What a night of agony was this;—the wounds that time had scarcely seared, opened in my heart, which bled at every pore;—scarce were my infants blessed with a fond protecting mother's care, than again they were to lose her; my aged parents too, thus to mourn their daughter's degradation. Was this the reward for a veteran of '76? for the sacrifice of health, of mind, the loss of heaven's first, best gift, reason, in the service of that country; in defence of those laws that were employed as engines against his child, whom they thus singled out from among hundreds to persecute, of both male and female delinquents. But his services and sufferings were alike forgot, and I was compelled to become an exile, and seek safety among strangers. Even John Binns, an outcast of Great Britain, a refugee, who had escaped from seven prisons, then possessed more influence in Philadelphia, than my family, though some of its first inhabitants, and ever respectable in standing and character. How is our country fallen—well may I say "Oh shame where is thy blush?" Forewarned of the danger that threatened me, I forgot my mental and bodily debility; the soul that animated me, rose superior

to fatigue and trembling woman's fears. I ordered the house to be fastened in every part, to prevent the harpies from entering it, if possible, as I resolved before I would again be made prisoner, to sell my liberty at a higher price than I had heretofore done. Thus secured, the day rolled over in trembling expectation of our garrison being attacked. Towards evening a person enquired for me, at the house, who was informed by my father, to whom he was a stranger, that I had left the city. This created a general alarm in the family. My servant having gone out to reconnoitre for the enemy, reported that a man was parading up and down the opposite side of the street before our house. This information induced me to retire to one of the upper rooms. Here, as my last retreat, I determined to defend myself, at the hazard of my life. My mother entreated me to be patient, nor distract my mind by vague apprehensions, and quit the city with the rising dawn of the ensuing day. My fears were soon pleasingly relieved by the intelligence brought me by the black girl. She had again been on the scout, and in our supposed enemy, descried my faithful confederate, and confidential friend, Henry W——s. How did my heart bound with rapture when he pressed my hand in friendly salutation, to think I met a tried friend where I expected an enemy to drag me to prison. He was that evening arrived from New York, and had hastened on the wings of friendship to visit the woman who once involved him in pecuniary difficulties, imprisonment, and a public trial. To him I now imparted my danger. He instantly proposed attending me to Darby, a small town situated on the main road to Baltimore, distant seven miles from Philadelphia. This offer I eagerly accepted. A coach was sent for, and exulting in my escape, I bade adieu to my birth-place; but as the carriage moved rapidly on, all the horrors of my situation rushed upon my mind; the suppressed feelings of my heart broke the bonds courage had prescribed for them, and I wept incessantly until we reached Darby, which was at two o'clock in the morning. Not thinking myself safe in the limits of this state, we, the next morning, took places in the mail-coach for Wilmington: at Chester we stopped to breakfast; here the stage-driver knowing me, I became an object of rather impertinent curios-

ity to the tavern-keeper and family, who separately entered the breakfast-room to look at me: this circumstance induced Henry W——s to purchase the next driver's silence, which he did with a few dollars, and we arrived without further exposition, safe in Baltimore. We stopped at Barney's hotel the first night, but not thinking myself safe in so public a situation, I removed to another, where I remained a few days, when, finding I was hunted, like a hare pursued by the hounds, from respectable society, I resolved at once to initiate myself among that class of people who set *law*, *justice*, and *forms*, at defiance: from my own sex I had only experienced envy, malice, hatred, and treachery, and all uncharitableness; therefore requested Henry W———s to inquire for a place of residence, where I would not be tortured by apprehension of being betrayed into the power of my enemies: he then proposed my going to reside with a friend of his, who kept a grocery store, to which I gladly agreed, and was by him introduced to Mr. C——p——r's family: here I fixed my residence. Mrs. C——p——r, I found a pleasing, amiable woman, of regular domestic habits, and an excellent house-keeper. Her husband was in my opinion, the counterpart of his wife, One charming little girl, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C——p——r, completed the family. Here I remained two months. At length Henry W-—s was apprehended and committed to prison. A Mr. John S. W——s, one of the fraternity of desperadoes, but professedly a merchant tailor, waited on me, and stated the fate of my unfortunate confederate, who I sincerely esteemed. Shocked and distressed for a man that had faithfully served me, I resolved to exert myself for him in his hour of extremity, forgetting my own danger in my desire of extricating him. I waited on the state's attorney, Mr. Montgomery, at his residence, a short distance from Baltimore, where I plead his cause to this humane lawyer so effectually, that his imprisonment was ameliorated, by the fetters being removed with which he was loaded. Being closely questioned by Mr. Montgomery concerning his family, occupation, &c. &c. I informed him I was his wife; that we came from the southward, and were going to Philadelphia:—thus, by deviating from the truth, I gained my point at the time,

but ultimately injured myself. After endeavouring in vain, to procure his release from prison, which could only be effected by proper bail being entered, that was not to be obtained, I waited on the prosecutor, to whom I made so pathetic a statement of his pecuniary situation; that the humane merchant declared he was sorry for his confinement, and would do every thing in his power to liberate him; we therefore together waited on the magistrate, but, as he was finally committed, he could not be released without proper security. I soon learned that Mr. Justice never turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of a supplicant, when they accompanied their solicitations with a little *cash;* I therefore sent for the *worthy* magistrate, to a public house, where, having offered him fifty dollars and a suit of clothes, bail was soon procured to his satisfaction, and Henry discharged, who left Baltimore on the following day for Connecticut. Several weeks passed rapidly away, and I heard regularly from home. My health of body and mind became vigorous. During this time Capt. C's aunt, Mrs. Febiger, died intestate, and my children inherited, in right of their father, a considerable sum: this set my mind at ease on their account, and my spirits regained some portion of their former volatility—being naturally of a gay, cheerful disposition, not prone to brood over evils, but to rise superior to them. The events of the last year had settled my head and reduced my spirits to a serene tranquillity; and when memory did recall the scenes of past misery, a flow of tears assuaged my grief, and banished regret. But I found that society was now requisite to keep the *azure demos* at a respectful distance, and eagerly fled to such as has since completed my ruin. But I must observe there are grades among these deperadoes, many of whom were young men, of families of the first distinction, who, having squandered their patrimony, resort to illegal means to replenish their empty pockets, to procure those indulgences they have been accustomed to. It was mostly to such, that the residence of Mr. C——p——r, was known, and though they had no boarders but myself, yet the house was frequented constantly by the higher order of these outlaws.

I will now introduce to you another personage, who will, for a short time, make a conspicuous figure in this

drama of real life. During my imprisonment in Harrisburg, a letter was handed to my mother, from Kentucky:—The contents were a declaration of what? Could it have been *love?* If so, it was the most singular prank I ever knew the blind boy to play. Love at first sight appears rather romantic; but to love an object unseen, unknown, is almost incredible: yet such was the purport of this singular letter. It contained a request to my mother, to consent that he should pay his addresses to me in all due form, according to the custom of courtship in the days of good queen Elizabeth: in it he made a very flowery declaration of his passion, and promised to send me, in his next, a full and true account of his situation, property, and prospects, provided it met my approbation—apologising for addressing me on such a subject, at so early a period after Mr. Smyth's death; assigning as a reason for this breach of etiquette, the impression on his mind that my situation must require a protector, or, to use his own words, "a tender bosom friend, and domestic companion." This curious epistle, which was really an unique of its kind, consisted of three pages of foolscap paper which was filled with a compound of Love's rhodomantade that amused me highly; and concluded by requesting an answer as speedily as possible. This was delivered to me after my return to Philadelphia prison, by a confidential friend, who seriously advised my answering it, and accepting the proposal in proper time. After perusing this romantic effusion, I began to fancy the writer a greater mad-cap than myself; and thinking two cracked sculled people would make rather a ridiculous figure in the list of Hymen's sober votaries, I determined to decline the proposal immediately: but on a second thought, I wrote him an answer pretty much in his own style, except that I pointedly declared I would not promise to marry any person without some previous acquaintance; desiring him to send me a description of his person along with the account of his possessions: as for the mind, it lay before me in *statu quo:* but I held out no hope of ever surrendering to him my liberty, dreading marriage as the greatest of all human evils. Indeed, I began to fancy there was a combination between Cupid, Hymen, and the wierd sisters, to heap chains on

my devoted person. True, matrimonial fetters are said to be of roses, but if so, the flowers have long since fallen off, and only the thorns remain for me and mine. My letter he received and answered, candidly laying the state of his affairs before me. His property according to his own statement was worth about ten thousand dollars, independent of his practice as a physician, for this singular being was a son of Esculapius. This second epistle came to hand soon after my acquittal from the charge of the conspiracy, and emancipation from prison. The correspondence was continued, which was carried on with great regularity till my midnight elopement to Baltimore. I had resided about three months in that city, when my mother announced the arrival of *Dr. Sangrado* in Philadelphia. He had, to her, renewed his proposal, and she now seriously advised me to accept the offered hand of a man of honour and respectability, whose protection would secure me from further persecution, and his industry ensure me a comfortable and eligible provision for the future. I had she said hitherto pleased my eye, and plagued my heart, it was now full time to resign these romantic flights, and choose a companion for more substantial reasons than personal beauty; she concluded by commanding me to receive him as my destined husband. This command carried its full weight with me; and I was more than half resolved to comply with his wishes. My sister Sarah also wrote to me, with her usual good sense and candid manner, strongly advising me to give my hand where my mother and the whole family, wished it to be bestowed. This letter also had its full share of influence: I weighed well its contents —and was preparing my mind for matrimony, when the Doctor came and put all my dutiful resolutions to flight. It is really a pity, our laws do not permit us to marry by proxy, as the sovereigns of Europe do, for I would then have escaped a long train of evils, and my present state of abject poverty, by becoming the wife of the love sick Doctor, as when the binding ceremony had been performed, I would not have dared to break the bonds of matrimony, for fear of John Hart (who I absolutely detested) being sent in pursuit of me.

It was a very cold stormy morning, in the month of

February, 1816, as I was sitting comfortably by a good fire, in a neat parlor, weighing as Tristram Shandy says the whys and wherefores in the matrimonial negociation pending among the higher powers, and piously wishing my dearly beloved brother-in law, Joseph Hutton, safe in Father Abraham's bosom, that the said Sarah might herself become the wife of this Don Quixotte, when a loud rap at the door announced a visitor of some importance; the servant answered, and a voice inquiring for the lady of the house, struck our ear. Mrs. C—p—r made her appearance; a gentleman presented her a letter for me, inquired politely after my health, and saying he would call in an hour, took leave. This letter was from my mother, and designed as an introduction to this her intended son-in-law, who, true to his word returned as proposed; and I then for the first time beheld this genius of eccentricity. He was tall and slender, full six feet in hight, pale complexion, with fair hair, and remarkable white hands, which was the only part of his *tout ensemble* worthy admiration, which I observed he was as fond of displaying as a certain eloquent pleader at the Philadelphia bar, who is highly celebrated for his devotion to the looking glass. This votary of Cupid had actually travelled seven hundred miles to pay his addresses to a woman he had never seen. This could not be the effect of sympathy, for between us there existed none. He, however paid the most unremitting attention to me for a few weeks, and then urged the consummation of our nuptials. The pressing letters I was continually receiving from my family, not any predilection in his favour, at length induced me to yield a reluctant consent to his wishes. I fancied my affections buried in the grave of my beloved Richard, and that to love again would be impossible; it was therefore immaterial who I passed my life with. The *Doctor* appeared mild and easy tempered, was really a good looking man, of polite address, and pleasing in his conversation, a Virginian by birth, and evidently accustomed to genteel society; therefore I thought I might enjoy a negative state of tranquillity with him. I wrote to Philadelphia, intimating my acceptance of his offer, and coinciding with his and their desires in opposition to my own inclinations. This was written the day previous to the intended marriage,

and the receipt gave my family inexpressible pain. My mother had vainly flattered herself that the Doctor's person and manners would make some impression on my heart; that I would feel a negative; if not the enthusiasm of passion I had once known, yet the gentle lambent flame that too frequently lights the altar of Hymen, but which the dews of indifference soon extinguishes. Finding that I intended sacrificing my inclinations to filial duty, she repented of her advice, too hastily and peremptorily given, and hastened on the wings of paternal affection to Baltimore. But what are human views or woman's will, when set in opposition to inclination, or the tender impulse of the heart. After promising my hand to Doctor———, and fixing the day of our marriage, I became wretched and uneasy; sleep ceased to lull my senses with the poppies of oblivion, or alleviate the distraction of my mind; anxiety tortured my heart:

Doubt rose on doubt
As waves revolving roll;
Tortured my heart
And agonized my soul.

Could I fulfil the duties of a wife to a man to whom I was wholly indifferent? Impossible! Would I not then become a perjured wretch? The idea was terrible, I shrunk back, in horror, from the picture, and sincerely repented the promise thus reluctantly given; but honour bound me to fulfil my engagements, and I heroically resisted every suggestion inimical to the faith I had pledged. This was a trial of awful import; the question with my conscience was, shall I deceive a generous confiding heart by promising to love when conscious no such sentiment exists in my bosom? or by candidly exposing the indifference of that heart to induce him to relinquish his claim to my hand e'er it was too late? This conflct distracted me, and I remained undecided till the day arrived, yet when I beheld the approach of evening, and thought in a few hours the awful ceremony would take place, and I would become the wife of a man to whom I was totally indifferent, my courage and integrity rose superior to worldly deception, and I resolved to dissappoint rather than deceive him. I therefore communicated to Mrs. C—p—r my reasons for the non-fulfilment of

the engagement, and requested her to state them to him, quitting the house to avoid meeting the expected bridegroom, who I never wished to behold again; but she, either wanting courage, or disapproving of my conduct, forbore to deliver the message, and on returning from a solitary ramble I found my expecting lover awaiting my return, dressed *a la mode la bridegroom.* I started on finding him still there; but remained silent till he requested a private interview. I then led the way to an adjoining room, where a candid explanation took place, and relieved my heart, broke off the match, and sent the disappointed swain to seek a more compliant bride; he the next day mounted his gig and set off for Kentucky, after writing me a farewell letter, in which he observed that he would be happy, in case I changed my mind, to renew his engagements at any future period. Nor have I ever seen or heard of him since, except through my mother, to whom he addressed a letter on his reaching home. Thus ended this love adventure, without matrimony or contention. The rising sun on the following day had not long shed its golden radiance o'er our western hemisphere, when, as I lay congratulating myself on my fortunate release, I heard a female's voice, that seemed familiar to my ear, enquiring for me. I hastily rose dressed and ran down stairs, when I was folded in the arms of my dear mother, and pressed to her maternal bosom, while tears of joy flowed down her venerable cheeks, Mrs. C—p—r having previously informed her that the inauspicious nuptials did not take place. Finding I had not deserted myself in this trying hour, she rejoiced in the escape, and highly approved my conduct. She had brought all my wearing apparel with her, and advised my remaining there for some time, when perhaps the action would be removed that was still against me, and I return to Philadelphia. She advanced me money to pay my board, remained with me a few days, in which I contrived to seclude myself and her from the gay company that frequented Mrs. C—p—r's house, and she left me well pleased at my being as she thonght, so eligibly situated. No material event occurred for a few weeks, when Henry W———'s re-appeared with one of his companions; he laughed at the account of my cidevants admirer's disappointment, and rallied me for

fancying I could never love again, saying a heart so susceptible of friendship as mine could not be dead to love. The fact was, Henry W———s had cherished for me a sincere affection, to which he had sacrificed much, living on the hope of my one day returning his passion and becoming his wife; but gratitude, friendship, and esteem were the only feelings I ever experienced for him, or ever shall.

His friend Lewis was a man much better calculated to excite admiration, or even love, than Henry W——s, as he was very handsome, middle sized and elegantly formed, of polite address, but rather grave in his manners. He had not long been initiated among the banditti, therefore excited a degree of pity in my bosom for his future fate, and when my mind's eye presented him to me as the future inhabitant of a dungeon, perhaps loaded with chains, as the unfortunate Henry had been, a tear of commiseration trembled in my eye, and I sighed for a fate I could not avert. On his introduction, he paid his compliments politely, and then observed a profound distance whenever he addressed any conversation to me, but ever treated me with the greatest respect. Oh! how often have I mentally said, "What a pity this man is a *robber.*" No material event occurred for some time, all was a pleasing calm, which like a series of sunshine, only preceded a dreadful storm. One evening a tall fine looking Frenchman called at Mrs. C–p–r's house and enquired for Henry W———s; I replied I was acquainted with no such person. *Monsieur* being a perfect stranger, he remarked I need be under no apprehension, that he was his particular friend, and wished Henry to accompany him to the southward. My suspicion thus removed, I answered that I had reason to think Henry's finances were not, at present, adequate to a journey, therefore it would be superfluous to see him on that subject. To this he answered money should be no object, as he had plenty for both. He then took leave, promising to return again that evening, which he did, and renewed his former conversation; seeming extremely anxious to see his friend. He addressed me as Mrs. Carson, and drawing from his pocket a large roll of bank notes, which I perceived were hundred dollar bills; he again assured me that Henry should participate

with him in his well replenished funds. I denied my name and refused to inform him of Henry's residence. While he was thus conversing a loud noise at the door alarmed him; he started from his seat and asked how he should escape. I pointed to the back door, out of which he ran, jumped over the garden fence and got off, took the stage for Little-York, was pursued, taken, and brought back to Baltimore, where he was safely lodged in prison. The fact was, the bank had that morning been robbed of six thousand dollars, as also two private houses in the neighbourhood, by this expert gentleman, who far exceeded all his competitors in this branch of his trade.

This daring robbery aroused the vigilance of the police, whose officers secured all suspicious persons. Our house being frequented by some of these sagacious gentlemen, that live by their wits, it, of course became an object of suspicion. For one day all Baltimore became a scene of confusion; but as the robbery was committed in an instant, no person could ascertain the depredator; therefore all were alike liable to be arrested. Assured of this, my confederate, Henry W———s and his friend Lewis precipitately beat a retreat, and left the city, which I in vain endevoured to persuade Mr. C—p—r also to do, although he was an entire stranger to *Mons.* and utterly ignorant of the whole transaction. The robbers were committed on Saturday; and on the following morning one of the banditti was arrested in coming to our house, which alarmed Mr. C—p—r, who under pretence of going to church, quitted his family, but had not proceeded far before he was also taken, and conducted to prison. The house underwent a strict examination in every part, except my chamber, which the officers permitted to escape in compliment to me, as I was a stranger and a female; as that sex in Baltimore, in whatsoever standing they may be, are ever treated with a degree of delicacy that does honor to their character, and stamps them *men*. But finding no cause to justify their suspicions, they civilly departed. After a detention of three days, Mr. C—p—r, *Mons.* and many others, were called to court to have a hearing, at which Mrs. C—p—r being present, *Mons.* handed her a hundred dollar note to get changed for him; this she took to a broker's office, who supposing it to be one of the stolen

notes, followed her into court, and caused her to be arrested as an accomplice in the robbery. I meantime continued quietly at home a prey to anxiety and suspense, until night, when Mrs. C—p—r returned, pale, haggard and despairing. From her I learnt the result of the proceeding; all the men were committed for trial, as they had not ascertained the guilty person, and herself only permitted to remain at home till the ensuing day. We held a counsel of deliberation on the measures proper for us to pursue; as she dreaded the idea of imprisonment, I advised her to set off that night for Philadelphia, and leave the child with me, as no cause of suspicion resting on us, I could protect the property till the affair terminated, when she could return, and all be well again. But this prudent counsel she refused to follow, not wishing to be separated from me; nor had I much inclination to remain without her. It was therefore agreed to lock up the house, call a coach, and quit the premises; this we put in practice, taking the black wench with us. The night was dark and stormy; we had not fixed on any place of refuge, therefore ordered the driver to proceed to the point, where we continued irresolute, driving up one street and down another, till the coachman's patience became exhausted, we at length agreed to go to a private lodging, where we soon arrived.

Mrs. C—p—r was almost as total a stranger in Baltimore as myself, her connexions were of the kind to subject her to the dangers she wished to escape, and I dreaded nothing so much as being known. To avoid observation till morning was our only desire, as we then intended to quit the city for a short time, and thus elude the public attention. Mrs. C—p—r had considerable funds with her, but I was slenderly provided with this essential article in civilized society, where you may starve and perish, if you have not money to supply natures wants. A private room was appropriated to our use, and a large fire being kindled, its cheering blaze revived our drooping spirits, and partially dispelled the gloomy fear that had assailed us in our lonely dwelling. The night was passed in devising plans for the ensuing day, rather than in that repose nature demands, yet we enjoyed a few hours sleep towards morning. At dawn

of day I quitted at the earnest intreaty of Mrs. C-p-r, my new and strange lodgings, in company with Mrs. B——r, wife of one of the outlaws, an agreeable woman, totally unacquainted with the occupation of her husband, and proceeded in a coach to the city for the purpose of visiting Mr. Moss, an eminent attorney who had been employed as counsel for Mr. C—p—r. We Drove to our former residence, intending to leave the servant there, and then call on that gentleman; but within a short distance of the house the coach was stopped by Mr. James Dew, our next door neighbour, who informed me he had a warrant for me by the name Mrs. D———s. This I said was not my name, nor would I become a prisoner; haughtily ordering the coachman to proceed, and he being a true Hibernian, was disposed to serve a lady rather than her persecutor. A fracas ensued, I invited Mr. Dew to enter the coach and drive to the magistrate's, but this he declined. In the midst of this tumult an officer of justice passed, who stopped to inquire the cause, as a mob was now gathered. To him Mr. Dew produced the warrant, which he took, stepped into the coach, and proceeded with it to the magistrate, from whence as my answers were vague and unsatisfactory, we were sent to the court to undergo a further examination. Here we were detained some hours before we obtained a hearing. At length Mr. Dew was called as my accuser, who deposed that the house I resided in was frequented by persons of suspicious conduct, whom I associated with. This account was thought sufficient to authorize an investigation of who, and what I was. (My companion, Mrs. B-r, an innocent creature, whom Mr. B—r had married under the mask of an honest man, and introduced to Mrs. C—p—r's family, where I became acquainted with her; admiring her innocence, and careful of her happiness, none had ever removed from her eyes the veil that obscured her husbands character, as I have before observed she was ignorant of his mode of life till the general arrest took place, when I informed her what his means of living were. Terrified and half fainting, the poor girl listened in silence, till tears relieved her agonies; he was her husband, she loved him, and for a time forgave the deception thus practised on her, but principle has subdued passion, and an erro-

neous sense of duty in her heart, and she has since quitted him and earns a decent living by her needle.) This young woman being first examined, her innocence, and evident ignorance of the affair gained her immediate credit, which was highly favourable to me. I unhesitatingly replied to every question, stating that Mr. Dew had been a daily visitor in Mr. C—p—r's house, where I had been introduced to him; that he was ever on friendly terms with the family, we being in the habit of going familiarly to his counting house, which was opposite our residence, and in all respects on social terms till Mrs. C—p—r quarrelled with him the preceding day, accusing him as the author of her husband's arrest and the present distress in her family; that I had united with her in the accusation, and out of revenge I thought, he thus caused me to be arrested. This charge his answers to the judge's questions corroborated; therefore, no cause of detention appearing against us, my fair friend and myself were on the point of being honourably discharged when my recent acquaintance Mr. Montgomery, state's attorney, addressed the bench saying, "the lady that is before you, whom you have arrested as Mrs. D——s, is no other than the celebrated Mrs. Carson of Philadelphia, a lady whose talents when united with outlaws, such as she is at present connected with, renders her a dangerous inhabitant to any state." This speech threw the whole court in commotion; every eye turned to gaze on me; erect I stood, met each enquiring glance; conscious innocence and pride supported me, I turned to Mr. Montgomery and inquired by what authority he made the assertion, and why he supposed I was Mrs. Carson; he answered me with a smiling countenance, saying his intelligence came from *my lawyer*, Mr. Jennings, (bowing politely to that gentleman) but if further proof was necessary, Mr. Meredith, an attorney from Philadelphia, was then in court, and would identify my person. Let not the lords of the creation accuse our sex of tattling, when they are so deficient in discretion. What had Mr. Meredith to do with my residence in Baltimore? Or why betray my secret? thus sending me again to seek a place of safety from persecution. But still more reprehensible was Mr. Jennings for his breach of confidence, which he obtained in the line of his pro-

fession, and surely ought to have held sacred. Finding myself thus known, I painfully awaited the court's decision, which I feared would be to return me to Philadelphia, knowing I had eloped from my bail. But I was agreeably disappointed when the chief judge arose and with a benevolent smile requested me to leave the city, giving me forty eight hours for that purpose. I curtsied, and politely thanked him, adding, I had not been so well treated in Baltimore, as to wish to remain in it, and that twenty-four hours would suffice me, as I would, ere that time elapsed, be far from that inhospitable region. I then with Mrs. B——r, quitted the court our carriage was still in waiting, and taking possession of it we drove to our late forsaken abode. Here, in a few minutes, I was waited on by Mr. Dew, accompanied by several gentlemen; (he had fled from the court the instant my name reached his ear, to circulate the wonderful tale,) he begged permission to introduce them to my acquaintance, but I received his apologies and his friends with a cool politeness. He was warm in his professions of regret for his recent conduct, wishing me not to leave Baltimore, declaring, had he known I was Mrs. Carson, he would rather have concealed than betrayed me. I however, was determined on a removal, and he took his leave, but returned in a short time, and used every argument his reason could suggest to induce me to give information of the secret robber, and claim the promised reward; besides being ever after entitled to the protection of the police, which would secure me from molestation. Here was a temptation to acquire wealth and a peaceful asylum to myself in future, merely by giving up a person who was an entire stranger to me, and whose confidence I had not desired; nay even peremptorily declined. But the idea of an informer, was so repugnant to my feelings and principles, that I withstood all his solicitations, uniformly declaring I would not say one word on the subject. Moreover I had been a prisoner myself, and I trembled to subject a fellow being to years of confinement, and such miseries as I had endured, for *filthy lucre*. Surprised at my refusal, he left me, and I continued my preparations for departure, which were interrupted by another visitor, a brother of Mr. Dew's, an officer in the navy. This

gentleman apologized for his brother's conduct, as a partial atonement, politely offered to escort me to New York, as he knew I could not return to Philadelphia, and he was on the wing for that city in a packet, to join the squadron. My acceptance of this offer was warmly opposed by a gentleman who I afterwards learned was the high constable of Baltimore, who advised me not to leave the state of Maryland, as the judge's power extended no further than the city, and he could procure lodgings at a short distance from it, where I would be secure. To this I replied, that in two hours I would decide on what measures to pursue, and give them a positive answer. By this evasion I gained time, and soon had every article of Mrs. C—p—r's and my own clothes packed, ready for a hasty departure. She, meantime, wrote me that having taken refuge with a friend, she would send a carriage to convey me and the baggage to an appointed place, from whence she would conduct me to a secure retreat. Delighted with this arrangement, I waited in painful solicitude the arrival of the coach, which at length appeared. Into it I hurried, accompanied by the servant, leaving the rival candidates for my favour to console each other by mutual sympathy. I was soon joined by Mrs. C—p—r, who directed the coachman to drive to a coloured man's who had been her slave, but now lived in a genteel manner. Here I at length fancied I could respire in safety; we joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of my *cidevant* admirers, of whose friendship I soon learned the true source, and appreciated its value accordingly. From thence we set off for the country the next morning, and took lodgings about six miles from town. Here at last, we rested from flight; our landlord was friendly, not inquisitive, and very polite. We had plenty of money, paid freely for all we had, was well dressed, had Mrs. C—p—r's little daughter and black servant with us, therefore made a respectable appearance, which protected us from suspicion. Thus comfortable ourselves, our absent friends claimed our attention. Here again female ingenuity found means to elude the vigilance of the law; we soon discovered a person who passed to and fro conveying letters to them, and bringing us answers; that increased our comforts From hence I wrote a letter to my mother informing her

of the late unfortunate occurrences, and my change of residence, expressing a wish to see her if possible. This letter she kindly answered in person, and I was one evening agreeably surprised by a visit from her. She endeavoured to persuade me to return with her to Philadelphia; but having all Henry W———'s and his friend Lewis' baggage with us, and learning they were in the city of Washington, we determined to visit that place, I was now become a bird of passage; my mind was restless and uneasy; fear for my friend Mrs. C—p—r hung on my spirits, and banished tranquillity; dreading nothing so much as her imprisonment, and my again becoming subservient to Mr. Flintham's authority, consequently resolved to avoid Philadelphia as long as possible. Our finances were still flourishing, and change of scene prevented me from reflecting on past sorrows, and carried me from myself. My children I well knew were properly taken care of, therefore self was all that now engrossed my attention, except Mrs. C—p—r, and her sweet little daughter, both of whom I sincerely loved, and we determined not to separate. My mother finding me not disposed to venture home, took her leave, perfectly satisfied of my safety, and pleased with my companion. As there was no probability of Mr. C-p-r's emancipation for some time, and I being extremely anxious to deliver Henry and Lewis their clothes, was resolved to quit our snug quarters, and set off in search of adventures, like our predecessors in romance. This journey I shall ever consider as the only fortunate event that has occurred to me since the commencement of my misfortunes, as it was then I became acquainted with and enjoyed a short period of exquisite felicity in good society. According to agreement we left our kind host and his friendly wife for Washington. The weather was extremely unpleasant, the roads much broken and marshy; our coach, a private one, heavily loaded with baggage, besides ourselves, being three persons. Our driver very stupid, and ignorant of the road across the country, perpetually lost his way; thus retarding our progress. However, in defiance of every obstacle, on we we went, like John Gilpin, neck or nothing, till our carriage sunk up to the hubs in a marsh; here we became stationary, about eight o'clock, in a dreary cold night,

in the month of March, with the comfortable prospect of remaining till the morning, as there was no house within two or three miles. What was now to be done? Why says the fable "put your shoulder to the wheel, then call on Hercules and he will help you." With this advice we complied, and help was sent to us, for Gadsbys' team overtook us, and commiserating our forlorn situation, took out their horses, who dragged the crazy vehicle from its anchorage; thus released, our spirits revived again, we entered it and set off, nor met another accident till we reached the inn about ten o'clock, we found the family in bed, but our noise aroused the landlord, an old surly Irishman, whose red drawers and greasy woollen cap so forcibly reminded me of the old Frenchman, in the humorous account of *Monsieur Tonson*, which Joe Hutton used to recite for our amusement, that I almost fancied I beheld the very man, and should have laughed immoderately, in defiance of dark nights, bad roads, and stupid drivers, had not his harsh discordant voice put my mirth to flight by refusing us admission into his hovel, for such was literally, this tavern. Exasperated by this refusal, so opposite to common hospitality, and the forms of society, Mrs. C—p—r, jumped out of the coach, demanding admittance for the night, which he as positively refused her as he had previously done to the coachman. Incensed at this a quarrel ensued between her and the landlord, to which I listened silently some time, but finding her violence only confirmed his obstinate refusal, and learning he was an Irishman, I determined to make one effort to soften his heart, in which if I failed, to compel him to admit us, as we were both armed, and not to be intimidated by trifles —the child being very much fatigued by the journey. Thus stimulated I leaped from the coach, and hastily approaching the Irishman, said I was astonished that a countryman of mine would refuse shelter to two females in distress. He replied that my companion had offended him by saying he was an Irishman, "why," returned I, "should you take umbrage at that? I consider it the highest feather in my cap to call the land of Erin my birth-place." This address softened his heart, and we were instantly ushered into his best parlour, a large fire kindled, his family called out of bed to provide us re-

freshments, while I gratified his curiosity by saying I came from Dublin, and telling a long story of my own invention, of all I had ever read or heard of that city. Thus did falsehood prevent our passing the night in the coach, or forcing an entrance into this inhospitable door. Here we continued until the mail coach passed in the morning, when being thoroughly disgusted with private carriages, we took seats in it for Washington. Our fellow travellers were Mr. Pepin, the celebrated equestrian, and two students of medicine from Virginia, all lately from Philadelphia, and as I was, you know then the heroine of the day, I of course became the subject of conversation, they not being aware that concealed beneath the large plaid cloak and black veil, was the famous heroine of the conspiracy. We proceeded very pleasantly about half our journey, when we met the Washington mail-coach on its way to Baltimore. In it we recognized our quandam friends, Henry and Lewis, who were returning in search of us to that city. The recognition was mutual; we hailed each other, the coaches stopped, and they joined us, and all proceeded to Washington city, where we remained a few days, but I having sprained my ancle, was unable to leave my chamber, therefore had not an opportunity of viewing the capital of the United States. From thence we proceeded to Fredericksburg. Here I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Madison, which I was long curious to do, as I had frequently heard she bore a strong resemblance to myself. But I then discovered fame had, as usual been very far from the truth, as Mrs. Madison is not so tall, much thicker, and inclining to *em bon point.* Perhaps at my age our persons might have been similar, but there existed none at that time. I feel however highly flattered by the comparison, as she has certainly been a very handsome woman. We had remained but a few days at Fredericksburg, when Mrs. C—p—r received a letter from her husband informing her he had procured security, and was then at liberty, requesting her immediate return to Baltimore. Finding her husband thus exonerated from imprisonment, and like to be restored to the comforts of domestic life, Mrs. C—p—r, rejoicing, set off to join him, whither I could not accompany her, and we parted with mutual regret, vowing eternal friendship.

Henry W., Lewis, and myself, proceeded on to the southward, visited Petersburg, and from thence proceeded to Richmond, where I was introduced to a lady of an intelligent mind, and warm feeling heart. The happy hours we passed together, are still fresh in my memory, ever giving pleasure unalloyed with pain. Oh shall we ever again enjoy the exquisite felicity I then experienced in her pleasing society? My health, you know, was then declining and delicate, but had I continued in Richmond as she wished me, it would perhaps have been renovated by the salubrity of her genial clime, and I escaped the miseries that I have since endured; nor shall I ever forget her astonishmeut when I stood revealed as Mrs. Ann Carson, or cease to feel the generous sympathy with which, unlike the generality of our sex whose fame is like her's, unsullied, she soothed my apprehension, and mitigated my sorrows. However impelled by destiny, as fatalists will say, I resisted her solicitations, left her friendship and peace to return to treachery, discord, and persecution.

From Richmond we took stage to Norfolk. On the road I was teazed by the impertinent curiosity of a travelled son of Albion, who was extremely anxious to form an acquaintance with me, but finding I was not disposed to facilitate his views, he courageously attacked my bonnet, saying he presumed I came from the eastern states, "Why, sir," replied I, "do you suppose so?" "By the texture of your bonnet, madam." "You are mistaken sir, my bonnet's native place was Leghorn;" thus foiled he drew off, and I reached the City Point without further impertinence, twenty miles from Richmond, on James' River. As I stepped on the portico of the inn I perceived a gentleman whose features I instantly recollected as one of Dr. Hewson's students, and attended with him in his visits to the Philadelphia prison. Dreading he would recognize me, and thus gratify the inquisitive Englishman, I remained in my chamber till called to go on board the steamboat for Norfolk. After a pleasant passage we arrived there in good spirts. My companions set off in search of lodgings, with no other instruction from me, than to avoid the house of Lieut. Sanders, who had sailed with my father, and was once his favourite protege. They soon returned exult-

ing in their success, having procured elegant accommodations, to which I eagerly removed, but on my entrance recognized the widow of that gentleman, who had recently paid the debt of nature. This lady instantly knew me, and used every means in her power to induce my continuance in her house, promising the strictest secresy, and that I should have every comfort in her power to bestow, but as I observed my late fellow traveller, the impertinent son of Albion, sitting in one of the parlours, and as the house was also full of naval officers, to nearly all of whom I was personally known, consequently seclusion was impossible, a carriage was therefore instantly procured, and being frightened from the social haunts of men, I hastened to woods and wilds whose melancholy gloom, seemed my only hope for secresy and seclusion, we therefore drove rapidly twelve miles from Norfolk, to a wild, uncultivated, barren part of the country, called the great bridge; here I took up my quarters (while my companions returned to the city;) till disgusted with the dreary and uncomfortable situation, I resolved once more to return privately to Norfolk, where we remained three weeks; but not liking the place, and my increasing debility, inducing me to wish for an asylum near Philadelphia, I proposed going to New York; to this my companions objected as they wished to visit Charlestown, South Carolina. To my desire they at length consented, and engaged our passage on board a brig bound for that port; however rumour having prevailed through Norfolk that I had been there, and would probably pass through it again, the inhabitants were on the watch for my reappearance, eager to catch a glimpse of the heroine who had intimidated a commander-in-chief, and put him in bodily fear. On hearing the commotion I thus excited, (from my two companions, who visited all the public places of resort in Norfolk,) and not willing to become an object of curiosity, as I had been to *gossip Antis*, of Harrisburg memory, I determined to avoid the animadversions of a gazing multitude by going to the vessel secretly: for this purpose a boat was engaged to be at the wharf early in the morning to convey us on board the brig, which had fallen down the river, and had engaged to wait until we joined them. At day-dawn we went down to the wharf; our

baggage being heavy, was first put on board, I entered the little vessel, which, with the boatman, strongly reminded me of the fabled Charon in his crazy wherry on Styx, he being an old negro, and the boat more like a nutshell, than our strong well-built ones on the Delaware. I at first refused to enter it, or trust my life to winds and waves in so unsubstantial a conveyance; but my companions overruled every objection, by informing me there was not a better to be procured; necessity has no resource but compliance, and I, perforce, stepped on board. We had not proceeded far when a brisk gale filling the sails, the ignorant boatman ran us aground on a sand bank: here, finding our lives in danger, I sprang forward and loosed the sails, (while my companions were engaged in saving the baggage,) which otherwise would have upset the boat; and trusting wholly to the oars, we, after much exertion, difficulty and labour, succeeded in getting her off the bank; but this was only a prelude to further perils; the gale increased, and a storm was evidently approaching. The brig in which we had engaged our passage, had, we learned, taken advantage of a favourable wind, and sailed without us; we therefore saw no alternative but to make for Hampton Roads as it was impossible to return to Norfolk against wind and tide, before which we were then going: thus driven by contrary elements, we were then floating at their mercy, ignorant of our danger, when a ship bound for the West Indies, hailed us, and kindly informed us, it would be impossible for us to reach Hampton Roads in that crazy cockleshell, as there was a violent storm brewing; indeed every surrounding object bore testimony to the truth of their information. Overcome with alarm I sunk exhausted and helpless in the bottom of the boat; my imagination created a thousand distressing and terrifying objects; memory recalled my loved parents, little orphans, and once happy home, while I accused myself with venturing on the water on the Sabbath, a day I had ever been taught to respect. The vessels were throwing out their anchors for safety against the warring elements; the fishing smacks making for the land, which I vainly intreated our Charon to steer for; the size of the wherry prevented it, as the shoaly banks deterred anything but a canoe from attaining the shore. Thus sur-

rounded by every danger death seemed inevitable, an in the piercing shrieks of the sea-birds as they sought their nests, I fancied I only heard my funeral knell. In this horrible state of expected death, we again concluded to hoist our sail, and at all risks proceed for Hampton; but scarcely had it caught the passing winds when again we grounded on another bank far more dangerously situated than the former, when providence interfered in our behalf by sending a fishing smack so near that my waving handkerchief as a signal of distress, caught their eyes; they instantly hastened to our relief, and conducted us into a creek that bordered a plantation, the owner of which was fortunately then walking near the shore, and perceiving our distress, hastened to relieve us by putting off his canoe, into which I gladly leaped. The rain began to fall in torrents, and the lightning's flash was rapidly succeeded by the awful thunder's roar, yet our benevolent host persevered in rescuing us and our baggage from destruction at the hazard of his life, or health, and conducted us to his hospitable roof, where we were received by his lady, who, like a guardian angel, ministered to our necessities with a degree of urbanity that enhanced the obligation she conferred, yet oppressed not our spirits by appearing to think she did more than humanity demanded; thus convincing me that the hospitality of the Virginians, which I have ever heard celebrated, had not been exaggerated by fame. Here we remained two weeks, agreeably entertained by a diversity of amusements. Having recovered from the effects of our aquatic excursion, Henry W. concluded on going up to Norfolk to engage a passage for us, which he did. A vessel came to our island by appointment, threw out the signal agreed on, when we took leave of our generous preservers, and reached her in canoes paddled by their slaves; but finding her destination was not what we expected, (she being bound for Baltimore,) whither we did not wish to go —the disappointment was painful—we returned to the house, where we continued a few days, expecting the arrival of the other brig, till fatigued by her non-appearance, Henry again visited Norfolk, and was then successful, as we obtained a passage to New York, and were conducted on board by our friendly host and his

wife, who was one of the most agreeable women I ever knew. We parted with mutual regret, and wishes of again meeting at a future period; but our wish I fear, will never be realized in this life.

The passage was so stormy, disagreeable, and dangerous, that we were compelled to put into Cape May, where we continued till the fury of the storm subsided, when we again got under weigh, and at length made New York harbour. Being once more on *terra firma*, I firmly resolved never to venture on sea again. I took lodging in Liberty street, at Mrs. ———, at eight dollars per week, where I had elegant accommodations, but totally devoid of comfort. About three weeks after our arrival, I was informed by a friend of Henry W———s', that he was arrested, and committed to Bridewell, at the instigation of the cashier of the Philadelphia Bank, who was then in New York; and also for an assault and battery on Mr Allen a broker in Broadway. I hastily arranged my dress, and set off in search of a lawyer; the first office I applied to was Mr. Smith's in Vesey street. He being then absent, on a visit to Philadelphia, I was directed to Mr. Price, who I fortunately found at home; I introduced myself to him as the wife of Henry W———s, who, I said was a merchant from the southward, and falsely accused. Mr. Price fixing his penetrating eyes on me, emphatically said, "Madam, you had better tell *me* the whole truth at once, or I shall not know in what manner to proceed;" but warned by Jenning's treachery, I persevered in my assertions, and gave him a note to Henry, who he proposed visiting in Bridewell. From the prison he went directly to Mr. Smith's office, being anxious to discover from Mr. Fowler, the gentleman that had recommended me to him, who and what I was; but here he obtained no information. To him Mr. Price observed I was a woman of too superior an understanding to be legally connected with such men; and that he suspected I was not the wife of Henry W———s. Judging that I could so far intimidate M. Allen as to induce him to withdraw the action for assault and battery against Henry, I proceeded to that gentleman's house, where I so judiciously acted my part, that I effected my purpose to the satisfaction of all parties. There now

rested only one accusation against him, which Mr. Price, for a handsome fee, adjusted, and Henry W——s, was liberated after a detention of forty-eight hours. The next day he and Lewis left New York for Boston, and as I refused to accompany them, I was left alone in a strange city.

Being anxious to revisit my family, I determined on returning to Philadelphia, hoping to escape observation by remaining constantly in the house; and my residence there continuing unknown to my persecutors, I accordingly took the mail-coach, but had not gone above sixty miles from N. Y. when my usual ill-fortune attended me. A most violent storm of thunder and lightning arose—the rain fell in such torrents that the driver was obliged to take shelter in the stage to escape its drenching fury: through it we drove rapidly, though terrified by its devastation: trees were torn to atoms, and the flying branches whirling over our heads, threatened in their descent, to crush the coach to pieces. Such a storm had not been witnessed for many years. There was no passenger but myself. Thus cheerless and alone, we proceeded trembling for life and limb, till we stopped to take supper and change horses at the accustomed inn; —the two mails met at the same moment, and I perceived that it also contained but one solitary passenger, in whom I instantly recognized the sympathetic stranger whom I had met two years before on the same road, in my excursion to Burlington;—he expressed great pleasure in our thus accidentally meeting, and endeavoured to persuade me to return to New York, observing that the prejudice in Philadelphia against me was as violent as ever, consequently I was only running into danger by returning; but not easily intimidated, I determined to proceed on my journey. The conflict of nature seemed then congenial with the gloomy habit of my soul; I therefore withstood his intreaties, and entered the coach. Though warring winds and pelting storms thus crossed my way, I feared not, I cared not—home and its comforts cheered my imagination, and I panted to regain the abode of parental solicitude. The stage stopped at the post office, and left the mail—then conveyed me to my father's house, in Almond street; but I had not been one hour at home till my return was noised abroad: this so

terrified my mother that I determined on returning to New York, and taking my eldest son with me: we sat therefore conversing till three o'clock in the morning, when I once more quitted Philadelphia, and with the child, went on board the steam boat, intending to take the Bordentown line for that city, thinking I would be less liable to excite attention than on the road I had so recently passed. On going into the ladies cabin I lay down in one of the berths, drew the curtains, hoping to enjoy that repose I stood so much in need of; but I had not long tasted the sweets of solitude, nor scarcely closed my weary eyes, ere the babble of two witless women disturbed my feverish slumber by their entrance and impertinent conjectures of who I was that I thus secluded myself from society. One of these curious ladies was the wife of a grocer in Kensington, of the genuine Camptown breed and manners; ignorant as the tawdry finery with which she was profusely loaded; yet purse-proud, and wrapped in self consequence: the other was a New Yorker, and was literally to use a vulgar saying, an "old ewe dressed lamb fashion." These ladies were both attended by their husbands, plain men of business, whose ideas soared not beyond the art of making money. From the conversation of the women I was convinced no pleasure could result to me by joining them; I therefore remained incog. behind the curtain till the hour of breakfast, when my son came to me, terror-stricken, saying, "Oh! mamma, don't go to breakfast, for here is one of your most inveterate enemies on board, Mr. —— the plasterer." At this information I hastily arose, adjusted my dress, and to prove to my son I was not to be frightened at Mr. ——'s enmity, as well as to check a timidity that was almost peculiar to him, took my place at the breakfast-table; chance placed me alongside of this man of *mortar*, who instantly recognized me, and evinced his dislike to my vicinity in a variety of grotesque grimaces; fidgeting on his seat, moving his chair, and rendering his neighbour, a respectable merchant belonging to the city, extremely uncomfortable: at length, rising from the table without having tasted his breakfast, he whispered the secret of my name to the merchant, and then, like a hen seeking a nest in which to deposit her egg, he hastened on deck, where his cackle soon drew

round him a group of gaping auditors. Whether this was Mr. *Lath* and *Plaster's* first display of his oratorical powers or not, I cannot say, but certain it is, that he excited general attention for a few minutes; I meanwhile received from the polite merchant marked civility, helping me and my son to every thing on the table he thought would be agreeable. Thus comfortably seated with my boy on one side and a gentleman on the other, I enjoyed a luxurient meal, nor thought of my hungry enemy's hasty retreat, or its consequences, until I found the cabin full of curious people come to gaze and stare at me. Finding I was known, I determined to gratify the curiosity of the multitude by a public exhibition of my person, nor subject them to the pain of *peeping*, as I had Mr. Justice Fanestoch's family, I therefore walked to and fro on the deck for some time; several gentlemen, particularly two from Kentucky, joined me, and with them I entered into a pleasing rational conversation, till the sun becoming rather warm, and having convinced Mr. ———, how light an estimation I set on his gossiping, by taking no notice of him, I descended into the cabin: there my female fellow travellers eyed me askance; but not desiring to form an acquaintance with them, I kept a very respectful distance. At Bordentown we took the land stage to cross the State of New Jersey, that separates New York from Pennsylvania. Here my Kentucky friends informed me that the two ladies were preparing to exclude me from the back seat; (which is ever as the best, appropriated to females,) irritated by this affront, and attended by the friendly Kentuckians I entered the coach, and took the disputed place. At length the two ladies made their appearance, when the Yorker peremptorily desired me to leave the seat, to which I haughtily replied; "Upon my word madam, I cannot do that even to oblige *you*, until I take the water carriage,—I am too well accustomed to travelling and assured of my priority of right, to give my place to any one." The ladies returned to the inn, passionately declaring they would not proceed unless accommodated to their wishes. The inn-keeper after examining the way bill, informed them my name was the first entered on the book, and that he could not nor would not dispute my right; therefore they must take another seat, or re-

main, as they chose. Finding there was no remedy, they made a virtue of necessity, and quietly seated themselves. Our journey, so inauspicious in the commencement, was very pleasant, and before we reached New York the fine ladies seemed disposed to be on friendly terms with me; but I declined their advances, and was so reserved they relinquished them in dispair. On my arrival in New York I accidentally met Henry W——s' brother in the street who engaged board for us, in Brooklyn, opposite that city, on Long Island, passing for my brother. My son continued with me two weeks, when I sent him home to his grandmother. Here I remained till Henry W———s' return from Boston, when Frank resigning me to his protection, we all removed to the city, where we took boarding in a very respectable family from Staten Island, who treated me with unremitting kindness; even when accident revealed to them my real name, and present unhappy situation, they commiserated my afflictions, and preserved a delicate silence upon the knowledge they had obtained, till one evening being at the representation of "Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage," my evident distress awakened the sympathy of the youngest daughter, who on retiring with me to my chamber, disclosed her knowledge of my unfortunate affairs, and that the whole family had been acquainted with them for the last four months. Here I remained till my exhausted funds aroused me from the stupor of indolence: the violence my feelings had endured, depressed my spirits; but relieved from present apprehension, exertion became painful to me: yet when I viewed my sinking fund daily wasting away, and no plan for replenishing it appearing practicable, (as I could only do business on a capital, or plain sewing, neither of which I was now able to command,) poverty with her haggard visage and emaciated figure, began to haunt my fancy and torture my mind. Thus harrassed by the phantoms of imagination. I became uneasy, and my home, lately so delightful, disgusting. Tormented by the terror of approaching want, I fled from solitude to the busy haunts of men, where the ever-varying scene kept my mind on the alert, and banished the sombre visions that pursued me in the retirement of my chamber. This was the first time I had ever felt the want of money without knowing

where to obtain a supply. I dreaded applying to my parents, they having my children to support, and a large family of their own depending on my father's income; therefore to draw again on them seemed impossible; to seek employment in a strange city I could not even attempt, and to complete my difficulties, both my friends were absent, having sometime before left me for the southward, as the eastern states did not afford them a prolific harvest.

In this dilemma, as I was one day walking down Broadway a gentleman from Philadelphia, a particular friend of my family, accosted me by name, gave me the compliments of the morning, inquired after my health, and entered into a lively conversation that for a time beguiled dull care of his victim, cheered my fainting spirits and recalled home with all its comforts to memory. Mr. N——n escorted me home, waited on me in the evening, when he was introduced to the family, where he became a constant visitor. He soon gathered from me the state of my affairs, and my reasons for continuing in New York, offering to bail me if I would return to Philadelphia and reunite with my family. This was a kindness not to be refused, yet ere I accepted his offer I consulted my friends, Mr. and Mrs. G. and also their sister Mrs. D. with whom I resided; they advised my acceptance of it, not from pecuniary motives, as Mrs. D. being a very fashionable mantua-maker, offered me work sufficient to defray my expenses, and to continue with them as long as agreeable to myself. But rightly judging a return to Philadelphia would be proper under the present favourable auspices, they gave it as their opinion that I had best accept Mr. N——n's proposals, and if not happy in Philadelphia, return to New York and them again. Here was philanthropy pure and unsophisticated by the ostentation that marks it in this city of brotherly love; thus guided and advised, I gratefully accepted Mr. N——n's friendship, took a tender farewell of my hosts, and attended by him and Mr. J——s, his particular friend, reached my father's residence in safety. Here I found my children genteelly clothed, and pursuing their studies at a respectable seminary of the city. To defray their expenses my mother had sold all my plate, china, and superfluous furniture, and a variety

of valuable trifles. Pleased to find the boys had not been a burthen on my parents, I cheerfully acquiesced in her proceedings, and smiled at the sacrifice of my property, but was exceedingly exasperated when I learnt from my mother that Joe Hutton had, in my absence, clandestinely purloined maps, books, and valuable charts belonging too Capt. C. and also elegant cut glass, to a considerable amount, from me, thus robbing my orphan children, and injuring a woman who had ever been a sincere friend to him and his family, and who had frequently loaned him and them large sums of money to extricate them from difficulties, in which they were frequently involved.

Detesting the gossiping neighbourhood of Almond street, I prevailed on my parents to remove from it and Southwark entirely. A house was rented in Seventh street, opposite the hospitals vacant lot, where we resided one year. Here in the bosom of domestic life, I enjoyed a few months tranquillity, occasionally hearing from Henry W———s and Lewis, who were then in the southern states, and found a plentiful harvest among the rich planters, where they had made thousands of dollars, which the gaming table absorbed as fast as they purloined it; thus circulating instead of accumulating the fruits of his outlawry, for which he had bartered peace of mind, reputation, and a quiet conscience, risked man's dearest privilege, and lifes first blessing, *liberty*, by this nefarious trade, without any advantage whatever to himself. The first storm that disturbed my present calm was a letter from him, who was then imprisoned in Savanna, state of Georgia. In it he said the proofs were so strong against him, and the facts so clear that conviction was almost certain, on which he would be removed to Milledgeville penitentiary, there to expiate his crimes by hard labor, meager diet, and entire seclusion, united to the horrors of an unhealthy climate, and total want of money, that being in the scale of justice, whose sword he feared, would exclude him forever from repossessing it. Distressed by his forlorn situation, and impelled by gratitude, I resolved once more to attempt his liberation from these impending miseries. For this purpose I addressed a letter to his lawyer, another to the judge, and one to each of the evidences, who he

informed me were mechanics from the southward. In these I called him my husband, and a father; painted our distress in such an affecting light, that the kind hearted evidences eloped before the day of trial. The judge was indulgent, and the lawyers' humanity alert, therefore Henry W———s was dischaged.

During my residence in Seventh-street, one of the family was taken so dangerously ill that the attendance of a physician was requisite, and a young doctor being called, whose name I forbear to mention, from motives of delicacy, and respect for his family. He attended his patient with unremitting attention till perfectly recovered, yet his visits continued, and his attentions to me became so pointed that I could no longer misconstrue their nature. Again had the mischievous urchin been busy with his darts, and doctor G. was soon a declared lover, and a candidate for my hand. Yet highly as I esteemed his various excellencies, I really was not disposed to yield my liberty to his desires, though honourable, eligible, and flattering; but the fact was I dreaded matrimony as the grave of love, happiness, and peace, for such it had proven to me. Thus prejudiced, doctor G. plead in vain, I esteemed, nay partially loved him, for his many virtues, and pure unsophisticated mind, but not sufficient to subdue my abhorrence to the matrimonial fetters, and induce me to give him my hand, besides he being several years my junior, a descendent of a Quaker family on whose influence and patronage he was in a degree dependent. I was fully conscious of the prejudices prevailing against me, as also aware of the chain of connexions I had formed among the outlaws of the United States, (but with that he was then unacquainted) which I was sensible had depreciated me in the estimation of the public, although I had partially exonerated myself from their society, having no intercourse with any of them but Henry W——s and Lewis. These reasons combining with my fears and feelings, strengthened my resolution, and I persevered in my refusal to involve him in my unfortunate fate, as I dreaded his ruin would be inevitable, and his life in danger from Henry W——s, who swore to shoot any man I married but himself, should an irrevocable union bind us together without the consent or approbation of his family, which we

were hopeless of gaining. But impelled by a sincere and ardent affection he continued his visits, gradually became acquainted with a few of the outlaws that had lately arrived for from the southward, as they transiently called on me, among whom was Henry W——s. I even informed the doctor of their several occupations, and my connexion with them, yet for eight months he continually resisted, induced by a youthful and imprudent passion, all opposition, generously extenuating my faults, and persevered in contending for my hand, as he said with *outlaws* and *robbers*. Several eligible proposals were made him by his friends to settle in Pennsylvania or New Jersey, which he invariably refused, declaring to me he never would remove to any situation, however advantageous, where I could not accompany him and claim that respect and attention due to his wife. For this purpose he evaded their proposals, and sailed for one of the southern states, to combat with a disagreeable and extremely unhealthy climate, depending on my promises of following him on his obtaining a permanent residence, and corresponding regularly during our separation. Thus, from false motives of delicacy and a weak fear increased by the remembrance of the past, I resigned a man to whose virtues, talents, and excellencies my pen, nay, language is inadequate to do justice. He was indeed, so perfect and sincere, "I ne'er shall look upon his like again."

> "But peace to thy heart, though another's it be
> Health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me."

During Doctor G's. visits to me, my health became delicate, and he, judging the damp air of the opposite vacant ground was injurious, combined with the large grape vines that covered our garden, advised my removal to a more open and salubrious situation. I complied with his opinion, and changed our residence to Eleventh street, where, after continuing some time, my parents left me, and I took the establishment on myself, they removing to Locust street.

About this time, Henry W——s returned from New York, but had been in Philadelphia only three days when his ancient enemy, John Hart, whose inveteracy no time

could ameliorate, arrested him in my house, on a charge of having passed two fifty dollar counterfeit notes; he was therefore committed to the county prison for trial, from whence my exertions released him by a writ of *habeas corpus*, and proper security being given before the judge; but no sooner was he at liberty than, like an eagle darting on its prey, he seized him, e'er he quitted the court, on suspicion of his pistols being stolen from a person unknown, although I knew them as his property two years before; they had been in his possession during that period, and were the same with which Mrs. C—p—r and myself had resolutely determined to attack the surly son of Erin's garrison, on our route to Washington; but from delicacy Henry W——s forbore to call on me as a witness to prove the property. On Hart's deposition and oath that *he* believed them stolen, Henry W——s was remanded to prison, where he was taken with the typhus fever, under which he was struggling when I procured security for him to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. This was obtained at my instigation by *Mary Foster*, a smart female, who, for her activity in such cases, is denominated the Southwark state's attorney. From prison he was removed to my house, where I attended him till restored to health, when he departed for the southward. The pistols were never advertised, as the law requires, to my knowledge, or claimed by any person, but rests, so says the female *state's attorney*, in the undisturbed possession of some of the officers of the laws; if not, we may infer that Mrs. Hart is fully prepared for personal defence, should her garrison be assaulted by a midnight marauder, as Capt. Carson's and Henry W——s' pistols will never miss fire, and his must be with Capt. Carson's in her possession. Being, by my confederate's departure, relieved from the arduous task of attending on him through a severe mental and bodily indisposition, I devoted myself to various female employments in fancy work, which was disposed of in several shops and the neighboring cities. My friend, Mr. N——n, continued his visits and protection to me from our first meeting in New York; he was my sole stay and support, and so steady was his friendship, that it extended to all my children, whom he clothed, educated, and ever treated as an indulgent father.

On my return from that city, e'er I had scarce inhaled my native air, the commonwealth again evinced its ancient animosity by seizing the property in Third street, and advertizing it for sale by the sheriff. This had been conveyed to my bail, previous to my leaving Philadelphia to avoid a prosecution for bigamy, but remained unnoticed till my return. Being apprised of this, and pained at seeing it thus about to be sacrificed, I addressed a letter to William Findlay, Esq. then Governor of Pennsylvania, offering to relinquish my claim in favour of my children, and come forward to trial, provided he would remit the recognizances my bail had forfeited; and, unlike his predecessor, Simon, he, with a philanthropy that does honour to his humanity, spared the orphan's property. Accordingly I entered security before chief justice Tilghman for my appearance at the ensuing court, where I attended, but the state's attorney not being prepared for trial, the cause was adjourned. Thus passed two courts, and I still stand bound by honour to meet the decision, so the world may now judge by what a precarious thread my liberty is suspended.

On Mr. N——n's appointment of guardian to my children, he forbore, from delicacy, to take the proper steps to legalise his appointment. But that the reader may perfectly comprehend the unjust measures practised towards these defenceless orphans, which has reduced their portion of Mrs. Febiger's estate to an apparently inconsiderable sum to what it might have been in the hands of disinterested trustees, I will state to you their proceedings:—C—— C—— F——, who being the eldest heir in this country, became administrator to the estate, but from what motive, or by whom chosen, I know not. W—— F—— was associated with him in the administratorship, the duties of which C—— C—— F—— fulfilled till he settled all pecuniary affairs, when as the sale of the real estate was all that remained unfinished, he resigned, and Mr. F——, who was debtor to the estate in a bond of fifteen hundred dollars, proceeded alone, instead of C—— C—— F—— choosing a substitute, as the law requires. The estate was sold in the dull season of winter, at a very low price, to C—— C—— F——. the orphans being powerless to oppose

these measures. Mr. F—— having, it is probable, acted perfectly in conformity with C——'s *views*, he relinquished to him two thousand dollars, being all the per centage for their united services. A knowledge of these transactions at length reached my ear, when, impelled by paternal affection, I threw a caveat in the office to prevent Mr. F——'s filing his accounts, otherwise he would have been exonerated. Counselled by Thomas Armstrong, Esq. an application was made to the Orphans' Court, who appointed auditors to investigate the proceedings of the administrators. They had frequent meetings, but no advantage accrued to my children, in defiance of Thomas Armstrong, Esq'rs exertions, whose friendly desire to serve them was counteracted by the specious cunning of T—— B—— jun. Esq., counsel for W—— F——. It appeared, on inspection of the accounts, that C—— C—— F—— had charged the estate with a number of articles, too tedious to mention. Among these was the mourning provided for himself and his sister, Mrs. S—— L——, which was very expensive, particularly one shawl, price *fifty* dollars; but these demands were not permitted to pass, the auditors considering every person ought to pay for their own clothes. Mrs. Febiger, on Captain Carson's death, requested my permission to provide his coffin, dead clothes, &c. which she did agreeable to her own wishes. These were charged for out of the portion of the property that devolved to his children, and I permitted to pass. It is unnecessary for me to say what were my feelings when I beheld the right of Mrs. Febiger to dispose of her large income questioned, after her death, by this unnatural and parsimonious executor. Even now I am astonished how he presumed to counteract a transaction which it was the will of the tender protectress of his infancy to perform for her deceased nephew.

T—— B——, sen., Mr. F's father-in-law, being security to the court for the proceeds of the estate, Mr. N——n rested satisfied with educating and supporting the children for some time, till my eldest son designing to go to the southward with my brother, he called on Mr. F—— for money to equip him for the voyage, as also on his associate, C—— C—— F——; but these gentlemen refused to pay one dollar to the boy, alleging

that proper security was not entered. Mr. N——n was therefore generous enough to advance his own money for the lad, whom he clothed suitable to the standing of the family, (and the situation he now fills in a respectable counting house) rather than an orphan depending on his bounty. Here was an instance of —— ———'s friendship for Capt. Carson, and C's fraternal affection, thus to subject his brother's children to the humanity of a stranger, while they, on a frivolous pretence, withheld what was justly their due.

Rumour, ever busy with my name, about this period began to circulate a report that Mr. N——n's friendship for me was of an interested nature, which coming to ———'s ear, progressed to that of my ancient enemy's, judge —— who, I understood, was predetermined not to confirm his appointment. Thus the affair rested until after his decease, when, Mr. Hallowell succeeding, application was made to him to confirm Mr. N——n's guardianship, which that gentleman (generously overlooking the popular prejudice against me) politely acceded to, but which Mr. N——n declined, from motives of delicacy, and another was appointed by the court in his place, who has continued the lawsuit against the administrators and their securities; but the business still remains unsettled, and my children dependent on their guardian for even the means of existence, their education being totally neglected in consequence of Mr. —— not meeting the demands made upon him.

Mr. N———n continued his protection to me and my children, till my friendship for C. A., a friend and companion of Lieut. Richard Smyth, (while in the army,) who frequently visited me, gave him umbrage. This young man's acquaintance with me commenced during my excursion to the southern states. His highly cultivated mind, superior talents, and polished manners, commanded my respect; and he insensibly gained a warmer interest in my heart, than any other of his sex had done since Lieut. Smyth's death; but he being partially initiated with the band of outlaws, my family uniformly disapproved of our evident partiality to each other that rather chilled my attachment; yet when in Philadelphia, he generally visited at my house as a favourite. He was Henry W-——s' friend, and had been,

as I have before said, Richard's companion in arms, and his visitor in the hour of death. Even to the cell that secluded him from every eye, had Charles found the way, and soothed by sympathy his lonely hours. This seemed a bond of unity between us, that formed a chord too strong to be dissolved by the united efforts of Mr. N——n, Henry W——s, or Dr. G. He was of a respectable family in one of the middle states—his parents educated and supported him in ease and elegance, but neglected to give him a knowledge of any useful employment, by which to earn a genteel living. When at maturity he was an excellent reader, complete master of his pen, and wrote elegantly on various subjects: but these were rather ornamental than useful to him: however at the commencement of the war, his family obtained a lieutenancy for him in the army, where he served with honour to himself, and satisfaction to his superior officers. But peace on her halcyon wings brought only pain to Charles, who was on the list of disbanded officers at the termination of the war. What steps now to pursue for a living he knew not; his patrimony was exhausted: he had no resource but to return to his family, (which his proud soul scorned,) or seek a living as many others do, by their wits. In this dilemma, accident introduced him to the acquaintance of those delectable persons denominated outlaws or venders of spurious money: among whom he found a variety of his former companions in arms, and some congenial souls: urged by them, and compelled by necessity, he occasionally engaged in the circulation of counterfeit money, but never in any depredation on the property of others. He had been for several years suspected of being a member of the fraternity, before I became acquainted with him, and long a suspicious character. On our introduction to each other, that sympathy of heart and congeniality of mind that had impelled his friendship for Richard, seemed in an instant to unite us to each other in the bonds of friendship, which nineteen months of sufferings, imprisonment, and sad reverse of fortune has not obliterated or ever will. For a long time he only visited me occasionally, as his business would permit—he being then a bird of passage—seldom stationary for any time. My first effort in Charles' favour, was on his being arrested

in Baltimore, in company with Henry W——s, and committed to prison. I was then on an excurson to Chambersburg, one hundred and sixty miles distant from Philadelphia, when the intelligence reached my ear. Actuated by friendship for both, I instantly set off for that city, where by stratagem, I obtained admittance to the prison. Although fully convinced they were guiltless of the charge alleged against them, yet my efforts for their liberation proved ineffectual, and they remained there six months loaded with fetters. During this lapse of time Mrs. C—p—r, who had removed to the state of Ohio with her family, being illtreated by her husband, quitted him, taking her child, the interesting Adeline, with her on horseback. This intrepid woman had travelled with her infant daughter, till her funds were exhausted, when she sold her horse for seventy dollars, and with the proceeds reached Philadelphia, destitute of money and clothes. I received her with open arms, and a sincere heart; my home was her's—my wardrobe was at her command. With me she resided some time. Accompanied by her I again went to Baltimore, having learned that a convict by the name of Green, intended coming against Charles and Henry: however, provided with proper documents to obviate this evidence, I set off to serve them, but was again unsuccessful. Security was not to be obtained at any price, and we were compelled to abandon them to the chance of a trial. After feeing counsel, and putting the documents in their hands, we returned home. Our efforts succeeded—on the trial they were acquitted.

But chance, and the vices of mankind, would have insured their release, had they been guilty, I being her humble instrument. The accident was amusing, a confirmation of the mask worn by the respectable administrators of justice. I was one evening walking with Mrs. C—p—r through Baltimore, when a gentleman addressed us, requesting I would permit him to converse privately with me. This I for some time refused, saying I had no secrets from my companion; but he pressed me so earnestly, that I complied. He was, as he informed me, well acquainted with my business in that place where, if I would consent to remain some time and receive his visits, he would procure the bill of indict-

ment against my two friends to be framed in such a manner that they should be acquitted. Where then was poor virtue, when the laws were thus become the panders of vice? We had extended our walk to Howard's woods, when, on my refusing to give him a formal answer, he rudely attempted to detain me against my will, unless I complied with his request. Exasperated at his declaring he would not conduct me to my residence, treacherous and ungentlemanly conduct, in thus drawing me from my friend to that lonesome place, I precipitately fled, and literally became a Daphne pursued by this judicial Apollo, whither I knew not, being almost a total stranger in the city. However, he soon overtook me, when, on my remonstrating against the barbarity of his behaviour, promising to consider of his proposal, and give him an answer on the following day, he conducted me home. I immediately informed ——, T——, Esq., my friends' counsel, of this offer who assured me he would take a proper advantage of it, and keep his honourable brother to his promise on pain of public exposition.

On Charles and Henry W——s' release from prison, they visited Philadelphia, where Henry W.—— s, remained a few weeks. and then departed for New York. But Charles, disgusted with rambling, became stationary, and boarded in my family, which then consisted of myself, children, and servant, nor did I ever take any boarders (as has been reported,) either male or female, except him, or one of his friends occasionally. He continued to reside at my house for eight or nine months; during this period, he neither attempted to pass spurious money, or pursue any illegal means of livelihood, nor in any way participate with the banditti in their schemes or depredations, but made his living entirely by his pen, in drawing bonds, deeds, and other legal writings, in which he had almost constant employment. Thus I lived happy and contented, nor dreamed of future ills.

Mrs. C—p—r had some time before quitted me, and gone to private lodgings. This woman, once so apparently chaste and upright, was really depraved in heart, which I soon discovered, and we parted mutually dissatisfied with each other. I have been informed that during my imprisonment, she engaged deeply in passing coun-

terfeit money, and has become a notorious *coniacer.* About the period when she must, I suppose, have commenced this line of business, I was arrested in High st. on a warrant issued by James Barker, Esq., then mayor of the city. On being conducted to that gentleman's office, I was ushered into a private room, where I continued some time, till at length, growing impatient, I opened the door and called Mr. Campbell, the high constable. He obeyed the summons, and on my expostulating with him on this mysterions arrest, he apologised, making some frivolous excuses, and informed me I was at liberty to depart when I pleased. I presume I must have been mistaken for some person that had committed a recent depredation, as I heard no more of the affair. And I now solemnly declare, that intentionally, I never passed a single spurious note, for I had no occasion to risk my liberty, as Mr. N——n supported me in every comfort, and too highly appreciated my safety to permit my being guilty of any crime to render me amenable to the law, which I stood in awe of, from the specimen I had of its lenity, and the humanity of its instruments. Moreover, I was frequently assailed with notes, letters, and offers the most liberal, from gentlemen of rank, family, and fortune, had I been disposed to change my situation, particularly one in Chesnut street. But I laughed at their offers, committed their epistles to the flames and forgot the writer's names, or my readers should have a list of them for their amusement. True I associated with a class of society which is too marked to wear a mask, therefore not respectable; but the reason was obvious. I had been the victim of misfortune, from whom *virtuous* persons fly as from contagion; I loved society, and therefore received those to my house, whose names, like my own, were tarnished by errors, nor sought for those that shunned me.

Susan Elliott, who I had not seen for a long time, visited me, and disclosed her present unfortunate and embarrassed situation. She had been at house-keeping for some time, supported by one of the banditti, J. W——t, who had left her in distress, with one quarters' rent unpaid, for which she expected her goods would have been seized by her landlord, Mr. Carles. Knowing the liberality of my disposition in pecuniary affairs, she applied

to me for assistance; but not having funds of my own to lend her, I proposed her removing to my house, and performing the household duties of it, as I then was without a servant, mine having gone on a visit to her friends in Bristol. This offer she accepted, and thus became a member of my family. About a month prior to the robbery of Mr. Mann, Charles had been some time dangerously ill; my faithful black servant married, and settled in a house of her own, and the principle part of the outlaws with whom I was acquainted dispersed throughout the states. Thus occupied in domestic duties and living retired from the world, she became more like a friend and companion than what she really was, an object of humanity. She assisted me in attending on Charles in his illness, which confined him to the house many weeks, and incapacitated him from any exertion to earn a subsistence. Thus I became involved in pecuniary difficulties, from which his anxiety to relieve me induced him to unite with the party that robbed Mr. Mann's house. Mr. N———n being absent in Baltimore, I had no resource but my own labour. These combining circumstances rendered me uneasy, but this I endeavoured to conceal from Charles, as he was then convalescent, and I dreaded retarding his recovery. We were one day sitting in the parlour, I at work, he reclining on the sofa, when Dr. Loring called on pecuniary business, and instantly recognised Charles as a former acquaintance, they having served in the army together. The meeting appeared to yield mutual satisfaction; they conversed some time on days and dangers long past, till the doctor took his leave, promising to repeat his visit. This he did so frequently, that they at length excited my wonder, and I became uneasy; particularly on observing Charles unusually depressed, and evidently agitated in mind, after his departure. Anxious for his peace, and the re-establishment of his health, which I fancied the doctor's visits did not promote, I expressed my apprehension of some unpleasant consequences resulting from them. He evaded these inquiries, and soothed my fears; but when I saw several suspicious looking men introduced, to whom I was a perfect stranger. and also, that their conferences had an air of mystery, ever being held when I was absent, or engaged in domestic avocations with Su-

san, again I remonstrated on the impropriety of these secret meetings, from which I augered no good could result; but Charles peevishly observed, no evil would arise from any business Dr. Loring was engaged in, and that they were united by bonds which I could not properly appreciate. At this absurd idea I laughed, not very highly estimating the masonic brotherhood, nor their secret bonds of fraternity. The doctor continued his visits, partly in his professional line, and on the score of friendship; yet there was an air of ambiguity that alarmed me. Charles had been several times arrested and imprisoned on the charge of having passed spurious money, but, he being innocent, my efforts effected his release. Fully aware that the circulation of this money was not confined to the *cloth*, but had become an article of traffic among unblemished characters, I trembled lest the doctor's influence might involve him in that dangerous pursuit.

These frequent attempts to deprive him of his liberty rendered me timid for myself and him, whose safety I appreciated equally, if not greater than my own. Circumstances continued to transpire disagreeable to me for some days, when Charles undertook to do some writing for the doctor, the purport of which I was ignorant of. This induced me to entertain a better opinion of him, as I had never seen or known any written contracts among them; the banditti with whom I had been acquainted, generally placing the most implicit confidence in each other, and I forbore further remonstrance, this negotiation commenced about the beginning of September, 1820, and continued until the latter end of the month. At length the fatal thirtieth of September arrived, a day replete with horrors almost equal to the memorable twentieth of January, 1816. On that evening Charles was absent till 6 o'clock, when he returned, apparently deeply depressed in spirits, threw himself on the sofa, and burst into tears. Terrified at his manner, I approached him and endeavoured to lull his griefs to peace by the tenderest endearments, when he exclaimed, "Oh, Ann I am indeed a ruined man;" but the "storm of despair" soon passed over, he brushed away the falling tear, and upbraided himself for want of courage, and feminine weakness, in thus giving way to the impulse of his feel-

ings. I, judging he was merely fatigued by his walk, or by some unpleasant occurrence abroad, inquired no further, imagining by the expression he referred to his exhausted health and wasted spirits, both having suffered by his late pecuniary embarrassments. We drank tea, and chatted a short time, when he again went out; before he left us he tenderly embraced my youngest child and evinced such strong marks of agitation, that my fears were excited for his safety. The evening passed slowly on till ten o'clock, when he was still absent; this was unusual, as he never was out late, even when in perfect health. The dreary night rolled on; time seemed to move on leaden stilts, for still Charles came not; to sleep was impossible, and I walked my room with hurried and perturbed steps, painfully watching the rising dawn, when I set off in pursuit of him, taking his pointer dog with me as a protector. Being acquainted with but few of his friends, I knew not whither to direct my steps; however, I went to Mr. B. J——n's, where I knew he visited, and aroused him from sleep. Mr. B. J——n directed me to a house about a mile and a half distant from town, the residence of Solomon Price, assuring me he had not seen Charles since Saturday afternoon, but it was probable he was there; I set off, but was soon convinced his strength would not have permitted his going so far from home at the time of night he left it, and I returned to Mr. J——n's, who then directed me to Mr. Stoops', at the corner of South and Fourth streets; thither I hastened, knocked up Mr. Stoops, who assured me Charles was well and safe, and would perhaps be at home before me. Relieved from apprehension, I returned as expeditiously as possible, but was extremely disappointed at not seeing him. It was the Sabbath, and not choosing to go out again, I waited patiently his return, lost in a maze of conjecture of what could thus detain him. On that day, soon after dinner, a note was left at the house from Charles, requesting me to meet him at an appointed place, and as the situation was solitary, desired that Susan should accompany me; with this I complied; we met, and he paid me seventy dollars in notes, for his arrearages in board. I inquired where he had obtained this money so expeditiously? He petulently replied, "that is not your business. Offended at this an-

swer, I behaved very cool, knowing he was right, as it was no concern of mine how he procured the means to discharge his debts.

As the evening was fine we walked on till we reached the Centre square, when Charles told Mr. Price who had accompanied him, to escort us a short distance, as he had some business to transact with a person who he expected would meet him there. Accordingly we left him and returned to the Centre-square, agreeable to his wishes, where I found him in company with two men, whom I learned were J. Mitchel and P. Russell. Charles requested me to go to Mr. Stoops and inform him he wished to see him immediately. This I refused, as it was a public house, and Susan voluntarily became his messenger; I accompanied her, waiting opposite the house while she informed him of Charles' request. Mr. Stoops soon joined us, and we proceeded to Joe Mitchell's residence, whose wife Susan had promised to conduct to her husband. Thither Mrs. Stoops guided us, as we were total strangers to the whole party. On inquiring for Mrs. Mitchell we were informed by one of the neighbours that she was apprehended as an accomplice in a robbery committed in Southwark. Alarmed at this intelligence I hastened to Charles, to whom, in hurried accents, I related all that I had heard, intreating him to return home instantly and leave the persons he was with; and, as I, affrighted, hastened on, he caught me by the arm, intreatmanner would alarm the citizens.—After conversing ing me for God's sake to calm my apprehensions or my some time privately with the men he joined us, and we proceeded on our way towards home, when Charles informed me he would be absent that night, and quitted us, in company with Mr. Price. We retired early, but had not been long in bed when a loud knocking aroused me from my pillow; I looked out of the window and seen several men standing at the door; I inquired their business. They demanded admittance, which I refused, saying, there was only females in the house, therefore I would not open the door. A voice then civilly requested me to admit them, as he had a communication to make, adding he was Mr. Freytag, one of the Southwark magistrates. Curious to know what he could have to say, I dressed myself and opened the door, when the *good* 'squire and

a posse of constables entered. I requested them to be seated, but Mr. 'Squire said he wished to search the house, to which I cheerfully assented. He having examined every place strictly, went into my chamber, carefully closing the door, and informed me a most daring robbery had been committed on Mr. Mann, in Southwark, adding, that one of the robbers was taken, and had turned state's evidence, mentioned Dr. Loring, *alias*, Mr. Wilson, as informer, and proceeded to call over the name of every individual as I have given them to you, among whom he named Charles A.; adding, if I would give any information I should receive a liberal reward for it. I warmly asserted Charles' innocence, and promised to oblige him, if possible, should any thing come under my observation. He then observed he was in a very dangerous situation with a pretty woman in her bed-chamber, to which I coolly replied, that a magistrate's integrity in the execution of his duty could certainly be in no danger any place. On descending the stairs 'squire Freytag abruptly stopped, and in a tone peculiar to himself, said, "Now, Mrs. Carson, I know the nature of woman so well that I feel assured, for all the money in Mr. Mann's house, you would not inform on Charles." I satirically replied, that from his character, I did not question *his perfect knowledge of the female sex.* We then returned to the parlour, and the posse departed, when I retired to bed to reflect on the information I had received, which I knew not how to credit, nor yet disbelieve. On Monday one of Charles' friends again brought me a note; in it he requested another interview that evening. Accordingly, attended by Susan, I went to the place appointed, where not finding him, we walked to the Centre-square; here he joined us, in company with Mr. Price, and conversed on the events of the preceding night. I repeated Mr. Freytag's information, and Dr. Loring's treachery, which he warmly execrated, but denied all knowledge of the affair, laughed at Mr. Freytag, saying he was like a *meddling old woman*, but concluded by observing that he would leave Philadelphia to avoid the harpies of the law (as he had been twice imprisoned merely on suspicion) till the storm dispersed, directed me where to send his clothes, and we parted, nor did I see him again for two weeks. During this time I

heard no more of the robbery, except through the medium of the daily papers, which teemed with the affair.

At the expiration of this time Charles wrote requesting me to meet him at a short distance from the city, with which I complied, and as usual took Susan with me. We had proceeded but a short distance, when a slight shower began to fall, which gradually increased to a heavy rain; yet we went on till we met Charles and his companion, Price, who in consequence of the rain, and being five miles distant from their retreat, returned home with us.

The next day he was feverish and low in spirit, and as the rain continued to pour down in torrents, I prevailed on him to continue with me. About ten o'clock we were alarmed by a loud knocking at the door, when on opening the window, to my astonishment and horror I beheld Mr. M'Clean, attended by two men, who from their appearance I judged were myrmidoms of the law. For a moment my courage failed me, and I yielded to the impulse of despair. My imagination pourtrayed Charles the inhabitant of a dreary prison—the victim of his own folly—persecuted and condemned to years of misery and labour, but from which a moments effort of courage and exertion on his part, might preserve him. Thus impelled, my first impulse was to contrive some means for his escape, which being done, with an assumed calmness, foreign to the feelings of my heart I opened the door, and the officers of the law entered. On inquiring their business, they produced a warrant to search my house for the money Mr. Mann had lost. Accordingly I proceeded with them to the cellar, flattering myself that while they were engaged there, he would effect his escape, but Providence had decreed it otherwise, and he was taken prisoner. Having made sure of their prey the search after the money was discontinued, these vultures being satisfied with securing to themselves the promised reward for the apprehension of his person.—Charles' extreme ill health obliged them to procure a coach for his accommodation, and I, anxious for his comfort, and fearful some advantage would be taken of him, rashly stepped into the carriage; no thought of danger for myself entered my mind, and thus fearlessly rushed into the greatest extremity I ever encountered.

On our entrance into Mr. Renshaw's office, Joseph Mitchell, one of the robbers was brought forward to confront us, he having also become an informer to purchase his wife's liberty (who has since generously rewarded his treachery by choosing another mate from among his brother *convicts*, assigning as a plea for her infidelity her first husband, *Mr. Fitner*, being still living, and Joe having left a wife behind him in England. Thus you see the vilest criminals, and the most notorious *bigamy*, is suffered to go unpunished.) As this man had been privy to my first assignation with Charles after the robbery, he implicatad myself and Susan Elliott as accomplices in the action. Charles and me were, on his oath, committed to prison for a further hearing, and Susan arrested; but on her promising to become evidence against me, she was bailed by Peter Mierken, one of the board of inspectors of the penitentiary. Thus secured from imprisonment, she became my declared enemy and accuser. The fact was that Charles being a handsome, fascinating man, had attracted Susan's amourous fancy, as also that of my late friend Mrs. C—p—r, who resided with her, and excited her in malice against me; but both being foiled in their advances to him, which he ever met with coldness, their jealousy of me, and a desire of vengeance, instigated Susan to the inveteracy with which she gave her deposition on trial; for you know "There is no fury like a woman scorned" by the man to whom her passion has been exposed, and treated with contempt. We remained four days in the county prison, when we were again called out for a second hearing, and to our astonishment beheld Susan brought to swear against us, whose testimony was corroborated by that of Joseph Mitchel. Charles was finally committed, but as no criminal act was ascertained against me, I was exonerated from confinement on my word of honour being pledged to appear in ten days at the same office.

During my imprisonment I met, in this abode of horror, a decent, well informed woman, whose superior manners attracted my attention, and learning she was Mrs. Stoops, wife to one of the accomplices in the late robbery, therefore implicated in the same charge with me. Judging her case like my own, I fancied her innocent; the similarity of our situation soon brought on an intimacy between us that ultimately injured me.

Perhaps it will be necessary, for your entire satisfaction, to relate the facts preliminary to my late imprisonment and final disgrace. Joseph Mitchel and Mr. Mann were particular friends, recently emigrated to this country from England; therefore, the former was the daily visitor and confident of the latter, and possessed the knowledge of his having nine thousand Spanish dollars (headed in kegs) in his house, all his own property, which from distrust of our banks, he held in his own possession. This Joseph Mitchel communicated to Mr. Adam Stoops, who conceiving the plan of obtaining all, or a part of the money, possible, drew Mr. P. Russell and Price into their views; they laid the plan before Dr. Loring, which meeting his approbation, a scheme was devised to draw Mr. Mann from his own house, not wishing to commit personal violence on any body. This plan was thus affected:—Charles being induced by Dr. Loring to write a letter to Mr. Mann, as from an English gentleman, and his particular friend, stating, he had a legal claim on a large and valuable property in the state of Delaware, which he proposed resigning one half to Mr. Mann, provided he would become his agent, and recover the whole. Of these letters, Dr. Loring, *alias* Wilson, was to personate the bearer from England, but then residing in New York: from hence the letter was apparently to be sent, and Dr. Loring forged the postmark of that city at J. Mitchel's house. This letter was received, but prudently cautious, Mr. Mann, whose avarice was tempted by the bait thus artfully thrown out for him, dispatched his son, a lad, and J. Mitchel to ascertain the truth of the information; which to his astonishment he discovered to be in some measure correct, as such a property was recorded in the office, and they returned to report accordingly. The conspirators foiled, by Mr. Mann's sending a substitute, instead of going himself to New Castle, as they calculated, called a general meeting at Stoops' house, when their fertile invention soon devised another plan to draw him from home. Conscious that the old Englishman would lose his life before his money, which was his idol, a power of attorney was then drawn, and Dr. Loring as Mr. Wilson from New York, was introduced in person to Mr. Mann by J. Mitchel, to whom he delivered it, and in whose

house be was politely entertained, and became a daily visitor; this scheme succeeded, and Mr. Mann set off for Delaware. Having removed their principal adversary, the confederates persuaded Charles, who had no intention of being further concerned than doing the writing, to accompany them, and participate in the spoil, which he reluctantly did. One of them watched Mr. Mann jun. going out in the evening, when Dr. Loring knocked at the door, feigning the son's voice; the old lady admitted him without hesitation; the band rushed inn, secured her, and proceeded to search the house for the money, which, after some time, they discovered concealed in a clothe-press, in kegs containing one thousand dollars each. Designing to be paid for plundering, they carried out several kegs, but only got two off with them. An immediate alarm rising from the neighbours hearing an unusual noise in the house, which excited their attention, the banditti were forced to escape with the one-third of their proposed booty, which was carried of by Russel and Stoops, who secured nearly the whole for their own use, as, on division, Charles received only one hundred and sixty dollars, Price the same, J. Mitchel three hundred and twenty-five for his portion, which he *decently* interred that night in the field where the money was divided. The remaining three hundred and fifty-five dollars fell to Russll's share, with which he escaped to Boston, where he was apprehended and brought back to this city. Stoops, however, effected his retreat to Nova Scotia with the other keg, leaving his wife to suffer for his crimes.

Having now given you the particulars of the robbery, as I learned them in the course of the trial, and in part from Mrs. Stoops, I will proceed with my story. After Charles' final commitment to prison for trial, at the court of Oyer and Terminer, Mr. Renshaw invited me into his private office, where after drinking a glass of wine he proposed my forming an intimacy with Mrs. Stoops, by visiting her house, and extracting the knowledge she possessed of the retreat of her husband, who was still supposed to be in the city, concealed with some of his friends, and also of the route Russell had taken; observing, that on the detection of these two men, and the recovery of the money, every means in his and Mr. Mann's

power should be exerted in behalf of Charles. Exasperated at Russell and Stoops' treacherous conduct towards him, in defrauding him of the money for which he was about to suffer, I cheerfully complied with his request, and visited Mrs. Stoops, from whom I received part of the information I have given, but she artfully concealed her knowledge of the place Stoops had fled too. I, however, learned Russell's route, which enabled them to pursue him effectually. This I communicated to Messrs. Renshaw and Mann, and was still endeavouring to detect Stoops, when one very unpleasant evening, (October the twenty-third, 1820.) before the limited time elapsed that I was to appear at Mr. Renshaw's office, as I was sitting with my children at home, three officers abruptly entered the parlour and arrested me "charged on oath of Thomas Mann with conspiring and confederating together with Margaret Stoops, to defraud and impoverish him of his estate, as he had just cause to suspect and believe." At the office I met Mr. Mann; Mrs. Stoops was also a prisoner, but assisted by the advice of Edward King, Esq. her counsel. On hearing the new charge against me I remonstrated in vain, alleged its illegality, and pourtrayed the artifice Mr. Renshaw had adopted to draw me into my present situation (when he well knew I was a total stranger to Mrs. Stoops previous to my imprisonment on this charge, and it was with extreme reluctance that I consented ever to visit her house. Had Mr. Renshaw been a stranger to me prior to my arrest, I might have excused him; but such treachery from a man who had known me at a period of life when no obloquy was attached to my character, it was barbarous; especially as I had ever estimated him in a superior degree to any of his brother magistrates in Southwark, who are generally a set of ignoramuses risen from the lowest grades of society.) Romonstrances and intreaties for permission only to return home with my children, who had accompanied me, till I could procure bail in the sum of two thousand dollars, were vain, as Mr. Mann warmly opposed the indulgence Mr. Renshaw appeared to grant me. Thus without the prosecutor being compelled to prove the justice of his accusation against me, was the commitment made out, and my unfortunate self again conducted to prison. But Providence interfered in my

favour; a strange gentleman actuated by the purest humanity, took charge of the youngest child, while the elder went in search of security, which he obtained and in less than an hour after my imprisonment, I was again at liberty, restored to my home and weeping orphans by the kindness of a disinterested friend, towards whom the warmest gratitude still swells my heart, which it pants to evince, should circumstances ever permit me so to do. The security being given but for a few days, I again attended Mr. Renshaw's office, fully resolved on going to prison. From hence I could be removed by a writ of *habeas corpus* before one of the judges, where as the prosecutor could not substantiate his charge, I am confident I should have been acquitted; but on expressing my determination to this effect, Mr. Kittera, in conjunction with Mr. Renshaw, reduced the bail to five hundred dollars. This artifice completely entrapped me in their snares, as the fancied indulgence of reducing the bail prevented my realizing my intentions, and compelled me to stand a public trial. Feeling assured of an acquittal, which I wished should be as public as my persecutions, I left the office on giving my word to enter security the next day. Had any consciousness of guilt rested on me, I would then have escaped, and defeated the malice of my enemies; but, in compliance with my word, the requested security was given, and I trusted to the equity of our laws for exoneration.

But I will now return to the unfortunate Charles, who during this time remained in prison, as every effort to obtain bail proved abortive. To him I, in the first moments of despair, wrote the fatal note which Mr —— produced against me. This I would transcribe here but Mr. —— withholds the original under the petty pretence of its being mislaid; and therefore to show you upon what ambiguous testimony I was convicted, I will as far as memory serves relate it to my reader. In it I stated that Susan had been treacherous to all parties, even betraying her favoured admirer, Price, as far as her knowledge extended, and our late private interviews. I wishing to be concise, merely said, "*we are betrayed*," alluding to the friendship subsisting between him and myself. "*Susan has blown*," still refering to my subject;

then, to console him, I observed, "*though all the world forsake you, yet I never will whilst I live.*" But despondency predominating in my mind, I added, '*would to God this was the last night of my life,*' fancying the grave my only refuge from human prejudices and persecutions. These lines I was at a loss how to send; but Susan's ingenuity obviated the difficulty, by enclosing the note in a half pound of butter, which was going to him with other provisions which I daily supplied him with.

You will probably be surprised at Susan's being in my house after her recent conduct; but I assure you it was entirely accidental; she having found some means of supporting a house, had come to remove her furniture, when she suggested this expedient for conveying my communication to Charles, which I had written the night before. Whether or not she disclosed to the keepers of the county prison the secret contents of the butter, I cannot say, but she hastily left the house soon after the departure of the messenger with the fatal scroll, which the turnkey discovered in its *couvert:* so snug, he handed it to Mr. Dayton, head goaler, who transferred it to my old friend, the deputy state attorney, by whom, with all due consideration, it was introduced to the acquaintance of judge and jury.

On the inauspicious day of Charles' trial, I called at Mr. Z. Phillips' office, he being my counsel, who advised my going over to court, which I complied with, and, contrary to law, was made prisoner in the court, my security raised to two thousand dollars, and I was therefore conducted to the county prison. Was I the deep artful woman that prejudice pourtrays me, I would have removed my trial to a higher tribunal, and escaped my enemies inveteracy; but trusting the scales of Justice —I feared not her sword, and became its victim, as Mr. Sergeant united with his deputy in the enormous bail demanded of me, contrary to the state constitution, which expressly provides against heavy bail in all cases, its foundation being laid by the liberal William Penn, in conjunction with the elders of the society of quakers, whose philanthropy extended to the worst criminals, which I was not, being more sinned against than sinning.

My children being in an eligible situation at board,

and my house properly secured, I resigned myself to this, as I supposed, temporary confinement, with calm philosophy, and patiently waited the impending trial. The day at length arrived; all parties met in the court house, when the accused persons were arraigned together, the judges flattering themselves with making a short job of it, being determined to try us *al presto*, as a juggler performs his legerdemain pranks. Of the trio, then seated on the wool-sack, I must give you some idea, though I am conscious my colouring will be faint when contrasted with the original. The first and highest in my estimation whom I shall introduce to you, is judge Hallowell, a man of considerable talent, and regularly initiated at the bar, consequently a learned limb of the law, who is held in high estimation in Philadelphia; therefore, how he became guilty of such a *faux pas* as to attempt trying principals and accessaries together, I am at a loss to determine; but perhaps he was influenced by the associate judges, one of whom, judge Ferguson, is, as fame reports him, a determined woman-hater, being an *old bachelor;* and, as there were three of the (to him) obnoxious sex arraigned, probably he was anxious for an opportunity to vent his spleen on our devoted heads. The third one, judge Morton, being a hatter, accustomed to throw all the hats into the colouring kettle together, was disposed to treat us in the same *cavalier* manner, as the most expeditious mode of dispatching business. He is a man of a weak and superficial understanding, and perhaps not too sane in mind, as his mother was many years confined for lunacy by her husband. Now, as medical men all admit insanity to be hereditary, he may inherit his mother's complaint, and have been *non compos mentis* at the time of our trial,—but on this I cannot decide, certain it is they made an attempt to try us all in a bunch, (as Mr. King said) like a rope of onions, in defiance of *law*, *justice*, or *common sense*, which certainly requires the guilt of the principal performers to be substantiated before the supernumeraries can be introduced upon the stage. But this I suppose was overlooked by the ignorance of the associate judges, as we cannot reasonably suppose Mr. Morton studied the art and mystery of hat making and the laws of the country together, for I believe no master hatter would permit an

apprentice boy to lay a law book before him while at work at the planking kettle, or polishing hats. And if youth is the only season to acquire learning, I may venture to think his *honour* an unlearned judge, as not only his youth, but the meridian of life, was passed in toiling for bread. Nor was the education of childhood calculated to expand his mind, as his parents were poor people, unable to expend much on the education of their children, of whom they had several. Now these *able* coadjutors might have prevailed over judge Hallowell's superior knowledge, and as the majority turn the scale, he perhaps coincided his sense of justice and law to them, to preserve our republican system uncorrupted. But our lawyers, Z. Phillips, Edward King, and David P. Brown, Esqrs. were not so accommodating, they warmly, learnedly, and with spirit contended against the illegality of their proceedings; but finding it impossible to convince the inexorable judges that they were entering on an action contrary to law, they resorted to the only legal measure that remained for them to pursue in our favour, and advised us, by challenging, to exhaust the jury. This was done, the judges adjourned the court for one month, and we were remanded to prison, where we remained during that period. At length we were all separately tried and convicted, with the exception of J. Mitchell's wife, who received her liberty as the reward of her husband's perjury. Charles and P. Russell were condemned each to eight years confinement and hard labour; J. Mitchell seven, and Dr. Loring one year, for forging the New York post-mark. On my being arraigned, Susan Elliott, who I had sheltered in her every extremity, and carefully screened from public censure, (even her infamy) appeared in court as the only evidence against me, and her testimony, though unimportant in itself, united with the note I had written to the unfortunate Charles, sealed my doom, it appearing to the jury, when perverted by Mr. ——, as a secret acknowledgement of guilt. The sentence, "*we are betrayed,*" was the part he chose principally to make his learned animadversions on, as that, he said, was a direct confession of my being an accomplice in the robbery. Nor was he less severe on my assurances of fidelity to my ill-fated friend, which he called *base* and *infamous*; thus it might

appear to him, who perhaps never felt the sentiment of friendship, unless upon interested motives. My desponding aspiration for death, through a natural impulse of a spirit oppressed by evils which originated in prejudice and worldly persecution, he styled *impious;* observing, I wished to rush into the presence of my Creator with all my crimes upon my head. Yet where was the impiety of wishing to encounter the judgment of an Omnipotent and Omnipresent Creator, to whom all the secrets of our hearts are known, rather than a blind, ignorant, prejudiced world, whose laws I had unintentionally offended by not prosecuting for a divorce from captain Carson, previous to my marriage with Richard Smyth, and since, in terrifying Simon Snyder. Therefore, to the mercy of my God I was then more willing to trust than the *justice* of man, and the result of the trial proved I was utimately right, justice and mercy being the attributes of our Heavenly Father, while man prowls like the midnight wolf seeking for his prey. He, however, succeeded for once to influence the jury against me, and I was convicted for two years, as an accessary *after* the robbery was committed, for which I must return my humble thanks to Messrs. Freytag and Renshaw; the first for the information he gave me in his *nocturnal visit*, and the latter for employing me as a *secret* emissary in the detection of Russell, and also in visiting Mrs. Stoops' house, as I was a total stranger to the affair till involved in it by those gentlemen, and therefore my conviction was the result of being in *their bad company*, as I was the last person in the world to whom Charles would have divulged so mortifying a secret, he well knowing I held all depredations in the most sovereign contempt.

During the trial Messrs. Brown and King, counsel for Mrs. Stoops, displayed an interest in the cause that does them honour; both were eloquent and pathetic; every faculty was exerted in defence of their client, but their efforts failed, and she was convicted, as accessary before and after the fact, for the term of four years. My trial being the last, Z. Phillips, Esq. arose and addressed the court and jury in my defence; but laboring under indisposition he was very concise, merely stating that the testimony before them was of no importance, being only

calculated to prove *too* much friendship for that young man at the bar, (pointing to Charles,) which had led me into errors, but not criminality. He then asserted that the law did not admit of the accessary being tried until all the principals were convicted. This the learned judges doubted till he gave them occular demonstration, by producing the law-book, and presenting the act to their astonished view. In this it appeared that if A, B, and C, are confederates together in any crime, and any two of the principals escape, that the accessaries cannot be legally tried until the whole of the principals are taken and convicted; and on this plea, fully assured of its sufficiency, he rested; but the judges, in defiance of law, having convicted Margaret Stoops, were determined we should not endure the pangs of a separation, proceeded with my trial, although three of the robbers had escaped and I became an inhabitant of the penitentiary. Indeed the whole of this trial was conducted contrary to every principle of law or justice, the conspirators being indicted for burglary instead of grand larceny, burglary being a forcible entrance or house-breaking, which they had not committed, the door being voluntarily opened to them by Mrs. Mann. How Mr. Kittera happened to succeed in throwing this somerset over the law when he made out the bill of indictment, or why their counsel suffered it to pass, I cannot determine; but we were all sentenced to that effect; the punishment for grand larceny being only three years, extended to its utmost limits. The counsel for Mrs. Stoops and myself immediately moved for another trial, which the court granted, but both were, by an overt act of the judges, lodged in the penitentiary, where we remained eleven months.

I will now conclude with an account of my sufferings while I remained there, having gone over the persecutions I endured previous to this mock trial—the inconveniences I would have suffered, being partially alleviated while in the county prison by the attention of my mother, who supplied me with provisions, clothes, &c. —and enter on the horrors of the far-famed penitentiary of Philadelphia, to which, as a convict, I was for the first time conducted. On my entrance into this abode of vice, misery, and tyranny, my feelings were not so agonizing as on both former occasions, (when I had

merely been committed for trial) but infinitely more humiliating. We proceeded from the court, in sad procession, to the penitentiary in a body, namely Charles, Joseph Mitchell, P. Russell, Margaret Stoops, and your humble servant, escorted by the harpies of the law, who having presented their order, we were admitted into this inhospitable dome. During my previous confinement and trial I supported that dignity of character so peculiarly my own, but on advancing to take leave of Charles my heroism vanished, and

> The trembling tear then started to my eye,
> My quivering lip betrayed the struggling sigh;
> With anguished heart I pressed his clay cold hand,
> And scarce could pride my smothered grief command.

We turned different ways; I however walked into the women's hall, where the sight of fifty miserable wretches, of all colours and ages, spinning, clothed in the convict apparel, so shocked me that my fortitude evaporated, and mortified pride usurped its place; the idea that I too would make one of this delectable group so oppressed my heart that, had not a flood of tears relieved me, I really think it would at that instant have burst, and I been released from sublunary woes, but this passion soon subsided and a paroxysm of rage succeeded, which I vented on the women for thus abjectly submitting to their fate, then on poor Mr. Black, who I threatened to punish if he attempted to exercise any authority over me in my fallen state, while my depressed companion Mrs. Stoops, wept incessantly, and by this imbecility of mind became the next object of my contempt, as I upbraided her passionately in suffering "one tear drop to flow." Having vented my spleen on all around me, my rage impelled me next to attack the dress peculiar to this prison, which I vowed no power on earth should compel me to adopt. Thus, in scolding animate and inanimate objects, my passion exhausted itself; I then walked into the sick-room to reconnoiter its situation, and there took up my quarters during the day. The nurse received me with kindness, sympathised in my misfortunes and soothed my soul to something like harmony. The distress of its miserable inhabitants, when contrasted with my situation, ameliorated the bitterness of imprisonment. I was

blessed with the most perfect health and strength of body and mind; my residence was transient when compared with many there, who it appeared impossible would be released by any thing but the dart of death, while I could yet hope to breathe the air of liberty; this reflection soothed the stormy passion of despair, which fled before the calmness of reason.—Here the inspectors generously permitted me to remain for a few days, till I became partially reconciled to my novel situation, without offering me any employment. At length part of the dress was sent me, in which I was requested to equip myself; but this I firmly refused to comply with, still adhering to my first resolution. At length Peter Mierken came up to the sick-room to see me, and entered on a mild expostulation, which softened my heart, and a compromise was made. I took the detested garments, which I modelled to suit my taste; to these I added part of my own, by his indulgent permission, which upon the whole was well calculated to defend me from the damps of this dreary abode, as well as protect me from the inclemency of our ever-varying climate at that season. Figure to yourself my tall person arrayed in a striped linsey petticoat, and short gown of the same texture, all of a comfortable thickness, a pair of coarse woollen stockings, that seemed if they would bid defiance to tim ; add to these a pair of leather shoes and muslin cap, then you have my *tout ensemb e* before you—" Pray how do you like the picture?" Yet I assure you in this dress I looked like a bouncing country lass, such as Knickerbocker describes in his picture of New-York, and very quietly seated myself to work at making shirts of tow-linen, such as is used for waggon-covers and house-cloths, not even bleached. I continued at this employment a short time, when I had the *honour* of being appointed superintendent of the ladies' wardrobe, and selecting and repairing their clothes for them; but here I found ample room for industry, the clothes being in a state of extreme distress for want of patching, which the wearers did not understand, or were too lazy to perform, they being generally the lowest grades of society, scarce one removed from Hottentots; yet these I undertook to civilize and bring into some kind of order, but I was, alas! like Orpheus, endeavouring to humanize brutes, or worse than these,

the Thracian dames, who beat out his brains with his bow for endeavouring to harmonize their minds by his melody. Many of them hated me for the care I manifested for them, toiling all day to keep them decent and comfortable. In addition to this was added the inspection of from four to five hundred shirts weekly, from which the worst were to be selected to repair the others, also cutting out from twenty to forty new ones in the same period and marking all the women's separate garments in their full name with indelible ink; you will, perhaps, my dear friend, be surprised that I should undertake to perform such various duties in so short a time, but I must observe

> "That major-domo was I
> Of that great family,"

having several assistant females who worked under my direction. The principal of these were my unfortunate friend, Mrs. Stoops, and Louisa Wolfe, wife of the celebrated musician of that name, who was convicted for larceny;—to this uncommon exertion I was stimulated by Mr. Mierken having promised me that Charles' liberty should be the ultimate reward of my services to the institution in my appointed department, conditionally, that I gained the approbation of the inspectors. Thus excited, I laboured unremittingly for him and them.

As I have probably excited your curiosity, I will now give you some information of the general situation of the interior of this penitentiary, so celebrated for its *humanity*, and the *wisdom* manifested in its regulations. The part assigned for the use of the females is the west end, called the wing; this consists of two halls, and eight rooms opening into them, the lower one of which is appropriated to the use of the spinners. Here promiscuously, without distinction of age or colour, they pursue their daily avocations; and also, at one table, take their scanty meals, black and white together ranged, a "motley group." Their allowance consists of one pint of rye coffee, without milk, and from three to four ounces of brown bread, of the coarsest kind, for breakfast; the dinner of one pint of soup each, about two ounces of meat, to which is added two potatoes, and a small piece of the

same bread. This soup is made of the coarsest, poorest, and cheapest beef the Philadelphia market affords, thickened with rye or Indian meal, and frequently bears a stronger resemblance to thin paste, or slop for swine, than food for human beings;—the third meal is a pint of molasses and water, with bread of the same quality. This is their invariable diet, except when the potatoes are omitted, which generally happens in the spring. From these delectable viands I shrunk in terror and disgust, particularly on seeing the company assembled round the dining-table, catching their meat in their fingers, and gnawing it like dogs, no knives or forks being then allowed them. Disgusted by the appearance of the table, and the grotesque figures that surrounded it, I absolutely refused to make one of the group, and, for some time, eat in the sick-room. At length Mr. Mierken inquired the reason of my thus absenting myself from table; to him I frankly declared I could not dine without a knife and fork, fingers and teeth not being very agreeable substitutes for these necessary articles. The next day knives were sent in, and as I had a plate and fork of my own, my objections were partially obviated. But I failed in my attempt to have the coloured people removed, who were however placed at the lower end of the table. The first night of my residence in this mansion of misery, my suffering companion, who was labouring under severe mental and bodily indisposition, and myself, were consoled by the idea that we should be allowed the privilege of occupying the same apartments: but here we deceived ourselves, humanity being extinguished by policy in the bosoms of some of the inspectors, who therefore adjudged us to different rooms: but this separation was temporary, for, in a few weeks, by the order of Dr.——, she was removed to my apartment. This, united with the humane, fatherly kindness of Mr. Black, who had the care of the west wing, ameliorated the horrors of my situation; and though I sometimes wept my fate, yet the tears were not embittered by severity from the inspectors or keepers, who, generally appreciating my services, issued but few commands, leaving me to the impulses of my free will, generously giving me this semblance of liberty.—Thus employed I continued in comparative tranquillity, ever busy, generally serene,

and sometimes gay. The hall was of extensive dimensions, and partially warmed by a small ten-plate stove, slenderly supplied with fuel—the pipe extending so far along the hall that its draught was weakened, and we had frequently volumes of smoke to contend with, which materially injured my eyes; these, by constant employment and confined air, became weak. To avoid those inconveniences, the Sabbath being a day of rest from our labours, I generally passed in the seclusion of my chamber, submitting to be locked in without fire, rather than encounter the smoky hall, which was on that day converted into a place of worship, where Mr. Manning, the tinman or tinker, with other preachers of the Methodist persuasion, gave exhortations and prayer, all joining in the social worship, from which I alone was absent; not from disrespect to either my Creator or his ministers, but to save myself from idle curiosity, rest from labour, and to reflect at leisure—not feeling any disposition to unite with the wretches surrounding me, when I could possibly avoid it—considering religion as a pure aspiration of the heart, which was as acceptable at the throne of grace rising from a cell or dungeon, as a cathedral, and not thinking my absence from prayer, or attendance, of any importance. In addition to these reasons, I was disgusted with the hypocrisy of the blacks, who formed a large majority in our female republic. They, to ingratiate themselves with the visitors, affected to feel the powers of religion to so violent a degree, that persons in their immediate vicinity were endangered by the surprising feats of agility they performed, besides having their attention diverted from the service by their grotesque grimaces, that frequently excited the risible faculties of those around, and their olfactory nerves most grossly offended by a noisome effluvia, which to me was insupportable. But no sooner were our guests departed than the *mask* fell, and I beheld the *cloven foot* of their master, for the most horrid imprecations issued from their lips, better calculated for the regions of Pluto than uttered by tongues that had but a few minutes before been employed in prayer and praise of the Supreme Being. These women being so sunk in the depth of depravity and guilt, that all hopes of their reformation, either from example or precept, appears impossible. My

first severe sufferings originated in my abhorrence of the scenes I have just been describing.

It was on a sultry Sunday in July that (as I was enjoying myself in the mental luxury of perusing a very interesting work on the divinity of Christ, which one of our female visitors had loaned me, seated in the upper hall,) my studies were interrupted by the voice of Mr. Geise (he having succeeded to Mr. Black's place for a time, who was dangerously ill) running into the hall and calling in a loud imperious tone; "Turn down, turn down;" then addressing me particularly, individually required my attendance, in a tone and manner so totally opposite to Mr. Black's mild, feeling, and gentle method of speaking, that it sensibly wounded my feelings, and occasioned a momentary irritation of temper, under which excitement I hastily followed him down stairs, in expectation of seeing Mr. Palmer, under whose immediate protection the women considered themselves.—The west wing had been particularly assigned to his direction, and as this gentleman uniformly evinced, towards all the females under his care, that delicacy and protection that women generally look up to man for, he was therefore, not only respected, but beloved by all its inhabitants, who revered him as a guardian spirit, which was manifest by the smile of pleasure that ever irradiated their countenances on his approach, and seemed the harbinger of liberty, as it was generally from his philanthropy, and through his intercessions, these unfortunate beings obtained their wished for pardon. But instead of meeting the protecting spirit I was in search of, I encountered the *Nero* of the institution, of whom I inquired, did the regulations of that house enjoin all persons to attend on divine service as performed there? (I well knowing that liberty of conscience was one of the privileges our national constitution held out to its citizens, to purchase which the blood of thousands had been shed, and my own family material sufferers.) Instead of giving me a direct answer, he waved his hand with the haughty air of a West India planter to his slave, and in a majesterial tone answered, "Madam, 'tis my *order* that *you* go." Stung to the soul by his answer and imperious manner, so far beneath that of a gentlaman, (a character he aspires to,) "But, sir, that is not the ques-

tion I asked you:—I wish to know whether the regulations of this house compel every person to attend meeting?" Again he waved his hand, and in the same tone replied, "It is my *order*, madam that *you* go." I then observed that I had no idea of people being thus compelled to worship in a form different from the religion they were brought up too, and walked away, intending to go in the yard, as the service had not commenced, when, in a tone of the most inveterate rage, he exclaimed, "Away with her, put her to the cells," waving his hand as he spoke, and precipitately retreating from the door. Mr. ——— approached me, as I expected to enforce obedience to the imperial mandate of his superior, but halted at a respectful distance, intimidated by an internal sensation of which he alone is the best judge.—This pusillanimous old man has so long sacrificed humanity to interest, that he may justly be called an automaton, moved at the pleasure of the inspectors, to whom he is a fawning sycophant; for was his courage equal to his servility, he would, indeed, be a proper instrument for any purpose his employers chose to appropriate him. Mr. ——— advanced from his *couvert* retreat when perceiving the keeper's irresolution, he stepped back into the passage, as I supposed, to call——, who may be denominated, without deviating from truth, the principal, most malicious and inveterate tormentor and instrument of torture in this inquisition; for was he not restrained by the humanity of some of the inspectors, and the mildness of Mr. Holloway, hundreds would fall victims to his diabolical propensities to torment his fellow man; a word, a look, nay, even a momentary smile of pleasure on the care-worn countenance of the unhappy beings subject to his power is sufficient to excite his malice, and subject them to a rigorous punishment. I have often, when I contemplated the fine features and manly figure of this man, thought pity it were so fair an exterior covered so black a soul, for what is the form of man when the finer feelings are ingulphed in the abyss of cruelty? Imagination has often pourtrayed him to my mind's eye, as exercising his jealous power over men to whom he is inferior in every respect, till my fancy sickened at the view, and I mentally exclaimed "thank God he is but a *turnkey*." For when I have seen him

dragging a delicate female, but half dressed, down a flight of stairs and through a hall, just wet for scrubbing, to the cells, for a frivolous offence to Mr. Black, which that good old man would willingly have overlooked,—I may naturally infer what his treatment of the men must be. This incident occurred early in the morning, when roused by the cries of the suffering woman, I rushed from my chamber, and beheld the horrid sight, from which I shrunk appalled, and fancy delineated him as a savage of the forest dragging its prey to the den to satiate its rapacious appetite; but I was agreeably surprised when I heard Mr. Roberts summoned (who, though strict in the performance of his duty, ever ameliorates it by humanity) to Mr. ——'s assistance. He advanced, and observed that he was sorry that it was his unpleasant duty to put me to the cells, but that Mr. ——'s commands must be obeyed; requesting me not to contribute to his unpleasant feelings by a useless resistance. I softened by this sympathetic address, and fully appreciating the character of the speaker, replied was sensible of that, and would submit, but that I trusted I should one day find redress, for this act of oppression, from the laws of my country, and equity of my fellow-citizens, once more entered this noisome abode, better calculated for a Turkish prison than one in a mild republican government. Here I remained two days without even a crust of bread; but water was sent me, which quenched the fever of my soul. The cells was then filled with negroes, whose odour, added to the effluvia from the common sewer, formed a complication of stenches sufficient to create infectious and malignant distempers. The prisoners when here confined, are only allowed one blanket to lay on, without even a stone for a pillow.—Let those who so pathetically paint the horrors of Dartmouth prison, or Algerine captivity, wander not so far from home, for trust me the cells of the Philadelphia penitentiary equals, nay, exceeds them all. I have read accounts of slavery and imprisonment, but none ever said they were left two days without food. Thou God who seest in secret, then viewed the anguish I endured —let me but live to see the sins of ——— visited, as thy commands assure me they will be, on the heads of his children, and I will die content. (This idea may

appear to you bordering on impiety, but if so, it originated with Mr. ———, whose reply to my mother I stand indebted for. On my imprisonment for the conspiracy she called on him for a permit to see me, when he observed that some of my forefathers must have been guilty of a heinous offence, for which the vengeance of heaven had selected me as the victim. To this cruel observation she warmly replied, that it was an unjust and infamous insinuation, for as far as she knew they were just and honourable persons, never injuring or defrauding their neighbours, as she had known others to do. Mr. ——— then said, "Madam do you wish to infer that I am one of those persons." "No, sir" replied the irritated matron, "I allude to the person who report says, defrauded Mr. Relf of a large sum of money that he borrowed from him the day before his failure.") And surely that threat to "those that hate me," must apply to Mr. ———, for can a man love his God with all his heart, soul, and mind, who to gratify pride, the offspring of sin, would thus persecute a female, one of that sex he was created to protect? Impossible! It was the month of July, the heat intolerable, and from the fœtid damps of these noxious apartments, the complaint in my breast returned with additional force, to which was added an inflammation of the eyes, that rendered my situation almost intolerable. While I was labouring under those distressing complaints, Mr. ——— in his visit, elegantly and humanely observed I was "*shaming Abraham*," to which I replied as the phrase was ambiguous, I knew no more of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob than I had read in the Holy Writ, therefore could sham neither of them. On Tuesday my allowance of bread was brought; it was of the coarsest kind, but to me it was more delicious than the most costly viands. I eagerly seized the wished for morsel, while tears of anguished joy flowed down my burning cheek. There was but three ounces of it, which was scarce sufficient to assuage the first pang of hunger that gnawed my stomach and caused pains the most intolerable. (I would not inflict the same even on ——— ——— did I possess the power,) I gazed on this morsel of brown bread as a miser looks on a treasure, which per-force he must resign, yet dreads to part with —I turned it—pressed it to my heart—nay applied it

to my nostrils—the perfume was to me more odoriferous than the rose. "God of heaven," I exclaimed, as with hasty steps I paced the narrow confines of my cell, "is this the land of *liberty*, where tyranny stalks abroad unmasked and unquestioned?" Is this the freedom my forefathers and my husbands fought for, when the daughters of Columbia perish by the hand of cruelty and oppression, while the author of their miseries, beneath the ample cloak of religion, deceives his fellow men, the confiding citizens of Philadelphia. Oh! suffer me but to survive this oppression, I exclaimed in agony, and I will avenge the cause of many that, perhaps, have met their fate in this mansion of horror, and unknown, unpitied, sunk to an early grave. I divided my allowance and gave one-half to a starved prisoner in the adjoining cell, and eat the remainder myself, trusting to Providence for a future supply.

The next day Mr. Foering visited the apartments, and expressed his astonishment at the cause of my being thus punished, as I was considered the most useful woman in the prison, and would instantly have released me, but I offended him by observing, that as the grand jury was expected in, I meant to lay my case before them and seek redress, anticipating from these gentleman a fair investigation and acquittal. Mr. Foering then hastily retired, but privately directed Mr. Black, who had re-assumed his duty, to release me, as he was then going to Dover, and would be absent ten days. Why his order was not obeyed I know not, for his authority at that time was equal to Mr. ———'s as he was then visiting inspector, unless Mr. Black, intimidated by Mr.——'s haughty consequential air, dreaded his resentment and omitted his duty. The grand jury not visiting the prison as was expected, I continued in my wretched state, subsisting on three ounces of brown bread and water, for ten days. The sixth or seventh day, this Bashaw of the prison paid me a visit, probably to gratify his vengeance further by witnessing my misery. But conscious that I could meet no further punishment, I vented on him the agony that wrung my soul, telling him I well knew the source his malice flowed from towards me was my having recourse to law in defence of the rights of my orphan children, and thereby bringing the transactions of his

brother-in-law, W——F——, to the light of day, which they had hoped to bury in oblivion. This charge he hypocritically denied, with many asseverations, and concluded with saying, had his own sister spoken to him as I did, he would have inflicted on her a similar punishment, if she had been in his power. (Of this I have not a doubt, as the family are not highly celebrated for fraternal affection in any of its branches; instance the long pending action brought by —— —— against his brother William's widow, after that gentlemen's decease, for the property she had generously bestowed on his brother who it was then well known was a poor but worthy man, to whom the amiable Miss ——— of New Jersey, had given her hand and heart in marriage, and overlooking the disparity of fortune between them, justly appreciating his talents, education and virtue,, above wealth, relinquished to him her noble fortune. which —— —— sued her for a part of since, although, when dying, her husband disposed of it in her favour by will, but as they had no children, old enough, demanded one half from her. The action was long undecided, but report says he gained it in Philadelphia, and lost it in New Jersey.) After some further conversation he left me. The pain in my breast increased so rapidly that it was thought requisite to send the visiting physician to attend me, who ordered a large blister to be applied; this I refused to put on, as I had scarcely strength to stand; therefore did not require to suffer additional pain and exhaustion and he left me a prey to my disease. On the tenth day Mr. —— appeared at the cell door, and in a pompous voice said, "Madam I've come to release you;" to which I bowed in silence, but did not leave the cell for some time after his departure, resolved that I would not gratify his triumphing vanity by witnessing my removal, as I did not attribute my emancipation to his relaxed hatred —but the true source, *i. e.* Mr. Mierken's humanity, who had not been informed of my residence in the cells till the ninth day. On finding me an inhabitant of them he was astonished, and inquired by whose order I was thus subjected to punishment. On hearing ——'s name he mildly said, "Ann I am surprised at you, who knew *that man* so well, to provoke his malice: I had hoped you would have avoided him." After assuring me I

should be speedily released, he left me, I therefore attributed my liberation to this gentleman's interference, and not —— ——'s generosity. The cold I then caught brought on a general debility, that confined me to my room ten days.

On my recovery, finding Mrs. Stoops appointed to perform my recent duties, I loitered a few days, when I was summoned to the watch room, where I beheld Mr. Bevan, the harmony and benevolence of whose countenance when contrasted with the dark gloomy, proud austerity of Mr. ——, recalled judge Carson to my memory, and fancy pourtrayed them as congenial spirits. He kindly offered me the situation of nurse, in the sick room, which he feelingly said "he wished put under the care of a humane female, such as he knew me to be." I at first declined the offer, not wishing to usurp the place of another to her injury, and pleading as my reason, the probability of my speedy release from prison, as I then anticipated I should be; but he by mildness overruled my objections, and I accepted the situation, during the latter part of my imprisonment, which from some unknown cause was shamefully prolonged; but this I supposed originated with the court, as they might have considered me dangerous to society when at liberty; *kindly* judging I had better remain in prison as a place of safety. Be that as it may, I continued six months longer in the penitentiary, retaining my place as nurse, and superintending the table: to these were soon added my former ones, as head of the ladies' and gentlemans' wardrobe, in which I used my utmost exertions to give universal satisfaction to all parties: but like the old man in the fable, I soon found that impossible, for although I divided the provisions with the strictest equality among the woman, they frequently murmured, and numerous complaints were preferred against me to the inspectors, who generally disregarded their tales, and placed them to the score of jealousy. In addition to these employments, I generally spun from four to five dozen of yarn every week, as I had learned that art in my leisure hours as an amusement, after the rooms were locked for the night, being debarred the use of any book but the Bible to while away the tedious winter nights. At length by an act of humanity, I incurred the displea-

sure of the attending physician, a man whose natural propensities are so economical, that he confines his prescriptions to the most simple drugs in the *Materia Medica*. Therefore the apothecary-shop was, at one time, so slenderly provided, that a physician from one of the public institutions coming to visit one of my patients in his accidental absence, wrote a receipt, which was sent to the apothecary, a prisoner of some humour, who returned it, facetiously writing under every article, "*none none!*" till he came to the water, here he added, "*aqua* plenty!" meaning to inform me he had at present none of the medicines ordered but water. I therefore informed the doctor, on his next visit, that the patient could not benefit by his prescriptions, as there was nothing in the apothecary-shop, he had ordered, but water. He loudly expressed his astonishment at our poverty, observing, "there was plenty of medicine in all the other public institutions." This I assured him was not at present the case in the penitentiary; and, if he wished to benefit the patients, he must confine himself to the simplest drugs, owing to the economy of Dr. ——, as the inspectors were wholly governed by him in that particular. This gentleman I offended in favour of one of the poor women, who entreated me, if practicable, to procure her a few oysters, which I as modestly as possible requested him to allow her. But he sternly turned and haughtly replied, "Madam, this is no boarding house," thus refusing the desired morsel to an apparently dying creature, dependent on his mercy; who had been near three years in the house, and one of the most industrious females belonging to the institution. But Mr. Samuel Wood one of the inspectors, to whom I next preferred my petition, humanely purchased them at his own expense for her. Oh! had any one seen, as I did, her eager eyes, fixed on the wished for viands, or heard her languid lips praying for a blessing on the charitable doner, they would have enjoyed a luxury worth more than the doctor will ever command, or be capable of feeling.

My next offence was preparing a few short-cakes and gingerbread for the suffering invalids, which heinous crime was punished by reducing our allowance of molasses and flour, in the sickroom, down to one-third of our usual quantity. My third, last, and most unpardonable

crime, was equally in favour of one of these unhappy sufferers, whose complaint was complicated, being a hemorrhage, attended with diarrhœa, in so violent a degree that she was only relieved by opium, which she had ever been permitted the use of until the doctor thought proper to withhold her usual allowance. This prohibition threw her into such agonies that I despaired of her outliving the deprivation, which commenced on Saturday. On Sunday I begged two opium pills for her from one of the keepers; these gave a transient alleviation to her misery, and on Monday I entreated for the restoration of her medicine, which the doctor absolutely refused, although I alleged it was impossible she could survive without it." "Then" replied he "I will take her death on my shoulders. "But, Sir, I am not willing to take the additional trouble on mine," I replied. He, however, peremptorily persevered in his refusal, and she became so dangerously ill, that I feared she would expire, while her feeble voice tortured my heart by continually entreating me, for God's sake, to procure the medicine, and relieve her from the agonies she endured. Tuesday and Wednesday passed without the doctor paying us a visit, although duty required his attendance daily. Thus three days had been passed in mournful entreaty, which I stoicly withstood, but on Thursday, as the doctor did not appear, (and I had been habituated to act in such cases from my own judgment, which had heretofore met his entire approbation) she fell on her knees, pathetically entreating me, for humanity sake, to obtain her an opiate. Overcome by her distress and supplicating attitude, and being sensible she required rest, as she had passed the last seventy-two hours without sleep, I requested Mr. Geise to procure a small portion of laudanum, and the apothecary inadvertently filled the phial. Part of this I poured into another, fearing she would require more than was proper, if she knew I had been so liberally supplied. Before I administered the desired medicine the doctor made his appearance, who, after his usual inquiries among the patients, asked to see the lauadnum. I presented him with the part I intended for immediate use, supposing he merely wished to ascertain its quality, which having done, he placed the phial on the table, and then, unperceived by me, put it in his pocket; but the

poor patient's watchful eyes pursued him, observed the action, and informed me of it. On his quitting the apartment I went down into the hall, and commenced my usual employment of cutting out shirts. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by Mr. Geise, when I was summoned to the sick-room, where he angrily demanded the residue of the laudanum; this I instantly gave him, and assigned my reason for dividing it, which he took in silence, made his exit, and went down to the watch-room, where he ascertained that none was missing. In the course of an hour afterwards, Messrs. Howe and Wood, then visiting inspectors, entered the sick-room, when Mr. Wood angrily demanded why I had secreted the laudanum from the doctor. I denied any such intention, and assigned the same reason I had given the doctor, for the division; but, prejudiced by that gentleman's statement, he remained incredulous, petulantly saying "Thee did attempt to conceal it, and thee shall be punished accordingly." The poor patient humbly entreated the punishment might be inflicted on her, for if there was any fault, she was the author, while I mildly represented to him that if I had any sinister views I could have denied ever having received it, as Mr. Geise had placed it in the window, whence it could easily have been purloined by any of the prisoners; but unconvinced, he hastily quitted the apartment, which Mr. Roberts soon after entered, and informed me that I was ordered to the cells. At this I started, not supposing the doctor's anger would have extended further than removing me from the sick-room, and, knowing there was no appeal from this cruel mandate, I silently obeyed. Thus was I, in the depth of a cold winter, removed from a warm room and comfortable bed to a damp, dreary cell, slightly warmed by a stove in the passage, the plank my bed, a blanket my covering; yet what was my crime? an act of humanity, for which the recording angel will drop a tear on many a future error of my life, and blot it from the book of fate, as my Creator will approve the act, though Dr.—— condemned it. In the cells I remained one week, the first two days as usual without food, and the whole time almost perished with cold, being obliged to walk half the night to retain a natural heat in my benumbed frame by constant action. At length Messrs.

Wood and Howe paid me a visit, who, on my representing to them the probable injury my health would sustain, and, I suppose, missing my services, released me. This punishment incapacitated me from any active employment for a few days, when I determined to toil no longer, or exert my abilities farther than the law required, which is to spin five dozen of yarn per week. This I could do without being sensible of fatigue, every other service that I had rendered the institution being voluntary. Thus resolved, I demanded flax from Mr. Palmer, who seemed surprised and offended at my request, observing that he wished me to return to my former department as superintendant of the shirts and women's wearing apparel, and as I did not long expect to be subservient to any persons' authority, I sacrificed my intentions to his request, and resumed my former employment, in which I continued until the fourteenth of January, when the sentence being reversed by the court, in favour of Mrs. Stoops and myself, we were removed to the county prison until we could give bail in two thousand dollars each for our appearance at the court of Oyer and Terminer, to stand another trial.

Why this second trial was omitted, is best known to the satellites in power, but from the county prison I was as illegally discharged as I had been previously convicted, imprisoned, slandered, and stigmatized.

Many will, no doubt, be fatigued by the perusal of this dull, dry tale of misery and misfortune, which, had not my spirits been rather *pensoroso*, I might have embellished by a few amusing anecdotes of the petty fracas's the inspectors, Mrs. Stoops, and myself had, for some trifling minutia in our dress, beneath the attention of men. These were, our unfortunate white stockings, neat muslin caps and ruffles, all of which they perhaps fancied abominations or temptations, I really cannot define which; but after several severe contests, my poor stockings were quietly placed in Mr. Black's hands for safe-keeping, to avoid the cells, with which I was threatened, and my feet underwent a severe penance, during the hottest summer days, in a pair of thick woolen stockings. Our caps and ruffles soon underwent the same fate, though we defended them with a courage that

would have done honour to Roman matrons, till the cells rose in *terrorem* to intimidate us to compliance. This grand victory, over these necessary articles of female attire, so elated the conquering heroes, that they sung *Io Triumpho*, and the laurel of victory was from thenceforth entwined with the olive of peace between us while we remained in the penitentiary.

During my imprisonment I lost all my personal property, which was valuable, my furniture being sold at auction for almost nothing; my wearing apparel purloined by *friends* to whose care they were entrusted; and thus, without a dollar that I could command, or even the means of securing a permanent home, was cast on an unfeeling world;

> "Deserted in my utmost need,
> By those my former bounty fed."

And for three months previous to my enlargement, left by my family to suffer on six ounces of brown bread for twenty-four hours. Nay, when Mr. Holloway and Mr. Dayton, with a humanity that does honour to their hearts, separately called on my mother, at my instigation, to request her to enter a nominal security for me, on which I would have been instantly released, (as my dear father had two years before paid the debt of nature,) she haughtily refused, assigning as her reason, the dread of offending her brother, a rich planter in New Orleans. But I have since learned that her refusal originated with my *affectionate* sisters, and the Hutton family, who, with an ingratitude that is proverbial, ceased to remember favours once conferred, and in the isolated and unhappy Ann Smith, forgot their once flourishing benefactress, Ann Carson. For six months I have depended on personal labour for a precarious subsistence. (during this time I closed the eyes of my unfortunate fellow prisoner, Mrs. Stoops, who, in ten days after our release, I beheld consigned to her parent earth, the victim of mental derangement, and *Mr. Mann's* vengeance.) At intervals of leisure, I have penned, as an act of necessity for public perusal, the foregoing sheets. That I have erred, I candidly acknowledge, but to those errors I have either been impelled by feelings, or driven by ne-

cessity and persecution. For my faults, I have bitterly atoned, and many of my errors I now sincerely repent; but this rests in my bosom.

My cares and griefs are all my own,
My sorrows sacred and unknown.

## MRS. CARSON'S BIOGRAPHY,

### CONTINUED BY MRS. CLARK.

Mrs. Carson ceases to be her own biographer, and Mrs. Clark now assumes the pen.

As her last trial, as accessary after the fact, was founded merely on Mr. Mitchel having paid her seventy two dollars, he owed her for board, of the money obtained by the robbery of Mr. Mann—on the termination of the trial, her lawyer Z. Phillips, Esq. moved for a second one, this the court granted and having been so far successful, he in his usual assiduity and attention to the interest of his clients, carried it to the supreme court, where the Grand Jury ignoramussed the Bill. As her case was by every person of judgment who heard of it admitted to be a severe one, and by her wholly unmerited. She was therefore discharged from prison, by a committee of the inspectors appointed for that purpose, headed by our late worthy and regretted Sheriff, Com. Truxton, the friend and companion of her Father, Captain Baker, when brother officers in the United States service. On her receiving the order to quit the prison, she looked aghast, for a few moments and then burst into tears. Why do you weep said the veteran, surely, liberty is sweet? it may be, said she to those surrounded by the comforts of life, it was so once to me, but all I loved are gone, father, mother, sister and brother, and where can I go? destitute of money and friends. These walls constitute my world, here I can live alike "unseen, unknown," but now, whither can I go, no friendly

door opens to receive the homeless, houseless wanderer; she who once had friends, and fortune at command, is now destitute of the means of a nights lodging. Here am I sheltered, fed and respected by all around me. My services are duly appreciated by the Inspectors, who treat me with kindness, incompatible with my unfortunate situation. My fare is coarse 'tis true, but hunger is good sause, and makes the humblest viands appear delicious. She smiles through her tears. Why Ann, said Mr. B. you are a practical philosopher!

The Sheriff turned from her, and the tear was seen to tremble in his eye, but he felt as a father and a man, who, in her days of childhood had caressed and fondled her as a beautiful girl, the favored daughter of his friend, yet he was now, by his duty to the public, to turn her into the street. Well Ann, said he, you shall not go hence destitute of the means of providing a home, so saying he put a ten dollar note in her hand, and was commanded to quit the prison the ensuing morning. The sun was bright and clear on the day of her departure from the prison; but no joy irradiated her countenance or enlivened her spirits the whole forenoon, the whole morning was spent in weeping over the past, and in gloomy anticipation of the future, even the female prisoners who loved her, increased her regret at leaving them by their clamorous expressions of sorrow at parting from her, she who had been to them as a mother, was now to leave them perhaps forever.

At length the dinner hour arrived, and Mr. D. one of the keepers entered, sternly demanding why she had not left the prison? I am going said she, when Mrs. Stoops is ready. Pho, said Cerberus I will soon turn her out of doors. Do so, said Mrs. Stoops, entering at that moment, I should enjoy the idea of being turned out of prison, set your heart at rest, I shall go, so soon as I get my dinner. Mr. D. then left the room; on entrance of the surly keeper, she was at work singing as gay as a lark, having been persuaded by her fellow prisoners she would be permitted to remain and go when she pleased, on his entrance she therefore started, sat down again and wept bitterly. Oh! my father exclaimed she, now is your darling girl miserable indeed, as only a den of infamy will receive the outcast of a jail as an inmate, and

with such wretches fallen as I am, I cannot associate. She then burst into a violent hysterical affection, and inwardly prayed to heaven to save her from becoming a wandering maniac or the inhabitant of an alms-house. Philosophy at length predominated over worldly indulgence, she ceased weeping, rose, dried her tears, and calmly observed, "whatever is, is right," Father of mercies, if I have erred, in doubting thy protecting care, pity and forgive thy offending creature, and if she merits punishment, give her fortitude to say humbly, not my will be done, but thine. Ann, said Mrs. Stoops, you have but a small sum of money it is true, I have ten times as much, with a small portion of household furniture, we will unite together, and while I have one dollar, you shall participate with me. Come cheer thee, cheer thee, kick the blue devils behind you, and leave them to the care of Cerberus, while we seek a temporary asylum, till a more permanent residence can be found. Mrs. Carson arose, threw herself on Mrs. Stoops' bosom, and again wept plentifully, the women who were present gazed at them in silent admiration, such an instance of pure disinterested friendship they had never witnessed before, and perhaps might never see again. A coach was then sent for, and they quit the gloomy walls of old Prune Street. I think Stoops, said Mrs. Carson, in order to secure us a capital adequate to our views, I will have my life written, it will make a very saleable book; Mrs. Stoops laughed, why yes Ann, you have so long played the heroine, for the amusement of the public, gratis, it is time they should pay the piper. They have gazed and wondered long enough at your expense, therefore I will write it for you, as soon as we are established in a permanent residence. The coachman was ordered to drive them to some decent boarding-house, but after driving them from place to place for upwards of two hours, the man, who knew them both, drove to a brothel; here the woman agreed to receive them at five dollars a week, each, as boarders: on Mrs. Carson making her appearance, the door was instantly shut in their faces, the coachman then became exasperated, and refused them admittance into his coach, and a violent altercation ensued, he declared they must be a pair of she devils, when even a brothel refused them admittance; they in

their turn, insisted on his fulfilling his contract, as they had employed him to drive them to a boarding-house, a mob gathered around them, and the name of Ann Carson was vociferated from various mouths, the driver was an Irishman, he turned to Mrs. Stoops, and asked in a whisper, which was Mrs. Carson. Mrs. Stoops nodding to Ann, and answered, countryman take us away from this gang, and I will instantly give you three dollars, not a farthing answered the honest Hibernian, off went his hat, and they were both handed into the coach, he mounted his box, and drove off with a rapidity of motion, equal to Phæton, when he set the world on fire. After having outstripped the shouting mob, he came to a stand at the corner of Fifth and Plum Streets, and respectfully inquired if they had no friends to receive them; adding, my house is not far off, and though humble was decent, there you can stay until a more suitable one is found for you, my wife is a kind hearted creature, and will be proud to wait on you. Mrs. Carson's pride was superior to even her mortifying situation, and after thanking him, she directed him to drive to Mr. Jno. Hutton, Senr. the father of Nat. her first lover and persecutor, on arriving there, they both jumped out of the coach, and on the door being opened, Mrs. C. attempted to rush into the house, but was instantly refused admittance, they then returned to the carriage, and the driver kindly inquired, where next ladies? Mrs. Stoops said she would consider, he remounted his box, and drove off, she inquired of Mrs. C. if she had ever seen Mrs. Parrish, or was known to her, Ann replied in the negative, adding I know the Capt. well; well, said Mrs. Stoops, there we will go, but I must introduce you as Mrs. Mitchell, for as Mrs. Carson, she hates you, then there they drove, and was received by Capt. Parrish, to whom Mrs. Stoops communicated the deception she intended to practice on Mrs. P, now as Mrs. P. had never seen Ann, the finesse succeeded, and they secured an asylum for one week by paying six dollars in advance for both, and obtained the old lady's good will, by sending for one hundred oysters, ordering a bowl of punch, and making a display of their cash, Mrs. Stoops' furniture had been left with Capt. P. on her going to prison, and now furnished the chamber they occupied, Oh! said she to me,

my dear Mrs. Clark, I felt like a bird let out of a cage; I walked arm and arm with Mrs. Stoops of an evening up one street and down another, till I came to one of my former residences, then I wept like a child, till she, fearing I might attract attention, hurried me away, and we returned to our boarding-house; here a good night's rest lulled the irritation of my nerves, and I felt that I was at liberty, but a dependent creature. In a few days Mrs. P. discovered who she was and ordered her to quit the house so soon as her week was up, but to this her husband objected, he had seen the Sheriff, and three dollars per week was insured to him for her board for one year if she continued in his house as a boarder. The old lady's good will, she contrived to conciliate by assisting her in her domestic employments; sewing, washing and ironing for her, gratuitously. The house was a resort for gamblers and gentlemen of the cloth, with whom Ann played cards, and won small sums of money. This served to replenish her wardrobe, which from being a very extensive one, was reduced to three humble changes, and scarcely worth calling clothes. Her mother having taken every thing of value with her to New Orleans, yet Ann was, notwithstanding the deficiency and meanness of apparel, was still a handsome woman, only thirty six years of age, she therefore became an object of attraction to the male visiters, who now filled the bar-room every night.

This Captain Parrish found turned to good account, as she would not drink, her admirers thought they must treat her to something, he therefore added pies and oysters to his establishment, of which Ann partook largely —while the captain pocketed the cash. Meantime Mrs. Stoops was not idle, she walked out every day in search of a house; her money which she brought from the prison was exhausted, but Ann supplied her with her gain at the card-table, as her son had been returned to her, her expenses were double to that of Mrs. Carson, who got shirts and dresses to make, with other needle work —the Book was talked of but no attempt made at writing it, Mrs. Stoops' talent lay in namby-pamby rhyme, and she wished it so written; this idea Mrs. C. ridiculed. Mrs. Stoops became angry, and a quarrel ensued, highly irritated against Mrs. C. she set off to try to collect the

money she had deposited in the hands of her friend, previous to her going to prison, but failing in her attempt, as the person with whom she had deposited it, denied ever having received it, and defied her to prove it, at this infamous attempt to defraud her, her passion overcame her reason, she was seized with a paralytic stroke, and brought home in a coach, in a pitiable state, was carried to her bed, and from thence conveyed to her grave, she lingered two weeks, and expired on Ann's bosom. Here was a shock, to lose in so short a time, the only female friend she had on earth, again she wept, and wished for death; as she followed her friend to her cold bed, and returned to her house, to sorrow for her loss. Capt. Parrish sold her furniture, and became the purchaser, put two men to sleep in the chamber they had occupied. Ann was put on a straw bed in an open garret, yet she endured all in silence, having no other refuge to fly to. Her book the only hope she had to depend on for futurity, was now in her opinion, become a nonentity, and she had almost determined on voluntary death, when chance rescued her from that last and heaviest crime a human being can commit.

The schism in the Catholic Church, had created an excitement in the city of Philadelphia, before the autumn previous to her release from prison; I among the citizens in general, espoused Mr. Hogans' cause in opposition to the Bishop, I had written during the winter, and spring, two pamphlets, one in his defence, and the other on the subject generally, titled "the cause of the Catholics." These pamphlets were then flying through the City; one of the pedlars boarded in Capt. Parrish's house, Ann had purchased one, and from him learnt who was the writer, myself she then knew only by name and character, as the editress of a literary paper, commenced in 1815 called the "Intellectual Regale, or Ladys' Tea Tray."

She then ascertained my residence, and requested the pedlar to sound me about her, and learn if my mind was tinctured with the popular prejudice so predominate against her, this he did by artfully saying she had bought a pamphlet from him, and was highly pleased with it. this drew on other observations about her, and her present distressed situation, adding her only prospect of re-

lief, was to have her life written, I replied, I had no doubt if the book was well written it would command a sure and rapid sale, could a publisher be found for it, but of that I was doubtful.

His next question was, would I write it? I laughed, and made a careless reply, but thought no further on the subject. Three days afterwards, a lawyer called on me to make the same proposition, in due form the Sheriff, adding she is an altered woman, poor and dependent; could the book be got out, she might realise a sum sufficient to put her into business in another city. I expressed my doubts of the sincerity of her reformation, but said, I would see and converse with her, accordingly we had an interview at Mr. N's office, here with tears she described her distressed situation; I informed her of all the difficulties attending the publication of a native work; but "a drowning man will catch at a straw." She was perseveringly persuasive, and I impelled by pity, for her reverse of fortune, without any preliminary as to terms, or thought of payment for my labour, pledged my word to write the book for her, supposing it would be a small thing, perhaps one hundred pages, not wishing to appear in the affair. I proposed going to her residence every afternoon, and writing it there.

For in addition to the sale of my songs and pamphlets —I had four boarders to attend to, and no servant but a small black boy, could therefore only devote the afternoon to her business; this was agreed on, I had visited her a few afternoons, and written perhaps fifty pages when I was informed by one of the Commissioners of Southwark, with whom I had been acquainted many years, of the reputation of the house, which I determined never again to enter, and sent for Mrs. Carson to meet me at Mr. N's office—never shall I forget the distress depicted on her countenance, when I stated to her my reasons for discontinuing my visits at her house, and told her, if she wished her book written by me she must change her residence, or come to my house every afternoon, in answer to this she candidly told me, she had not clothing suitable to appear in the streets in daylight; nor did she wish to be seen in public, as she flattered herself, her personal appearance was almost forgotten, and she did not wish to revive their knowledge, and as

for a new boarding place, that was impossible; for who my dear madam, said she, of unblemished character will receive me into their house—the tears stood in her fine eyes as she spoke, and really trembled with agitation. I looked at her with silent sorrow, I would have taken her to my bosom and wept over her, I had known her by sight when we were both children, and members of Christ Church, I had seen her carried by her Father from the Church door to the coach, we had for three years every second Sunday in the month repeated our catechism to Bishop White, who made it a part of his study to examine all the children, whose parents were members of that Church in their catechism—thus I had some personal acquaintance with her in childhood, but had no idea that Mrs. Carson, and my juvenile companion at Church, were one and the same person, till we met at Mr. N's office. I then recollected her, and the resolution was taken to unite heart, hand, and pen, with Mr. Truxton in her reformation, I therefore held out my hand to her, saying my dear Mrs. Carson, I will board you, till your book is published, and you are ready to leave Philadelphia—but only on these conditions, that you renounce all improper conduct and society, likewise that you pledge your hand and word, that you will never deceive me; with this she joyfully acquiessed, and I fixed the terms of her board at two dollars per week, leaving her one dollar to replenish her wardrobe, and other incidental expences, I have been censured, nay condemned, by many of my friends and all my foes, for receiving her under my roof.

But of all the transactions of my life, and it has been an active philanthropic one, none on reflection, gives me so great a hope of mercy, at my final judgment after death, than the services I rendered this unfortunate woman. I then made arrangements in my family for her reception as an inmate of it—some sacrifices were requisite, they were cheerfully made. On the 3d day of July she entered my house, No. 1, Bryan's Court, as a member of my family.

Bryan's Court was then inhabited by a sober, industrious class of mechanics, here she soon acquired my confidence by a steady uniform propriety of conduct, and after a probation of three weeks, I commenced writ-

ing her life, and as I had resided two years in the house I then occupied, and had acquired the respect and confidence, though not the acquaintance of my neighbours, with whom I never associated, this, my taste for home and all its domestic comforts, of which I enjoyed a moderate share, and was contented.

> For my cot was snug,
> My cupboard fill'd,
> And happy still was I.

My income certain though limited to the means of supplying the comforts of life moderately, for clothing I depended on personal labour, or the proceeds of my pen, the last being rather too precarious for me, I added something to my slender means, by keeping four boarders for whom I cooked and did the house work, with the aid of a small black boy, but on receiving Mrs. Carson into my family, my ten dollars per week dwindled into two. But says my reader, you had five hundred in prospect, when the work was finished. Alas! gentle anticipating sir, madam, or miss, they were only in prospect, for on my application to the Sheriff to ascertain, who was to compensate me for writing the book, he replied Mrs. Carson; alas! poor Ann, her means of payment were null and void, she was poor and dependant on his bounty for the means of subsistence, but, as I had then written upwards of five hundred pages, I resolved to persevere and finish it. She then proposed our making a partnership concern of it; I laughed, but to satisfy her punctilious sense of right, the articles of agreement were drawn between us, making me joint proprietress with herself, our work progressed rapidly; I have frequently written forty five pages in ten hours, without any hope of emolument from its publication, as I did not think there was a bookseller in the city of Philadelphia would have it—judge reader then my surprise; I being engaged in the kitchen at my domestic avocations, she having replenished her wardrobe so as to appear in the streets in day-light, went out to make some small purchases, after being absent about two hours, she returned with her countenance radiant with pleasure—I was engaged in the parlour laying the table for dinner, when she entered gaily caught

me in her arms fondly kissed my cheek, observing my dear Mrs. C. I have found a publisher for my book, who is it said I, incredulously? Mr. D. replied she; which of the brothers said I; she answered the one in Walnut street, Do you know him? yes, was my reply, he is an honest, worthy, upright man, but his business is chiefly confined to binding and blank-book work. I never knew him as an active publisher—oh! no matter said she, let the book only be printed, and I will insure its sale—for all the black-cloth gentry in the United States will purchase it —how many are they? enquired I; about three thousand was her answer. How many copies of the book is to be printed? was my next inquiry; one thousand; oh then said I, we shall soon want a second edition. On what condition does Mr. D. undertake to publish the work? he is to keep five hundred copies, and gives us the same number; doubting, yet unwilling to damp her spirits; the afternoon passed cheerfully, little was written, but much said. I never saw her so happy, as she was that day. From that time her mind had acquired a degree of serenity, that I had considered almost incompatible with her former and present situation. She had learned in prison to be an early riser, and hours before I opened my eyes, she had been out taking her morning walk— returned and had breakfast ready, while I was like the sluggard sleeping.

My firm impression of Mrs. Carsons' natural character was, that she would have been a virtuous, good, tame, gentle, affectionate domestic woman, (consequently not a heroine) had she been permitted to choose a husband for herself, as even her forced marriage with Richard Smyth tamed her former wild spirit. *He* was, she said mild and tender to her, but resolute, firm and decided in all his purposes, and when once determined, no power could change him—to such a man, a woman of her lofty mind, could look up, for counsel and protection, while his tenderness gained on her vacant heart, and as she said, she felt she had got a husband that loved, respected and protected her from insult—not a tyrant; that at one moment knelt at her feet and wept like a child, while the next hour he would abuse her, as the basest of her sex—such was Capt. Carson.

In one of his letters to her, and I have read all he sent

her that she ever received, he calls her the most honourable of women, his saviour, his better genius, and guardian angel, yet stigmatised her as an adulteress, when a mere child—whose character as a woman, it was his duty to form, but before she was eighteen, he had branded her with a name worthy the vilest of her sex.

Had Richard Smith been her first husband, her name had never gone forth to the world with infamy attached to it. Nat Hutton, she has frequently told me, she never would have chosen for a husband; he was, to use a phrase of her own, too babyish to realize her ideas of what a manly character ought to be—as a beaux in attendance he was admirable, but as a husband he would have been contemptible.

There are few females who possess Ann's genuine good qualities; she was sober, industrious, steady in her habits noble minded, an affectionate mother, a dutiful daughter, kind sister, a good mistress, and a sincere friend—these were the virtues of her heart, and head; and as her passions were strong, had she loved Captain Carson. they would have been happy: as it was, with all the prejudice, scandal had infused into his mind, he ever loved her.

I will now take her in a worldly point of view, she was a thorough house-keeper, an active, intelligent business woman, gay, cheerful, and good tempered, fair and honourable in all her dealings, till misfortune broke up her business, and sent her at first a wretched wanderer, and latterly an outcast from decent society; her residence with me gave her some importance in the neighbourhood; this, her affable manner, and pleasant smile soon increased with the women, till they commenced exchanging the compliments of the morning with her, then as she sat sewing at the parlour window, they would stand and chat with her, this revived the natural goodness of her disposition, also her pride, till she began to hope she might gain even in Philadelphia a small portion of respect, could she acquire a capital to commence business with. This hope cheered her, she became gay and sociable with all the neighbours, the men bowed to her as they passed, and the women entrusted their children to her care, while they were at market.

The dollar per week, saved by her residence with me,

she turned to good account in replenishing her wardrobe till she was soon able to make a respectable appearance, and walk out in day-light, when I would be engaged in the domestic affairs of my family, she frequently in the street, met gentlemen with whom she had been formerly acquainted, some of them merely nodded to her—others smiled and bowed, but many shook hands with her, enquired into her present situation and prospects for the future, promised to purchase her book on its appearance, and aid her in commencing business, and wished her success.

Meantime, I wrote on at the book, but my stock in trade ran low—my cash began to look small, and I had no prospect of increasing my funds, till November, economy was perforce the order of the day, for in the latter part of September, her son Joseph, a great boy of fourteen was added to my family, his guardian refusing to pay board any longer for him in the country, and as Mr. D. never called to examine the manuscript, I fancied the promise of publication was a mere evasion of the moment, and that I was only wasting my time to no purpose in writing a book, that according to appearances would ever remain in embryo; but early in October we were agreeably surprised by Mr. W. a printer calling on us and taking away a quantity of manuscript, being engaged by Mr. D. to print the work. This delighted us, and I proceeded to finish my work with cheerfulness and alacrity, and from being melancholy, silent and morose, she again became gentle, affable and gay; her needle-work was resumed at our intervals of relaxation from writing, she was busy in repairing her son's clothes for winter, and like Burn's auld wife—

> She with her shears and needle too
> Gar'd auld claiths' look
> Amaist as well as the new.

On Mr. W. the printer, bringing us a proof sheet of the first twelve pages of the work. I was so very minute in reading and correcting, that Mr. D. murmured at the additional expense; Mrs. C. was a very bad speller, this had occasioned considerable alterations from the copy, as the compositors had construed her bad spelling according to their own judgment, this made several errors

of sense, which I amended, and they called it alterations from the copy, which they charged for, and Mr. D. refused to pay for; this fracas had almost suspended the publication, as I was determined it should be properly corrected, or never published—at length we made a compromise, and I agreed to let them publish it their own way; from that time I took no further interest in the work, than to mark by ear that no errors of sense occurred, as I never expected to derive any literary fame from the work, as one of my stipulations with Mrs. Carson was, that I should not be known in the business—naturally expecting to receive my money for the writing, and that the business would terminate there.

The month of October passed happily over, I received in November money, that rendered our situation easy in a pecuniary point of view, and I cheerfully shared with her my mite, "the widows mite" with her and her child, though their expensive habits made a deep inroad in my small pittance, which was all my dependance for comforts through a cold and tedious winter; but thought I, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." We are both equally under the protection of Divine Providence. both Widows—both Mothers—both have experienced the reverse of fortune. And shall she not participate in what Heaven has bestowed on me, as freely as though she were a sister? Thus did I reason with myself for this unfortunate woman, and thus did I act towards her —how she rewarded me, I will not say; her spirit has passed the tribunal of the Great Judge of all, who seeth in secret, and never did I see the promises of Scripture so fully realized, as in the instance of Ann; I have never says Solomon "seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

On my enquiring of Mr. D. how he came to enter into the publication, so different from his usual line of business, he replied, when a lad, having lost my parents in early childhood, my master dying of the Yellow Fever of '93 as you well know; having no person to guide, or control me, not being able to get any employment at the bookbinding; my brother and myself being both under age, our property in Sixth Street, was of course, not at our disposal. I therefore entered into the United States' service, under Capt. Baker, who was then esteemed the

most humane, and one of the most efficient officers in the U. S. Navy, he ever treated me more like a father, than a commander, compelled me at intervals of relaxation from duty, to attend to my education, and not lose the advantages I had acquired in the happy days of childhood, under the auspices of my parents.

And when Mr. N. after first informing me of her distressed situation, her views for futurity, and that you were writing her book, therefore when introduced to her at his office, when I saw her in distress, worldly prudence was forgotten, gratitude for her Fathers' kindness to me predominated, and I hastily engaged to publish the work—conditionally, that it was said to be written by herself, this she agreed to, as she observed you did not wish to be known in it, and of course it should be as he pleased, thus the bargain was concluded, and, though a verbal one, honourably and firmly abided by; he was bound to print one thousand copies of the work, and give her five hundred, thus having only five hundred copies to remunerate him for all his expenses of paper, printing, and binding. Here was the true nobility of mind evinced, that forms the man, gratitude for kindness rendered him by her Father, in years passed long away. Capt. Baker was dead, but his daughter still existed, and to her Mr. D. paid the debt he owed her Father. Thus have I accounted in Mr. D's own words, his inducement to publish her book. He was a free mason, and as such bound by oath to succour the distressed and oppressed, she was a woman and in distress, oppressed by the popular prejudice that predominated against her, he benevolently assisted her, risked fame and fortune in her service, and all with the most disinterested motives, they never had but the one interview, which took place in Mr. N's. office, where the arrangements for the publication of the book was made, all further transactions were carried on with the Printer, who acted as ambassador extraordinary upon all occasions. His first embassy was from a gentleman of this city; some inadvertance on the part of the printer, in doubting whether I had properly spelled a Latin quotation, in relating one of her flights of fancy, in her gay day of folly, when she was denominated one of the most beautiful women in Philadelphia, and the most finished coquette;

this incident trifling in itself and merely reported *(par accident)* gave rise to as many different exaggerations, as did the story of the basket of China, and all equally as fabulous; I now declare upon my honour, we never had but one offer made us, by any but one gentleman, and that was to suppress the work; therefore all the stories that were in circulation, concerning different gentlemen of this city are false, scandalous, and malicious fabrications.

I now will relate the offer that was made to us, by one of the gentlemen of the black cloth, or banditti of the country. One very cold evening in January, Ann and myself were sitting rather *pensoroso*, when a fine, gentlemanly looking man enquired for her; she arose on his entrance, and received him; as he was a stranger, he introduced himself by informing her he was a friend of Henry W——'s. Some signals passed between them, which she seemed to understand; her countenance brightened, and she became calm and serene in her manner, while I grew stern and haughty, and requested him if he had any business with Mrs. Carson, to be as brief as possible, as I did not wish any visitors of his cloth in my house; he looked confused, and informed us he was authorised by his friend Henry W. to offer us seven hundred and fifty dollars cash, to suppress the book entirely; and that he would take Mrs. C. myself and our children, to either New York, Boston, Baltimore or any other of the southern cities, and establish us in a genteel boarding house; what said I, laughing, to initiate my son and me, in the whole art and mystery of roguery, to write your lives first, and perhaps your confessions afterwards, when you are hanged? a lady, madam, replied he, is privileged to say any thing, although your observations may be correct, as all our lives are under the direction of chance; well sir, replied I, I trust a higher power than chance, presides over Mrs. C's destiny, or she had not been my boarder and friend. I am poor, but I trust honourable, and I thought Mrs. Carson was a woman of more spirit than to hesitate on such a subject, and leave me to decide for her—she wept bitter tears, but was silent, while I continued, you and your band have been her ruin, her other misfortunes might have been overcome, but her connexion with a banditti, will never be

forgotten, it has vitiated her morals, and taught her to set the laws of God at defiance.

If we live in society, we must respect and obey its laws, otherwise it condemns us, you have brought her to a prison, left her children destitute among strangers, and now, that you think she is likely to regain some degree of respectability, by the defence I have made for her in the book, you come like your master old Satan, again to tempt her to her ruin, but if she accepts your offer, she quits me forever. Madam, said he to her, what sum were you to pay Mrs. Clarke, for writing the book. Five hundred dollars, she replied. Here is the money, said he, pay your debt, and leave the house with me to-night; stop sir, said I, not quite so fast, you have come a day after the fair for that: I am now her partner in the work, and it shall not he suppressed. Mr. D. has been at considerable expense for paper and printing, and do you suppose I would suffer him to sustain that loss? Why do you not speak Ann, continued I? Thus urged she replied, she owed them no allegiance, they had forsaken her in the hour of her distress, and left her eighteen months languishing in a jail, that the respectable class of the community, had proved themselves her true friends —that she was then in debt to me for board, which would require some time to discharge; that henceforth and forever she renounced all connection with them, adding —with a significant look that she had not betrayed them —he then enquired for her two sons, William, she informed him was going to be a Cabinet-maker, and Joseph a Printer; What madam, can you condescend to make mechanics of them? better said I, be shoe-blacks, than depredators on society, and live in constant dread of a jail; during his conversation I observed Mrs. C. looking wishfully at the Five Hundred Dollars, that were on the table in fifty dollar notes, covered with two elegant gold watches, and a quantity of rich jewelry, which were to remain as security until the two hundred and fifty were paid for suppressing the book; upon which I put my *Veto*. Will you, said I, betray the confidence which Mr. D. reposes in you, and disappoint the hopes of those who have been your friends, in your dark hours of adversity? shame, shame, I really cannot realise the idea of your being so treacherous. As for you sir, leave

my house this minute, or I will call an officer and put you into his hands, and I walked towards the door. Ann went up stairs, as I supposed to get her bonnet and shawl, and the gentleman departed, and instantly I locked the front door on him; she had, as I suspected equipt herself to accompany him, but he was gone, the door locked and the key in my bosom. Did you mean to go with him, said I? Oh! the money was so tempting said she, and those gold watches the very things for us; had you, said I, left the house with that man, you should never have entered the door again, your boy would have been given up to the orphan's court, and the book published in spite of you. We shall never said she, realise seven hundred and fifty dollars by the sale of the work; yes we shall replied I, four times that sum; she took up her work, and I resumed my book, but judge of my surprise, on turning the page I was reading, I found two ten dollar notes, these I handed to her, this seasonable supply sat her at ease in pecuniary matters, as she paid me part of the debt she owed me, and provided her son with some necessary winter clothing; the unfortunate latin quotation, to which I have before alluded

"Why do women ever write or speak any other language than their native one?"

after creating a variety of tales of scandal, ridiculous in themselves, at length involved us in rather a serious dilemma, and created a fresh excitement in the City, some of the stories connected with the quotation had reached Mr. D's ear, he resolved, unknown to us to have the whole work read by a lawyer, and one was employed accordingly, who carefully read it, but did not make any erasures as was his duty; now I suppose he was like the Indian, who killed the Calf for eighteen pence, and then charged the same for dressing the veal, thus making two jobs of it, though, the whole was but one; now Mr. D. employed this same lawyer, to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the contents of the book, that he might sustain no injury by its publication; but the sagacious limb of the law, so far from realising these expectations, betrayed the confidence reposed in him in the public court, he being opposed in a law case to one of the lawyers, who she had made a dead set at, rather imprudently exclaimed in the heat of the contest "stop till Mrs.

Carson's life comes out, then you and T. B. will get your own in flaming colours;" this threat rather alarmed his opponent; conscience, says Shakspeare, "makes cowards of us all," now, whether the threatened lawyer was conscience stricken, or only offended by the threat, I cannot determine, (for heaven save the mark, I am no conjurer,) but certain it is, that after the court adjourned he sought out Mr. B. told his tale of horror and mortified him, until he became almost white, though what produced the wonderful change in his complexion, I cannot determine, but it is a fact, not to be controverted, that they both proceeded to Mr. D's. store in *propria persona*, and with all the majesty of the law beaming from their eyes, and flaming on their foreheads, they, in a very peremptory manner told him if there was one single word in the life of Ann Carson, derogatory to their character, that they could get hold of, they would prosecute him to the extent of the law; which for a libel was fine and confine, not only him but the printer, journeymen, apprentices, nay even the devil, poor little imp, all, including Mrs. Carson and myself were to find no mercy from the arbitrary pair; poor Mr. D. was to find no mercy from the tyrannical pair, the limbs of the law: whether they are arms or legs I cannot determine, nor shall the public, for I mention no names; could they have realised their intentions the case would have been an hard one, as what was written was fact, and the honest truth is the greatest libel in law.

Now what inducement could those gentlemen have had, to use such threatening language to Mr. D. was it dread at what Mrs. C. could say? was it conscience, that still small voice that will be heard in mortified pride, at the idea of being used up by two females, and fairly dashed out to gratify public appetite for investigation of the private characters of men in public business? Reader, I cant determine, can you? it is an enigma, find it out who can or will. Poor Mr. D. terrified by their threatenings, for he had a family depending on him, was a man of business and property with an unblemished reputation, had a daughter, one of the finest girls in Philadelphia, on the point of marriage to a gentleman from Baltimore; such language to a respectable man under these peculiar circumstances, was outrageous, yet

he met them calmly, assured the *gents*, he had never examined the work but depended on the proof reader, to erase any objectionable matter, was very sorry if what they heard was true, but he would have the book carefully read before it was published, and all parts carefully expunged, that would wound the character or feelings of any person; and pleased with that assurance, they made their exits, not quite in such a rage as when they entered, though no doubt, they wished Mrs. C. myself and the book in the hot country where old Satan presides. Again came our typographical embassador, made report that Mrs. C. was wanted at the store; at this time the printing was finished, the work in the hands of the binders, and the public mind on the tip-toe of expectation, that it would be published the ensuing week.

On Mrs. C's. entering the book-store, Mr. D. informed her the book contained libellous matter; it contains *truth* sir, said she—yes madam, said a gentleman present, the truth is a lible, at present we are under the old English libel law; then said she laughing, I suppose I am to go to jail? yes replied Mr. D. unless the book be examined and altered. I am willing to have it examined replied she, but not materially altered; here is one word madam, said a lawyer present, that will condemn you all; well really I never knew him as any thing else, replied she; nor I either, was his answer, but remember that truth is a libel. The fact is Mrs. Carson, said Mr. D. the book shall be examined and altered; I say no! said Mrs. C. But I say, d——n me it shall, or I will not publish it. The book belongs to me, replied she, as she snatched it off the counter, and put it in her reticule which she held fast in her hand. Now Mrs. Carson was a tall athletic woman and as Scott says, "firmly knit was Walter Graham." Mr. D. was a slender man, and the arbitrator, Mr. Shaw, somewhat of the Falstaff cast, resembling a hogs head, the lawyer was long and small, like a cats elbow; had either of those attempted to take the book from her, what a seene would have ensued, it would have been "confusion, worse confounded;" I believe said the lawyer, Mrs. Clark owns the book at present; and she, said Mrs. Carson, will do any thing I please when I talk to her. Good morning gentlemen, and off she went with the book; on reaching home she reported progress

to me; I laughed at her; we amused ourselves for some time in talking of Mr. D's. fright. What occurred there Ann, do tell me; not now said she, but let us set down and examine the book, have you got one said I? yes, and intend to keep it, replied she; we were deeply engaged in revising the work, when Mr. W. the ambassador arrived, good morning ladies, I hope I dont intrude, but merely popped in to get that book, Mr. D. wants it immediately; but Mr. D. shall not have it, replied Mrs. C. he has nine hundred and ninety nine of them, so this book shall be mine, and he may charge it to my account, therefore Mr. W, you may take your departure without it.

In vain he beg'd and prayed,
And every 'art assayed:

No book could be obtained through her, he then applied to me, as proprietor of the book, to order her to *give it up*, but I answered, I had no contract with Mr. D. she informed me she had received the book from him, so I supposed it was correct. He staid about half an hour, using all his powers of rhetoric, but in vain, she peremptorily refusing to return it, and he returned to head quarters to report unsuccessful progress; two weeks passed over, without our again hearing or seeing any thing about the book, except what transpired in the street, then if I met an acquaintance, it was good morning or afternoon Mrs. Clark, when is Mrs. Carson's life coming out? I do not know sir or madam, but I suppose when Mr. D. thinks it will command a quick sale, he is the best judge of the time to publish it; if I met a friend, my hand was warmly shook, and my dear Mrs. Clark, what is the cause of this delay in issuing Mrs. Carson's life? cant say indeed; nay now, *you know* very well, I never thought you any great hand in keeping a secret before, and people do say that the select council have got hold of it, as it is not fit for publication; thank you for the information, I wrote the work and am not ashamed of the matter, though, I may be of the manner: come now do, thats' a good creature, if it happened to be a lady, tell me wont you, you know I can keep a secret, and upon my honor I wont tell any person; only the first one you meet, was my reply, I could not expect more discretion

from you, than I possess myself; if it was a gentleman, it was, Mrs. C. tell me why is Mrs. Carson's life withheld from the public? nay sir, I have nothing to tell, except that Mr. D. was threatened with a prosecution for a libel, through a slip of my pen, in writing a word which I know to be the truth, but ask Mr. D. he can satisfy you, as he is a man of truth. These were my daily rencounters in the street, till my patience was exhausted, my funds ran low, and I again wanted money, I therefore urged her to make a compromise with Mr. D. and let him alter the book to suit himself, no! that she said she never would consent to, she could do very well without it at present, and would soon make money enough in the spring, to print herself, the ensuing summer; and is that madam, said I, your honour pledged to me, and our gratitude to Mr. D? I owe none, said she, to either of you; I have fulfilled my contract with him, furnished him with the manuscript of a well written book, which he now, to gratify his whim, refuses to publish, that *one word* may be erased but no other alteration will I ever consent to, and he dare not publish it without my permission; there Mrs. Carson, said I, you are mistaken, the book is mine, as I wrote it, and it shall be altered.

I was now convinced, she wanted to draw me over to join with her to take the seven hundred and fifty dollars, and go to New York and print it there, thus leaving the one already printed, dead stock on Mr. D's. hands. This suggestion of my judgement determined me how to act, as umpire between them, and prevent Mr. D. from sustaining any loss. I went down to the store, and without communicating my suspicions to him, we talked the matter over, he had not read the book, nor had it examined. One lawyer wanted ten dollars for reading and marking the obnoxious passages, did you promise to give it to him, said I? no, replied he, I would see him damned first; I laughed, Mrs. D. came into the store; she was a woman of a more expanded mind than her husband, she began laughingly to scold me for writing such a book; my dear madam replied I the book is a good book, a proper book, and an excellent book; do pray read it over with attention, and if you do not agree with me about it, my name shall be Tom Tinker. I have been thinking to do so, replied she. Mr. D. then handed us a

volume, and we adjourned to the parlor, where, in one hour the whole business was settled; well ladies, said Mr. Shaw, how have you decided? is Mrs. Carson to live or die? live to be sure replied I, "to the end of the world and after, O!" Then Bob, replied he, you'll get some sleep to night, do you believe it Mrs. C. said his wife, he has not had a quiet nights rest, this two weeks. I suppose said I, he could not sleep, for dreaming about Mrs. Carson, myself and the book; damn you all, said he, if I had the money back I have expended on it, I would not care if the Devil had the whole of you. It was then agreed that Mr. and Mrs. D. would read it together that night, and their opinion was to be the *finale.* I, mean time, would go and take counsel from a lawyer, a friend of Mrs. Carsons, and then from one of my own friends afterwards. Mr. D. gave me a book, on my pledging my word to return it safe. I went to Mr. B's. office, a lawyer, the tried friend of Mrs C. stated the case to him, informed him of my suspicions of her for the future; he replied, he had the same apprehension, but said he, my dear Mrs. Clarke, do not forsake her, you only can save her from her former course of life. I replied, I would stand by her, so long as she abided by her contract with me, and acted as an honorable member of society, but when she deviated from that, I should renounce all intercourse with her; he observed that was correct, and was all her friends could expect of me; I offered the book for investigation, he replied he had a reference to attend to, that evening, but kindly volunteered to devote the next afternoon to the alterations. I then went to Mr. G. my friend, intrusted the volume to him, he promised to read it attentively that night, mark any parts he thought objectionable, and return it to me the ensuing day; I then went home, informed her of the steps I had taken, for our mutual advantage; she haughtily replied, we might do as we pleased and go to the D——l. Thank you madam, replied I take care *you* do not get there first; she then equipt herself and went out, and did not return until near eleven o'clock, then she seemed out of temper, but cool and rational; her son Joseph then reasoned respectfully with her of the impropriety of her obstinacy, observing how meanly ungrateful it would be in her to let Mr. D. sustain such a loss, adding, Mrs. Clark wanted money too:

she replied Mrs. C. might have had plenty of money if she chose; but as she preferred Mr. D's interest to hers, she could do as she pleased, and abide by the consequence, that she should do the same; my little son, of whom she was very fond, sat down upon her knee, put his arms around her neck, laid his head on her bosom, saying dont quarrel with mother, for she loves you, her son Joseph did the same with me, laying his head on my shoulder, and whispering said never mind mother to-night, she is in a bad humour; do as you please about the book, and she will be better satisfied bye and bye. This mutual interchange of affection with our children softened her and awoke her better feelings; she wept silently on the child's head, who observed to me that she was crying, and a more friendly explanation took place between us. I assured her that no material alteration should take place in the book without her seeing it; this gratified her, and she agreed to submit it to Mr. B's. decision, thus was peace partially restored, but confidence was lost. According to arrangement, Mr. W. the printer. as ambassador for Mr. D. accompanied me to Mr. B's. office, where that gentleman applied the dissecting knife so liberally that I writhed with agony under it, and walked the office as Mr. W. observed afterwards, at the rate of ten miles an hour, at length I peremptorily declared on his applying his knife to the Baltimore lawyer, he should not make any more cuts, but that this limb of the law should remain in Howard's Woods forever. We both got angry, he insisted on making that alteration; I took up the book, bid them good afternoon, and made my exit in a rage; went to Mr. G's, and in half an hour the whole business was set at rest, by merely inserting initials, and changing one or two phrases; I then returned to Mr. D. who, having read it, pronounced it a well written work, although there were seventy pages to alter and reset again. The procrastination occasioned by the alterations created such an excitement in the public mind, that when advertised for sale, fifty copies were disposed of in a day for several days in succession; and it was written for by the President, vice President, Gov. of Pennsylvania, and great numbers of members of Congress, of both houses, the sale was really surprising. Mr. D's. most sanguine expectations were fully realised, and

myself greeted every where with smiles and congratulations.

Fame is all I gained at that time: Mr. D. by contract was entitled to this first sale; true, I had received two hundred and fifty copies of the work, but they were dead stock at that time. While congratulated on my success from every friend I had, I really was unable to pay my rent; had not Mr. D. gone my security, my furniture would have been seized for house rent. I was also at this time very much persecuted by gentlemen calling upon the most frivolous pretences. Mrs. C. had stated in her work, that she was dependent on her needle for support; some called, saying they wanted shirts made, stockings mended, waistcoats and pantaloons made or repaired; and after taxing our time for an hour or two in frivolous conversation, took their departure; and as I never left her alone with them, it was a severe tax on my time, as she and her son were depending on me for their support. From the day her work came out, her allowance from Mr. Truxton ceased; as he informed the boy, he supposed she would soon make her fortune, and adding that the book was an excellent and well written work—advised her remaining with me, and turn our attention to the book-selling business; that source for ready money having failed, and her son's wages he received from Mr. W. the printer, being appropriated to purchase fashionable clothing for him. Had it not been for my Comedy of "the Benevolent Lawyers," and the song of "the Taylor's Alley Ball," we should have been destitute of the means of living, until Mr. D's. books were sold off, and ours came into the market; true, in the winter he had advanced me money before the work came out, but I was too proud to be continually taxing his liberality. The spring was now rapidly advancing, and to escape our impertinent and idle visitors, and rid myself of the tax of maintaining Joseph without dismissing him from the house, or hurting her feelings by demanding his board every week, when I was conscious she had appropriated the money to another purpose, I therefore resolved on removing to a house of Mr. D's. in Chestnut near Schuylkill Second St.; this I realized, and left my pleasant residence in Bryan's Court, after having resided there near three years. Our books were now brought in-

to the market, and cash began to flow in upon us; and according to appearances, a second edition would soon be requisite, this Mr. D. positively declined publishing; and we then determined that one of us should go to New York, one dozen books having sold there in two hours. Two hundred and fifty copies of the work was appropriated for that market—which of us should go was a question; my black boy Sam had returned from the country, and had resumed his management in my small business. I dreaded leaving him in the house with her, as she one day observed he would sell for six or seven hundred dollars at the south. I also feared her bringing her former associates to the house during my absence, as several of them had found their way out there: thus I wavered for two weeks, but I found some effective measures must be taken to realise three hundred dollars, or the second edition could not be got out; our books were wasting away, and the money they produced was expended in clothing and domestic expenses. We therefore one evening after canvassing the matter pro and con, determined to draw straws, and decide the question whether she or I should go to New York. The result was, that she should go, and accordingly the next day we packed up books, plays, pamphlets and songs, sufficient to produce three hundred and thirty dollars—one hundred books were mine with the other stock, and one hundred and fifty hers. All my best ruffles, collars, night-gowns, &c. were loaned to her, to enable her to make an elegant appearance. I furnished her with a letter to Mr. Wiley, a bookseller in Wall St. with whom I was acquainted. Thus equipped and provided, she left me with solemn promises of doing her duty for our mutual interest. I was tormented with a thousand apprehensions for her conduct; and at one time was almost tempted to follow her, and when one week had elapsed, my not hearing from her, created serious alarm—she was but slenderly provided with money. It was late when she got into New York, and a rainy wet evening. On her driving to a hotel, six dollars in advance was demanded for three days accommodation in the house; now four dollars was all she had in her purse, and out of that she had to pay her coach hire, and the freight of her trunk: she therefore could not accede to the immediate demand, and ordered the coach-

man to drive to Mrs. Ferras', in Anthony Street; here she was met with open arms, and joyful congratulations on the success of her work. Mrs. Ferras was a native of New York, and had been for some time confined in the Prune St. prison, Philadelphia, for passing counterfeit money, but by some finesse of her lawyer, the Grand Jury ignoramused the bill for want of evidence, and she was dismissed from prison, without coming to trial; on quitting the City she left her address with Mrs. C. She kept a large boarding house for gentlemen of the black cloth, and her house was now full; Ann was introduced to them all severally, and warmly invited to join their association once more; for one week she wavered; gratitude to me, regard for her children, were placed in one scale, and the ease, elegance and comfort she enjoyed there, when contrasted with my humble residence, and economical expenditure in the other, early habits prevailed over prudence, penitence and promises, and she once more joined the association, purchased one hundred dollars of New England money, contracted for one thousand dollars, of Five Dollars each, on Girard's Bank, for which she was to pay two hundred, and sign them herself.

As fast as our books sold, she drew the money from Mr. Wiley, and paid it to those men for the spurious trash; the proceeds of my songs, plays and pamphlets she purchased the New England money with, and leaving fifty books with Mr. W. and a number of plays, songs and pamphlets with Mr. Wurden, for which she took receipts in her own name. After an absence of two weeks she returned to Philadelphia, with this valuable cargo. I rejoiced to see her once more, as I sensibly felt the loss of her society, and received her with a sister's kiss, and the embrace of true friendship—let any one judge of my indignant surprise, when she informed me of the purpose to which she had applied our little capital, and handed me fifteen dollars of the New England money, which she took from a roll of notes out of her stocking, adding, (showing the roll) here is nearly eleven hundred dollars, and that my dear Madam is better than two hundred and fifty, which you expected. I gazed at her with horror, when she assured me the fifteen I held in my hand were counterfeit, and that she had

seventy more for me; again I examined the notes, they were well executed, but the idea that she was quizzing me, suggested itself to my mind, and I said to her with an hysterical laugh, no, no, you cannot after what we have suffered together (and the privations I have endured for your sake,) been so base as to rob me of my little *all*.

It was, she observed, to prevent my ever being compelled to endure the same again, that she had acted as she did, for our mutual welfare. We have now my dear friend, money to set us perfectly at ease, and enable us to enjoy the elegancies and comforts of life, to which we had both been accustomed. Rosanna will now come and live with us as a servant—we can allow her per centage for passing the money—we can of an evening equip ourselves and walk out as usual into the City; there, by buying a pair of shoes at one store, a pair of gloves at another, in short any trifle that will be useful, and enable us to change our notes, but we must take care not to go too often to one store; by these means we shall get clear of forty or fifty dollars of a night, before any suspicion is excited the whole may be disposed of. I listened to her half laughing, but peremptorily declared Rosanna should never be a resident of my house, nor would I have any thing to do with the counterfeit money. What will you do then, said she. I have no other? as I have done before, was my reply—as well as I can. I have still plays and songs on hand; Sam is faithful, as well as Ralph and Dick; 'tis true Butler has become impertinent, but he will be glad to return to his duty again —she laughed, and replied, do not be too sure of that, Butler may be otherwise employed. The fact is Mrs. C., said I, if I stood alone in the world without a chair to sit on, a table to eat off, or a bed to sleep on, or a change of clothing to wear, I will never have any thing to do with counterfeit money; that is my *finale*, therefore drop the hateful subject, I know you are only joking—she replied no, she was not, that she had pledged her word of honour on coming into my family that she never would deceive me; I then enquired about several of my friends in New York, who I had commissioned her to call on, she gave me very satisfactory information; we sat down and played a few games of cards, the rest of the

evening passed in sociable conversation, except she frequently reverted to her thousand dollars, and devising plans how to get rid of it, at which I laughed; at length we retired for the night, mutually pleased. I was glad to have her home again, and she delighted with the success of her schemes, and the facility with which she fancied she had subdued my objections, anticipating her soon being able to induce me to unite with her in her very honorable speculation, by which store-keepers, shoe-makers, butchers, bakers, hucksters and country people, in short, all small dealers were to be defrauded to the amount of five or ten dollars. The next morning after breakfast, I walked into the City, while she remained at home, she observing, dinner would be ready on my return; I enquired why she had not brought her trunk up, her reply was, it could remain for some time down there, and she hoped to induce me to remove into the City, as the view of Richard Smyth's tomb, which she could see from her chamber window, almost kill'd her—if that be the case, said I, I will look out for a house immediately. She said a few weeks hence would answer, and we parted as usual. I called on Alderman Badger, to whom I had pledged my word for her good conduct while with me, or to give her up if she deviated, showed him the notes, told him of her honorable purchase while in New York, and the compromise of one week's consideration on both sides, which I intended to make with her in the evening, if I found the notes really counterfeit, and that she was serious in what she told me, previous to bringing our business to a termination. I hope, madam, said that good man, you do not think of complying with her proposal? certainly not sir, replied I, or I would not have given you any information on the subject; my object is to change her mind if possible. He shook his head, examined the notes narrowly, and observed he would not hesitate taking them, as he really believed them to be genuine, and that she was jesting with me, being conscious of my apprehension for her safety. After some further desultory conversation, I bade him good morning, and went over to Mr. D's book-store, there I met several gentlemen, morning idlers, who having nothing to do

"But sing, saunter, and stare;"

make observations, and laugh at all females who pass the store; at the head of those stood the modern Sir John Falstaff, alias Mr. George Shaw, of notorious rotundity —they all, after giving me the compliments of the morning, eagerly enquired had Mrs. Carson returned from New York? I answered in the affirmative. What had she done was their next question. Sold books, &c. to the amount of two hundred and seventy-five dollars, with which she purchased eleven hundred and fifty dollars in counterfeit money—they all whistled; of what denomination were the notes, said Mr. Shaw? Fives, said I; one thousand on Girard's Bank, and one hundred and fifty New London notes. Girard's notes will go like the d—l, said a gentleman present, as his bank has never been touched yet. And what is your share, my lady, said Mr. D. Six hundred, replied I gaily, I shall now become a rich rogue, instead of what I have been, a poor honest woman, opposed and oppressed by all the rapscallion booksellers and binders in the City.

What do they do here? said Mr. D. They say I must not work, and they will not sell my books when I publish them. Ha, ha, ha, said Mr. D. did not you sell one thousand copies of Hogan's trial and clear a thousand dollars by it, while I sunk money on my edition? that black rascal of yours, can sell more pamphlets than any person in this city, and you complain of being poor; you have got a purse as long as my arm, hid somewhere but you are as stingy as the D—l, I suppose you are saving your money, to get another husband, as I am sure your beauty will never get you one—very well sir, replied I, that is my thanks for drawing you out the mud-gutter, into which the lawyer and Mrs. Carson had plunged you. I then produced the notes on the New London bank, they examined them closely, and all pronounced them genuine, one gentleman said he would give me ten dollars for the fifteen; no you dont replied I, laughing, Mrs. Carson told me when she handed them to me, they were counterfeit, and I am determined to ascertain the fact. How, replied one of the gentlemen; by going to Mr. Allens', Exchange Broker, and let him decide the question. Aldr. B. and all you gentlemen think them good, she says they are counterfeit, I will soon see who is right. Take care my lady she dont draw you into a

scrape. There is no danger replied I, I am wide awake —on going to Mr. Allen's I handed him the notes, and requested him to change them, and I would pay the discount. Where did you get them madam, said he? from New York said I, for books of mine that were sold there —send them back, replied he, for they are counterfeit; I thanked him for the information, and returned to Mr. D's. to make a report accordingly. A pretty set of wise blockheads you all are. They are all counterfeit; all my doubts are now removed, and all my hopes for her reformation annihilated. I always thought she was a cheat, said Mr. Shaw; there you are wrong replied I, or she would have deceived me, and have involved me in some of her troubles; even now though I love her, and believe her to be the best friend I have, I must now give her up, as I can no longer keep her in the house; what an ill-fated, unfortunate woman she is; I am afraid there is a dark destiny suspended over her, but I must return home and have a fair explanation with her. On my return I found her busy writing, the front door was locked and I judged she had been signing some of her notes. This money is indeed spurious said I, as I proceeded to lay the table for dinner, I told you so said she; and dont you think, said I, you have been a very foolish woman through the whole of the business? But one short year has elapsed, since you left the prison pennyless, and even without house-room, yes answered she, and without sufficient clothing to make a decent appearance.

In that time you have got your book written and published, which has commanded a rapid sale, the voice of the public is now in your favour; you were rapidly gaining friends among the respectable class of society, all these advantages you will now lose, as I shall be compelled, by my duty to society to give information against you, as you well know I am security to the civil authority for your good conduct, and must do my duty for the sake of my children, and my own character.

She looked at me with astonishment, nay almost frightened, you surely will not do that, said she; I must, replied I, in my own defence. Hear patiently, said she what I will now say to you; six hundred dollars of this money is yours, I will sign it for you without any compensation, Rosanna, Butler, and Kitty O'Brien will soon

pass it for you, that will enable you to get out your History of America this summer, and set you completely at ease in pecuniary matters. That might have been the case, replied I, had you not squandered our money in that spurious trash, and been so foolish as to come and tell me of it, have I not frequently said to you, if you ever go to your old tricks again, do not let me know it; and mark me lady fair, if you persevere, you will not be three months out of prison; and if Bobby Wharton gets you, and the inspectors, they will have no mercy on you.

I then used all my powers of persuasion, that reason, friendship, and good feelings for her suggested. I urged the respect she owed her fathers memory, her duty to her children, and the proper regard to her own safety, and terminated my remonstrances, by reminding her of Mr. B's. enmity, you have shown him no mercy in your book, exposed the secrets of the prison, ridiculed the turnkeys; consequently you have no favours to expect from them; but they are not going to touch me, replied she; I laughed and reminded her of the fortune-tellers' predictions, who told her she would die in a prison; she laughed, I then spoke of her duty to the public, who had so liberally patronized her work; while the black-cloth fraternity had left her to starve, till she had money to meet their views, and purchase their *cogniac*; but all my eloquence was lost, she urged her poverty, and dependent state. I would rather said she, be in jail, than at liberty and poor; you will soon realize money by the second edition of the book; but the purchase is made said she, what can I do, they have all gone off to Canada; and if you desert me, looking anxiously at me, all is lost; I am now conscious I did wrong, but I have not one dollar of good money for you, and must go on, "neck or nothing;" She then used other arguments to induce me to join her, equally weak and frivolous with those I have repeated; we then came to a compromise, each agreed to take a week for consideration, if I concluded to join with her, we were to remove to New York, if she gave it up we were to change our residence; meanwhile the subject was to be discontinued entirely; and here we relinquished it. Our afternoon passed off sociably and pleasantly. I spoke of the house and our probable change of residence; she observed, there would be no use in paying a

dollar for bringing the trunk up, as we should remove in a few days, or a week at furthest; according to our compromise, if I agreed to accept six hundred dollars counterfeit money, we were to remove to New York, and if I did not accede to this, and she relinquished her intentions, then we were to burn the money and remove into the city. All jealousy and discontent was to be erradicated, we were to unite as we had formerly done, heart, hand, and pen to aid each other, until a second edition of the book would be got out.

My William returned from school, her son Joseph came out to visit her, and we passed a delightful evening; after Joseph had departed, and we were preparing to retire for the night, as it had been our invariable custom during the winter to take a bowl of hot toddy on going to bed, and while she went into the parlor to get the brandy, I put the water in the kitchen, and looking for some paper to light the fire, I took out my pocketbook and seeing the three five dollar notes on the New London Bank, I kindled the fire with them—observing to her how beautifully her money burned, Oh! you D—l replied she, is it possible, you'll want that money before you die, no, that I never shall, replied I, want counterfeit money, while I have a good trade I can always earn my living, and when I am too old to work, the public must support me, if my present resources fail me; thus passed over one of the most trying days I had ever known with her.

The ensuing memorable week was passed by her in solitude, as I thought; by me it was spent in house-hunting, as I usually went out in the morning and did not return until tea time, when I found her alone, but she in the meantime had contrived to dispose of fifty dollars of her New London money, for which she received thirty dollars in cash, but took care not to give me any. Butler, Rosanna and Miss O'Brian were all busy. I was very much surprised one evening, by Sam observing to me that she must be very rich, as she had such a heap of new bank notes; pho! replied I, her book has commanded a very rapid sale, and she is saving that money to get out a second edition; I wonder what she wants me to go to New York with her for? said he, are you going? I answered in the negative, adding, take care Sam, she is a dangerous wo-

man, and might sell you; I know that replied he, why that is Ann Carson, and because she lives here, no more ladies dont want to come out here to see you, and that makes old mistress and the young ladies so mad; (alluding to my mother and daughters,) who had renounced all intercourse with me, from the time Ann became a member of my family, finding the boy was in no danger from her machinations, I forbore all further comment, but that night on going to bed, I had learned from Sam, she was endeavouring to persuade my son to accompany her to New York; this alarmed me, as this was the last day of the week of probation; I resolved to terminate the whole affair, accordingly, on descending to breakfast the next morning; I observed "the ides of march are come," she said, yes but not gone. I then entered into a serious conversation with her, which commenced by her enquiring what was my determination? I turned to her rather indignantly, and replied, madam, putting common honour and honesty out of the question, do you think I have so small a share of pride and spirit, as to put myself in your power, by committing an overt act, if I were to pass one single note, I should be completely in your power, and knowing as I do your overbearing temper, I should become a servant instead of being mistress of my own house; I took you into my family, with a view of reforming you and detaching you from bad company; I fear I have not attained my object, and you must either realize my views, or we separate. What can I do, replied she, I have no money near me? Ann, said I, and let this be our last conversation on the subject; we have still two hundred books on hand, the controller general will give me, as many coats and pantaloons as we can make, we can put our books into a book-sellers' hands —who will endorse my note for the paper; Mr. Probasco will print the work and bind it on a risk; he will deliver them to us, one hundred at a time, and we can pay him as the books sell; she burst into a horse-laugh, and asked me rather scornfully, if I supposed she was going to make soldier cloths?—Employment only fit for the meanest and lowest females of the city; you made soldier shirts, said I, when your character was as clear as the noon-day sun, in comparison to what it is now—you, your mother, and all your sisters were glad to make

soldiers' shirts, and give security for the fulfilment of the contract; here no security is required—Sam can carry the work backward and forward, that we may not be exposed; we can easily earn a dollar per day, that will support our family and the proceeds of my songs, will do more than pay our rent; I will sew all the long seams and do the rough work; come now dear Ann, do not let us part, we have lived nine months happily together; I threw my arms around her neck and wept on her bosom; for a few moments she seemed disposed to listen, but in one instant her manner changed, and she pushed me from her indignantly; no, said she, the dye is cast; when you preferred Mr. D's interest to mine, you broke the chord that united us, and from that time I have lived with you in a state of hypocrisy; in love or friendship I never could endure a rival, as Mr. D. superseded me in your friendship; I am now convinced that the best woman in the world will sacrifice a female for a man; ridiculous said I, have I not done every thing for you? yes, and sold me at last; my heart panted for vengeance on those who had persecuted me, that thirst for revenge inspired me with the idea of having my life written; but *you*, and she looked sternly at me, disappointed me; now, how are you rewarded? what has your friend D. done for you? he refuses to issue a second edition of the work, though he has profitted largely by the first; and even the paltry consideration of twenty dollars, one quarter's rent of this house, which really is not worth thirteen, he exacted from you before he would give you the key. The greatest stranger in the world could not deal harder; even old Guy Henderson, did not ask for his rent until it had been due a month, then waited five months longer and took Mr. D. as security at last; nay, although you left the house empty, he will if you wish it let you have it again; come, let us be friends once more, unite with me in this speculation, and it shall be the last thing of the kind I will ever attempt, I am sorry I engaged in it, but repentance comes too late. Your History of America will be a valuable school-book, I have read it through, and think it contains more historical information than any work of the kind I have ever read—it is well written, in language adapted to the capacity of well educated children; this flattery soothed me, and for a moment I wavered, but I caught a glimpse of my little boy through the

window, as he and Sam were employed in digging the garden—it was like a flash of lightning; his father and Grandmother with their dying breath consigned him to my care unrestricted. And shall I for the paltry consideration of six hundred dollars, to be obtained by imposition on the unsuspecting tradesman, betray the confidence reposed in me by those dear beloved friends? No, perish the thought! I had felt a slight indignation at her animadversions upon Mr. D. and now resolved to play off a little female policy; you complain of Mr. D. said I, I think he has acted perfectly correct; I am in no danger now of being defrauded out of my books, as I am of those taken to New York, and as we differ in so many material points, I think we had better separate. In what do we materially differ said she; I replied in many instances, you are disposed to seek the gaities of life, you love the sun-shine of life, and I the shade, my complying with his request to alter the book, has created a jealousy in you, that I think ungrateful; Mr. D. has been a kind friend to you, there is not a bookseller in Philadelphia but himself would have published your book on the liberal terms that he did. When you proposed to me to write your book, you did not tell me vengeance was your object, or the book would have remained unwritten for me, but you professed to be poor, and destitute, sorry for your past life, and a determination to reform; and I still mean to do so replied she. No, no, Ann said I, you have given very poor specimens of the stability of your resolutions, by your conduct in New York. I was alone said she, had you been with me, I would not have acted as I did. I am sorry for it, but it cannot now be recalled, forgive me this time, and let us continue together; I will never do so again. "You were like the Pilgrim, who in penance for past folly, set out strange lands to see," but yielded to the first temptation; the only terms we can live together on are these; give me that money, I will take it to New York, and compel Mrs. Ferris to refund the money you paid for it, and take the trash herself. How will you do that, said she? by threatening her with the police, and as she speculates in that business she will be glad of the bargain. Another thing I have to inform you of, Isaac Riley, one of the greatest publishers in the United States, told me yesterday he could

have sold thousands of them at the south, proposed to get out the second edition of four thousand copies, to give us two thousand, and keep two thousand for himself, or pay us two thousand dollars at the end of the year; but he will not transact any business with you; then he dont get my books, (haughtily) said she, stop madam said I, remember I am a partner, and have something to say there. I wrote the book, and have not been paid for it, you have swindled me out of one hundred and fifty dollars, besides thirty you owe me for board; do you suppose I will tamely lose all this without making some effort to redress myself?

I then walked into the garden, I remained about ten minutes, on my return she had assumed an air of tranquillity. I have been thinking, said she, about Mr. Riley, I like his proposal; you had better go to him, said I, he keeps a publication office in Decatur Street—I will give you a note of introduction to him, only bear this in memory, I will not take *you* in any case; whatever contract you may make, I must be a party concerned, and he to become responsible to me for the books or money. To this, she said she had no objections; I then made arrangements with her, no matter how the book business succeeded, she was to give up the counterfeit money to my management, or leave the house. It is most likely said she, I shall go to New York. Do not attempt, said I, to take Sam with you, he is a free boy, and belongs to the State of Pennsylvania; any attempt to injure him I shall seriously resent. She said she had no such intention, had merely spoken to the boy under the impression that I would accompany her to New York. Here our conversation terminated, she went into the City, and I remained at home to wash—in the evening she returned highly offended. Mr. Riley had positively refused to make any negotiations with her, but told her to send me; this she considered an insult, and railed at him in strong language, till I commanded silence, as he was one of my friends. You appear to be a general favorite of the man, said she. I laughed—don't be jealous said I, I will never rival you, among the black cloth fraternity. It was amicably adjusted between us, that she should wash her clothes the next day, and prepare for her removal to New York. The day terminated amica-

bly, next morning the boys brought in water for her to wash with; I went into the city and did not return until night, and was very much surprised to find the door locked. I knocked loudly, which the persons next door hearing, came out and gave me the key, and informed me she had taken her things and gone. On entering the parlour, I was shocked to find it stripped of almost every article of the furniture—all was gone! except the sofa and carpet. On going up stairs to her chamber, I found she had taken her bed, bedstead and bedding, a quantity of china, crockery, and tin ware. I sat down horrified—gracious heavens, thought I, can she be so meanly base. I then inquired of the people next door, who had taken the things away? they answered, two men had been out in the morning, and staid some time; that a cart came out about five o'clock and took away the things; they did not see her employed in any way; she handed them the key, and requested them to give it to me, as she was going away—that was all they knew of the affair; this I knew was no proof to bring a charge of robbery against her. The boys came in from play, but looked round them with wonder at the empty parlour. Ware de furniture, Mrs. Clark, said Sam, you gawn to move. No, Sam, replied I, Mrs. Carson stole it. What! exclaimed the boy, that there rich lady, that has got such a pile of new bank notes!—what a bad woman she must be. My son walked silently into the kitchen, and I heard him sobbing, while Sam and myself were employed in removing the furniture from her chamber to the parlour.

That night I passed in a state of anxiety I want language to describe; to be first swindled out of nearly two hundred dollars in money, besides a large trunk and a quantity of useful and ornamental wearing apparel.

The next morning I went to a lawyer, a friend of ours, who advised me not to take any active measures against her until he had seen her—with his advice I complied, and waited several days; at last she insulted me by coming out to visit me, escorted by Mr. Butler, my former pedlar, but now dressed *a la dandy*. Why, hey day, said she, have you sold your furniture? No, insolence Madam, replied I sternly, you are conscious it was you sent it way. I think, Anna, said Butler as he attempt-

ed to seat himself, that is actionable, Mrs. Clark accuses you of robbing her. Get out of my house you puppy, said I, snatching the chair from him, (he fell, and struck his head against the wall,) how dare you or any other circulator of counterfeit money, dare presume to seat themselves in my parlour? out with you, and I pushed him by the shoulders into the street; he picked up some small stones, intending to break the windows, but two of the men next door prevented him, assuring him, if he offered the least insult to the house or myself, they would take him to the watch house. I had a right to put any person out of my house that I pleased, particularly a suspicious character like him; and now madam, said I, to Mrs. Carson, follow your *gallant* instantly,--she stood trembling, never having seen me so enraged before; respect for your father's memory, and some faint embers of the affection I once bore you, deters me from serving you as I have done that scamp. Hear me, my dear Mrs. Clark, said she, we were once friends, (and she spoke in her natural, soft, sweet voice,) but are so no more, replied I, the chord of affection that bound me to you and your children, you have cruelly torn from my heart. Mutual confidence is annihilated, as I before told you, and I do not wish to have any further intercourse with you—she still hesitated, and stood. I was silent, but my heart was bursting with agony. The moon shone full in the window, as we stood face to face; she looked pale and dejected; that flippant air with which she entered had vanished; she looked as I was accustomed to see her in the early days of our acquaintance. I could have fallen on her bosom and wept; one minute longer, and all my heroism would have evaporated; but Sam came running up to the door, and catching Butler by the arm, exclaimed with a loud negro laugh, holloa Butler, ware you get so much fine dressed clothes—you've got plenty of Mrs. Carson's new bank notes to buy em with—take care old fellow, s'pose Mr. Wharton catch you, he will put you in de work-house. Get out, you black rascal, said Butler—come Mrs. Carson, I cannot stay here to be insulted by this black rascal, and he walked off. Who you call black rascal, exclaimed Sam, running after him, I be good, honest boy. neber cheat my mistress, nor pass counterfeit money. You had better follow him,

said I, or there will be a fight; if Butler strikes Sam I will prosecute him. And must I really go, said she sorrowfully—certainly, replied I. I will come out to-morrow morning early, said she, and talk to you. You may save yourself that trouble, replied I, mine is "the law of the Medes and Persians," and I will not revoke it—we have separated forever—nothing can unite us but a sincere and humble penitence on your part, or your being in distress. You would forgive me then. Yes, replied I, good night. I shut the door and rushed into the kitchen, here an hysterical affection seized me, I felt as though I had driven her from me, at a moment when I might have revived better thoughts and feelings, and probably led her back again to the paths of moral rectitude. There appeared to be a chord of sympathy between us, for which I could not account, as if our fates were united by a secret power, and I had ever thought of her more with pity, than that contempt which the females generally expressed towards her in her dark hours of adversity. I had lost my husband very shortly after Richard Smyth's execution; he too had been an officer in the last war, and lingered for a long time. I had for several months been involved in a pressure of pecuniary difficulties occasioned by my collector's defrauding me, and the failure of payments from numbers of my subscribers, which at length compelled me to close my business about the time Mrs. Carson was shut up by her creditors. Thus I had learned sympathy from mutual distress, and now regretted the hasty manner in which I had driven her from me. At length tears came to my relief, and I wept plentifully, or I really believe reason would have forsaken her throne. At length Sam came in, (for hitherto I had happily been alone) no eye but that great Omnipotent Power who seeth in secret, had witnessed my sufferings for her; I required not human sympathy, nor consolation, so common-place as is generally given on such occasions; mere words of course without sense, feeling, or meaning—no, heaven was my only recourse, and to my creator alone I looked, to Him I mentally addressed a prayer; for patience and perseverance in the right way, and for content under my present deprivations and afflictions, this was certainly one of the most trying periods of my life, but my prayers were answered and I became calm and collected;

dont cry my dear mistress, said the poor boy, for that bad woman, for all her heap of bank notes, she takes good care to cheat you out of every thing she gets of yours—them bank notes was not good money mistress; how do you know Sam? said I, why did'nt I hear you scold her, for taking your good money to buy that trash with? do you think if that was good money she would give so much to Butler, no, no; though Sam black, he no fool. Mrs. Carson, replied I Sam, was my friend, when you speak of her, let it be with proper respect, ho, ho, ho, she friend to herself, nobody else, she live here, pay nothing, take your book, take your clothes, then take your furniture, do you call that friend? I be bound she want to get you in jail if she could; there was too much truth in this observation, for me to controvert it. I said gravely, call in William, it is time to go to bed. The next day I applied to Mr. Wharton about my furniture, he advised me to set down contented with my loss, and be thankful I had saved my character, as I expected she would have drawn you into some of her nefarious transactions long ago; she has just served you right, you had no business with her; now you have written a book for her by which she will make money, and you will never get a single dollar from her. If I had left her alone in my house, as you did, I should not have expected to find any thing on my return, that she could have gotten away: you cannot prove that she took your furniture, and if you could, it would only be a breach of trust; and is not that criminal said I? no, replied he; not according to law, that is your master and mine too; half laughing, half crying, and almost bursting with indignation, I left the office, went first to one lawyer, then another, but all in vain, I had no redress, unless I could see the furniture. Just find out where she lives, said one of the officers belonging to Southwark, and for two dollars I will engage to get your furniture; this was the first ray of hope I had met with, and I immediately determined to set my wits to work to discover her residence; but in my way home, I met our mutual friend, lawyer H. who told me she had promised him on her word and honour, to send me one hundred dollars from New York one month after she had got settled there, and to liquidate her whole debt in the course of the summer. Do

you believe her, said I? yes, replied he, she regrets your inflexibility, and is sorry you have separated; you had better be reconciled to her, and accompany her to New York.

Rather, replied I, "would I take corruption to my bosom, and call it brother," than again assimilate with that base woman. He reassured me, that she would remit the money to him from New York, for me; you will see, replied he, that she is not so bad as you think her. There are many worse replied I, if we knew where to find them; I bade him good morning. Having done my duty as a citizen, by apprising the Police of her intentions, I resolved to set down contented with my loss, and endeavour to retrieve it the ensuing year; to facilitate which I proposed commencing a school at my present residence, where I was well known, having kept a seminary in that vicinity, for several years previous to my present removal; but I was prevented by the breaking out of the fever and ague, which had almost depopulated the neighbourhood for several years previously, and this year produced an epedemic almost as fatal as the Yellow Fever.—Happening to call one day on a friend, he enquired how my business with Mrs. Carson went on; I told him I had lost nearly all my money; how much did she owe you? he enquired, I told him I believed the only part of our pecuniary transactions I could make a common debt, was the thirty dollars she owed me for board, and that not recoverable, as she had no property, and yet replied he, you must sue her, your residence together has been public, so must your separation be for the credit of your family; your daughters are fine young women, for their sake, if not your own, you must have it announced to the public, that you have alienated yourself from her; that I have done already, replied I, by withdrawing my security for her good conduct, and reporting her intentions to the police; that, said he, may do very well with the civil authority, and we gentlemen of the Bar; but of that transaction, the public at large know nothing, and it is them with whom you at present reside; it therefore behoves you as a respectable and unprotected female, the mother and mistress of a family, to defend yourself as far as possible from petty scandal. I thought, replied I; the information I gave the mayor would have done that

effectually; pho ,replied he, Mr. Wharton forgot that ten minutes afterwards besides you have only informed of her intentions, and she must commit some overt act, before she can be taken and tried, it was that saved her, and the person she had with her in the affair of Gov. Snyder as stated by Mr. Binns; and by that replied I, "he did the state some service" for had she effected her purpose, what excitement there would have been throughout the union, every Governor would have required life guards after that, upon their instalment in office, and the entire militia of the four states, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and the last, though not least in our esteem New Jersey, then there would have been such marching and counter-marching, every tan-yard throughout the four states might have been searched; nay even the tan-vats dragged in search of their puissant Governor, who all the time would have been fairly ensconced

"In the sweet little cot, at the foot of the hill;"

with one of the finest women of the day.

I wonder if Mrs. C. would have remained immaculate, during their secluded residence together, and how long Simon would have held out, which would have been most effectual, her attractions, or her threats? and whether Mrs. S. would not have played the jealous wife on his return? if he had escaped with his life and limb, by signing Richard Smyths' pardon.

For on no other terms would he have escaped a long imprisonment.

He laughed, will you never lose that flow of spirits, that thus enables you to throw off trouble like snow-balls —why really, the whole affair appears to me so ridiculous, I never could help laughing at it; but I must beg your pardon, and trust that will atone for my folly; there now, I am as grave as a priest, and my most serious attention at your service. Nay, replied he, I am glad to see you cheerful; the pecuniary loss to you has been a serious one, but you must now proceed against her immediately; suppose I have got no money to spare, said I; the expense will be trifling, said he, and the advantage to you incalculable; accordingly, I took every means in my power to discover her residence, at length Mr. D. told me she was somewhere in Vernon street, on enquiry, and describing her, I found her number,

and to apologize for calling on her, after having dismissed her from my house, I told her a trader had called on me to purchase books, but I could not deal with him, as he wanted four or five hundred, and was willing to wait for a second edition, which he would prefer having, as I presumed all the names would be in it, where at present there was only initials; she answered in the affirmative; then continued I, I expect you will realize a sufficiency the ensuing summer, by your speculations in *cogniac*, to get out the second edition; again she answered in the affirmative; will you, continued I, pay the Printers' bill with stuff; that is best known to myself, replied she, this little confab was held in the yard, we were alone (her face was flushed, her eye wandering and restless, her dress careless, and vulgarly dirty) I bid her good evening, telling her that the ensuing night I would bring the trader down to see her.

The fact was, a gentleman of the city, who we will call Mr. P. had expressed an ardent desire to see her; he having been at college, during the early part of her life, and the time of her notoriety.

I was in his Father's office, we were conversing about her; I would give five dollars said he, to see that woman, down with the cash, said I, I will introduce you; I never pay for services before hand, replied he, laughing; but you exact, said I, (for reader he was a lawyer,) we are compelled to that in our defence, said he; as you know for a lawyer to plead and not to be paid, would be so *outree*, it would ruin the trade, and as we generally have the worst part of the community to deal with, we are compelled in self defence, to exact some compensation, previous to rendering services; if we lose a case, it is ten to one if ever we get any thing. Which said I, laughing, you generally do; ladies observed he, are privileged to say what the please—however introduce me to Mrs. Carson. and the next case you have, I will attend to it for you; then I fear, said I, it will be a gone case, however, I want a visitor, and have no objection to take you for an escort, as I do not like to go there alone. Is she so dangerous, exclaimed he; no replied I, not personally, but I do not like the people she resides with; you will not leave me alone with her, said he, laughing; do you think your virtue would be in any danger? said I; oh no,

replied he, but I am such an exceedingly modest young man, that the idea of being alone with a lady of her celebrity, might render me awkward, and as I am rather bashful, she might expect me to make love to her—all this, your continuing in the room will obviate. I am your very humble servant said I, curtsying, as a modest lawyer is a phenomenon. It was then agreed, that he should accompany me down to her residence the next evening but one, and be introduced as a trader, who wished to purchase books; but remember you must see me safe home again said I.

I will now commence a subject which leads directly to a transaction with a gentleman of the black cloth, and of $20, celebrity, that will give my readers an idea of the estimation in which females are held who are unfortunate enough to be connected with them.

I had been to market, and on my return, was very much surprised to find a coarse and vulgar woman in close and earnest conversation with Ann Carson. On my entrance she took her leave, earnestly pressing her to call the next evening at her house (adding with a smile) you can bring Joseph with you, and then Mrs. Clarke will not be uneasy about you; this was said in an apparent plain and simple manner, yet there was an archness in the smile that at once aroused my suspicion, and naturally I was induced by the circumstance to make the inquiry who and what she was? To this question Mrs. C. responded, she was the wife of a respectable Shoemaker in our neighborhood, in 11th. Street, who during the period of my incarceration in Prune St. was the professed friend and actual protector of my then helpless children; I replied, I am happy to hear she has some good qualities, but I must confess they have never been apparent to me, a certain leer of low cunning seemed fixed on her brow, as if to blur the beauty of the mould that shaped her person, and the comeliness of personal appearance was lost in the degradation of her mind; but if she has claims on your gratitude, you are welcome to receive her; I will for once extend my "*complaisance*," and receive her with a welcome smile.

Then replied she, you can have no objection to my visiting her. None whatever, replied I, providing you take Joe or William with you; accordingly next evening

she returned the visit, her son Joseph accompanying her, and returned apparently in the very height of jollity and good humor; no further notice was taken of the lady who frequently called and spent an hour in desultory conversation. At length her husband made his appearance, but reader what a contrast, he was a tall, gauky, good looking fellow, with the air of a Jersey bumpkin, but his dress "heaven save the mark," when put in juxtaposition with his wife's, was most conspicuous; an elegant English box coat, fair top boots, a cap which for the delicacy of its furry texture, must have ranked No. 1, at the hatter shop, and what is more extraordinary, I thought I had seen the coat, the boots, and cap before, but where positively my memory cannot at this distant period recur to. But when contrasted with his loutish air, gawkish manners, and ignorant conversation, the whole formed a caricature, at which I could have heartily laughed, had not hospitality and good manners prevented.

They remained about an hour, then took their departure with a pressing invitation that I should visit them; to this I replied, I respect truth, and besides my numerous domestic avocations at present, confine me to the house, but I will appoint Mrs. C. as my representative, and two of her visits will do for one of mine; after the adieu's of the evening, I asked of Ann, in the name of heaven, where did you become acquainted with these people; Oh! replied she, vice like misery brings us acquainted with strange persons. He was to mend the boys shoes, and wait for *his* money until I could give it to him. I have not, like you, the happy art of conforming to circumstances, I have all my life been a slave to appearances, and am so still with every body, but you, and you, I never will deceive; time is a telltale, and we will see. The farmer with much labor, sows his seed, yet knows not what it will produce, all your good resolutions may vanish before temptation. They may, said she, but never will I be base enough to deceive you, and she kept that word she had pledged inviolate. She robbed but did not deceive me; during this time they continued to be constant visitors, and it was to avoid their company, I moved up Chestnut Street, in the vain hope of being at least for the time being, rid of their society, but "by gar

Monsieur Tonson come again," I had been but three days settled, when my beauties made their appearance, and I had almost exclaimed, "angels and ministers of grace, defend us;" from that time, until Ann's departure, they continued nightly to haunt the house. Good heaven, said I? to Mrs. Carson, does that man ever work? he is, said she, very industrious, but he complains of a scarcity of employment, and so replied I he comes to plague me in order to save fire and candle, tell him my dear, I will furnish both in case he will leave me my house to myself; why, replied she, he plays a good game of cards; yes, said I, that may be, and yet I have never played with him. That man looks to me like a thief in disguise; pshaw, said she pettishly, I shall soon be gone, and then you will not be troubled with our visits. God send you safe back, said I laughing, then you can pay him what you owe him, and my feelings will no longer be mortified by seeing a person so hateful to me; this conversation took place three days previous to her departure for New York. I will now throw some light on this ambiguous subject; this woman was a native of Cape May, her name Ann Hughes, her reasons are best known to herself, she had forsaken her husband and three children, came to Philadelphia pennyless and destitute, here while in search of a home, she had encountered the wife of Charles Willis, a shoemaker, a woman verging on fifty, married to a man of thirty; here I grant was mettle more attractive than the old man she had left at Cape May; and every art that female policy could devise, was put in requisition to produce a "honey moon," and the "young widow" did not become the "Mourning bride," altho, the first Mrs. Willis had played "the jealous wife," yet he did not make the "suspicious husband;" but rather played the "careless one," this encouraged "the coquette," who very soon made "the wives metamorphosed" or the 'Devil to pay;' this combined with his circumstances, made "a new way to pay old debts," or "wives as they were, and maids as they are;" so here the virgin was unmasked, but the other provoked wife had raised the devil to pay, and made the "provoked husband," and the heroine who had played 'heyho for a husband,' almost wish that she had remained an old maid, or have been content with "love in

a village," for the "honey moon" was scarcely over, till the old wife made them know that they had played, "Isabella or the fatal marriage," and now Mrs. Willis had to learn, what a terrible thing it is to be "the wife of two husbands." And as they were both made prisoners, and she did not condescend to play "the Castle Spectre," yet she did not hesitate in playing the drummer in the "Haunted House." Let the 2d. Mrs. Willis play the "Mourning bride;" "Yet all is well that ends well," altho' she had raised a "Tempest," yet she was content with making a "Midsummer nights dream," as the second Mrs. Willis is no "*Fair* American" and merely a "widow bewitched," she was resolved that "Wives as they were, and Maids as they are," he should henceforth play the "good natured man," but he played "Retaliation," and though he had married "Black eyed Susan," he resolved that nature should subdue philosophy, and that the young wife should not play the "widow bewitched," and although the husband had enacted "Don Giovanni," yet she would "stoop to conquer," but he no sooner became a "prisoner at large," than he became enamoured of the pleasure he enjoyed, "three weeks after marriage," and finding this "provoked husband," he resolved no longer to play "the love chase" but resolved to make his old wife, one of "*the forty thieves*," as he was not "Richard the Third," he has often played "King John the 2nd." There is an old play called the "Ecclaircissement," this brought about the Ecclaircissement," which produced a catastrophe, and put an end to "family jars," by making it "love's labour lost," or "things as they should be," and so soon as he was made a "prisoner at large," there was nothing to do, "yet much ado about nothing," seemed prevalent, and having played "Catharine and Petruchio," he resolved, no longer to be a "stranger," played, "next door neighbor's," and though "paired, not matched," he would not tell of "white lies," but like "*Tom Cringle*," kept a log book, and not having a disposition to play in "the beggars opera;" he resolved on "revenge," and "*the rent day*," being near at hand, he played the "poor soldier," yet not being able to "raise *the wind*," he deserted the "*Rendezvous*," and became a "*Promissory note*," but not having any property to become an

"*heir at law*," he resolved as there was "*no will*," to become "*apostate*," and play "Blue Beard;" yet this to him was "no song no supper," while his dear "romp," Priscilla Tomboy, in a short time, if he did not meet a "*benevolent lawyer*," would become "the convict." This brought him to his "wits end," and though he could not be the "Pirate Boy," he resolved not to play "La Fitte," and like "Norman Leslie," not to be condemned by false appearances, yet do things as they should be done, and not in a hurry. While his poor "old wife," like a fish out of water, saw he was likely to encounter the "gamblers fate," by playing "Geo. Barnwell," but fortunately, he effected a "reconciliation," which like "lovers vows," was temporary. Once more my hero sets out to play the "married man," here ended the contest; the mistress triumphed over 'the wife,' and proved to society, the inefficiency of our laws, and when such laws are made, and not obeyed, to what end were they made; this man, and his cidevant wife, who now visits Mrs. Carson, where introduced to me as an honest mechanic, and his wife, and heaven knows, as I can testify, she had the appearance of any thing but a mistress. It was evident their connexion was no "matter of money;" therefore, all that the old woman could say, that it was "*loves labour lost*," and terminated in "know your own mind," or take "*the loan of a lover*," having in one of her moody humors, determined no longer to be a "country girl," and is now contented, that if she could not play "*the wife*," she at least could act "the mistress," and the whole affair terminated, "*as you like it*."

The fact is, that Mr. W. of celebrated $20, memory, finds himself foiled in an attempt to suppress the book, and determined not to give it up, but like an able general, to call in auxiliaries, and knowing Mr. Willis to be one of those who fetch and carry, fawn or rob; a tool for every dirty job, he applied to him to withdraw Mrs. Carson from my protection, and bring her once more back to the old society. Henry W. loved Ann with enthusiasm, and who did not, that knew her? and was determined to get her once more under his own protection; the shoemaker and his wife of fair top boot memory, were the engines he used to accomplish his scheme; but

Mr. W. unfortunately, not being provided with clothing suitable for the season, had been furnished by the $20, man, with the clothes he then wore; by them it was arranged that Mrs. W. should accompany Ann to New York, and in the event of my going, they were to strip the house, and set off for Baltimore. I was no favorite with gentlemen of the cloth, I offended the fraternity in three different ways:—first, by detatching Mr. Butler from them, and giving him an honest employment; secondly, by writing the life of Ann Carson, and turning them into ridicule. It requires a wise man to stand a jest, ergo, these people were all fools, otherwise they would not spend their lives in the pursuit of an object they could never obtain, namely, fortune's favor; as the money which they made by their nefarious transactions, was generally expended in paying lawyers fees, court charges, and indemnification for bail. Thus realizing the old proverb, that unjustly acquired wealth never prospers. I have heard Ann say, that Henry W. at intervals had thousands of dollars in his possession, and yet a few years ago, that man was incarcerated for the paltry sum of two hundred dollars. Now these combined circumstances, and my high crimes and misdemeaniors all rising in judgement against me, determined the party to outwit me, and take her out of my hands, whether there be any truth in the doctrine of predestination or not, I cannot pretend to decide, but certain it is, there was a power unseen that worked against me to draw her to her fate; namely, a premature death, for when we drew the lots who should go to New York, she turned pale when she discovered it had fallen to her lot, yet she made no comments; the shoemaker's wife was to bear her company, and it was this additional expense that compelled her to go to Mrs. Ferris' as she met the $20, man with whom she contracted for the counterfeit money, which brought her ultimately to the state prison at Philadelphia. When Mrs. Willis completed, on the day of Ann's trial, her character of Millwood, by wantonly turning states evidence against her, this capped the climax of all her former villainies, but more of this hereafter.

I will now return to my cidevant man Col. P. the trader, true to his appointment with me, we met at the corner of Broad and Chestnut Sts. proceeded down to

Vernon St. a small street running from South to Shippen, which heaven knows, had it not been honored by the residence of Ann Carson would never have appeared in print, here after proceeding up a dirty little alley to a two story domicile, "yclept a kitchen in days of yore," was now the abode of Jobson, Nell, and lady Loverule, and how many more, heaven only knows; at all events, it served as a "parlor kitchen and hall," and in one corner seated on a low chair was Ann, *alias* lady Loverule; in another corner stood a bed, and in a contrary direction was a shoemaker at work, alias Jobson; the centre of the room was filled up by a common pine table, on which was placed a supper apparatus, without either cloth, or waiter, and the delectable Mrs. Willis, alias Nell was engaged in cooking (frying ham and eggs) the smell of which did not exactly remind you of a grotto of roses, while this Jobson whistled and pounded most lustily; whether he was beating time to his own music, or driving a peg I could not exactly determine as I remained but a few minutes in the room. Hitherto Ann had never known the miseries of "*low life*," for during her residence with me, I always had a parlour at her service, and if it was not elegant, it was always genteel. Hey. day, said I, (looking round this den of misery,) Mrs. C. is cogniac not marketable? she gave a ghastly smile, 'twas one of horror, and I introduced Mr. P.; Mrs. W. and I adjourned to the yard, leaving Jobson to fill the character of Cerberus, and guard this fair Proserpine, we were in that situation about half an hour, till at length wearied with Mrs. Willis's jargon, as she had employed all her eloquence to get me to join the party to New York, whither they intended to go in about three weeks, and then she said it would be Ann's turn to circulate. Half an hour is a long time for me to stretch my patience in listening to a pack of nonsense. How long, said I, Mrs. Willis, have you been engaged in this business? only since lsst winter said she; then said I, a gentleman from Washington, called on you did he not? how much did he give you said I to induce Ann Carson to join you? nothing at that time, said she, but he has since given me $50, when I was in New York; and furnished your husband with some clothing, did he not, was my reply; she answered in the affirmative, adding at the same time (with

much surprise,) why did Ann tell you? no replied I, but I knew the clothes, and how much would they give you said I, if you would draw me over? one hundred replied she; vain simple fool thought I, to think for a moment you could play on me.

I have often wondered at the temerity of ignorant people, they will dash into an enterprise without weighing the consequences, their motto is "hit or miss luck is all." However the enigma of the box coat, fair top boots, and fine fur cap is now solved, and I felt a thorough conviction, that Ann had been treacherous to me from the time of Mrs. Willis' first visit; being thus far enlightened I became disgusted with the folly of my companions, and presuming that Mrs. C. and this gentleman had finished their contract and I having a long way to go, I bade them good night, and very inadvertently tapped on the window, observing at the same time that the gentleman had had sufficient time to purchase the whole edition of books; Ann knew me too well to be any longer duped, she saw that the whole affair was a trick as she was perfectly confident I would never tap in that familiar manner to a stranger; Mrs. Willis then solicited my entrance into their domicile, to which I hastily replied there was too villainous a compound of bad smells for me, and Mr. P. joining me, I took my departure; well sir, said I, what is your opinion of Mrs. C. Why replied he, she may have been handsome in her youth, but as that is past, I see nothing in her more than any other woman, to me she appeared rather bold, masculine and vulgar. Here we thought the affair would have terminated; but Ann was resolved not to be quizzed with impunity, and fancying she had seen the gentleman before; she proceeded next morning immediately to his office in 5th near Market st. where she encountered him face to face, and enquired whether he was ready to receive the books. How he got himself out of the scrape, I have forgotten. My purpose was answered, I was perfectly satisfied that if my furniture was under that roof it was invisible, consequently unattainable by me; being now perfectly satisfied, that my property was all lost, I determined on profiting by my friend Mr. B's. advice and clearing my character, I applied to several magistrates before I could obtain a precept against her; one gentle-

man observed that it would only widen the breach between us, and that I might at some future day regain my influence over her; never said I, sir, that woman is too infamous for any person to associate with, that has any respect for themselves. He said he was sorry for it, yet at the same time refused to give me a precept, at length after many vain attempts, I met with squire Raybold which was my last resource, being an acquaintance he endeavoured to dissuade me from it, saying that it was only throwing good money after bad; but on my making my reasons known, why I wanted our separation made public, he acceded to my request; and the constable observed, he would take care to have a numerous audience. Accordingly the day of trial came, I and she both appeared attended each by a lawyer, the court room was filled almost to suffocation, and it was generally believed there was upwards of 200 persons in the small court room. Amongst this crowd was nearly all the Southwark magistrates and officers, together with many of the most respectable citizens of that district. Yet she compelled me to prove that she had ever promised to pay board; to this I had no other witness, but my little son —who being a child she objected to, and I suddenly recollected that Mr. N. a lawyer had been present at our contract, likewise Mr. W. the Printer, to whom she had stated the price she paid for her board, could Butler have been found, the whole business could easily have been settled, but he having again joined the cloth, kept out of the way, or was, as one of the officers observed, gone on a country excursion, for the purpose of circulating cogniac. Here was the most material point gained, but she continued to contest every trifle, 'till her lawyer became disgusted, and relinquished the case. Mr. Raybold then enquired, how long she had boarded with me; this being duly ascertained, my lawyer declared unless she settled the matter here, he would carry it into the court of Common Pleas, as she had acknowledged that she had no receipts. This alarmed her, and looking reproachfully at her lawyer, she observed, that she had hitherto been a favorite with the men, but she had lost ground, and I had gained, as my lawyer not only volunteered his services, but his money; while hers had forsaken her; Ann, replied he, I cannot be a rogue if I

am a lawyer, your whole conduct seems so evidently inclined to defraud, that I am disgusted; and then took his hat and left the room. We then agreed to decide the matter ourselves, she produced her bill, and I was extremely surprised to see myself charged with $15, counterfeit money that I had burnt, and the making of a great coat which she had volunteered to do, and worn much more than ever I had done. Mr. Raybold said, never mind madam, let us get through the business somehow, but when I came to the $15 dollars counterfeit money, I asked her what that was; she replied, dont you know the fifteen dollars I gave you, when I returned from N. York; why good heavens, said I, you told me it was counterfeit when you gave it to me; can you prove that madam, said a voice from among the crowd; why you know, said I, it was not good, and Mr. Allen the broker confirmed the fact. What did you do with it madam, said Mr. Raybold. Why replied I, I burnt it as I would have done the whole mass if I could have found it. Can you prove it was counterfeit, said Mr. Raybold. No sir, said I, I cannot; then said he I must give judgement in her favour. Here I got angry, and said it was no wonder that people could pass counterfeit money, when the law sanctioned it. Why, said Mr. Raybold, Mrs. Clarke, what can I do here, you have received $15 from this woman, which I have no doubt was as you say, counterfeit, but you cannot prove it, therefore it is I give judgement agianst you. One of the officers then enquired the value of the notes, I told them they were $5 each, and said that I had shown them to Alderman Badger, Mr. Allen the broker, and several gentlemen in a book store, in Walnut street, here the contest ended, I refused to say any more; and Mr. R. gave a judgement in my favour for $16. She then left the court, followed by a crowd, some saying she ought to be hanged instead of Smyth. When she got outside the door, the boys made an attempt to pelt her, and her friend Mrs. Willis; Mr. Raybold was thereby obliged to place them under the protection of an officer, in order to see them safe home, immediately on her leaving the office, wearied with the conflict I burst into tears; several gentlemen, total strangers came up and shook hands with me; you have stood the test nobly,

said one, your duty as a christian and every thing that duty required. He then in a low voice asked me, if I was in want of money, and stated, whenever I was, to call on him, at the same time giving me his card. The next person that spoke to me was old squire Sheets, who took me by the hand and said; "by Got Ann, tat ish de pest suing ever you sued in your life, now no person can say one word against your character." I then, with my son and black boy, departed for my peaceful home, well satisfied with the termination of the business of the day. This was Ann's last transaction in Philadelphia, as she left for New York the ensuing week. There she commenced a career of vice, and low vulgar dissipation, that as Mrs. Willis told me, almost made her ashamed; she frequented oyster cellars, pie shops, nay, would go down into a cook shop and eat; having purchased a quantity of counterfeit half dollars, which she circulated in these places, but her grand debut was on the race course; here she hired a barouche, and escorted by Butler accompanied by Mrs. Willis, all parties being elegantly dressed, she made her appearance, her pocket book filled with bank notes, she bet it, changed money, and in the course of three or four days, cleared between four or five hundred dollars; emboldened by this success, she resolved, to use a cant phrase, to come a pull on Philadelphia, and accordingly she and her delectable friend, Mrs. Willis, made an excurison to that city escorted by their friend Mr. Butler, leaving poor Pil Garlic Jobson at home, to take care of the house; they having hired one in Chapel st. now West Broadway, which Ann had furnished with my furniture; on they came, dashing away, plenty of money, who was like Mrs. Carson? she was received at Capt. Parrish's with open arms, and Butler was sent out to the expecting corps, to announce her arrival, these consisted of Dr. Loring who was concerned with Chas. Mitchel in the robbery of Mr. Mann, and having turned states evidence, he had escaped punishment for the robbery, but suffered one years imprisonment for forging a post mark. This man is now at liberty, and being destitute of the means of living is now ripe for any thing; to him we must add Mrs. Mahlon and a girl called Rosanna, together with Miss Kitty McGuire, alias O'Brian, who undeterred by

what she had already encountered, (as her mother taught her,) she returned like a sow, to wallow again in filth and meet her fate.

Those who had no cash to purchase, Mrs. Carson employed to pass them off for her; allowing a per centage, for their services. Among these was a girl called Rosanna, who had visited her frequently during her residence at my house, but was then at service, though an active member of the black cloth fraternity, this girl she engaged to pass the cogniac, the first night of her arrival, thus seducing her from a creditable employment, and tempting her into a precarious situation, that ultimately brought her to a prison, by encouraging her propensity for laziness and profligacy; she and five men, with Miss Kitty O'Brien, now Mrs. Charles Mitchell, wife to Mr. M. the celebrated counterfeiter at present a resident in the prison at Cherry Hill, and the man who brought Mrs. Carson to her last imprisonment, that completely ruined her, by paying a debt to her in money obtained by the robbery of Mr. Mann.

But to return to my heroine, her first night in Philadelphia properly disciplined her squadron of depredators; they proceeded to commence operations, and fifty dollars were put in circulation before ten o'clock at night; delighted with this successful *debut* of her myrmidons, and fancying her schemes which I had reported in the spring were forgot, she determined the ensuing morning to come a pull over some person; accordingly she sallied forth between six and seven o'clock, to visit her former servant, who lived in Pine street near the Hospital; but being resolved to carry her last nights scheme into effect, she deviated from her regular track, in search of a store open, but she found none to suit her purpose, till she came to the corner of Prune and Fifth street; here she found a dry good store open, and purchased one pair of black stockings, price one dollar and twenty five cents, paying for them with her trash, and receiving good money in change, she left the store; but her policy caused her detection; she to prevent the store-keeper from examining the note too accurately, chatted with, and flattered him, by her apparent condescension, as she was elegantly dressed, and made a large display of her bank notes. He therefore admiringly followed her out

of the door, where he stood gazing after her. That is a fine conversable lady, said he to a man standing in his store at the opposite corner. Yes, answered he, that is Ann Carson, she has just come from New York. So she said. But did she tell you her errand here? No, replied the other, what is it? To pass counterfeit money on Girard's Bank; did she buy any thing from you? By my word but she did, replied he. Then she has gulled you I will bet a fip; and he laughed heartily. That I will soon see, said he, and ran into the store. When lo and behold, on comparing her note with others, the deception was detected. Run after her John, cried he, the young man his clerk, pursued; she heard his footsteps behind her, as she walked on rapidly, to visit her coloured girl, who was then married to a carter, of her own colour; she had been confined during Mrs. Carson's absence, and she was sitting with the infant on her lap, when the young man entered and said, Madam, you have given Mr.—— a counterfeit five dollar note. Have I, replied she, sorry for that, but I will give you good money for it; and she handed him a five dollar Brunswick note, without asking for her own; thus permitting him to keep the counterfeit one also, which was handed to Robert Wharton, Esq. then Mayor of the city, before eleven o'clock that day. Mr. W. had previously been apprised of her visit, and expected some such information of her, and the gang which she stood at the head of; warrants were immediately issued both in the city and county; they were advertised in every newspaper, and the most active measures put into operation. The citizens were called on, to unite with the police in detecting the notorious Ann Carson, and a set of persons connected with her and bring them to justice, for passing counterfeit notes on Girard's Bank, of the denomination of five dollars; this set all the store-keepers, hucksters, bakers and butchers, on the look out, even the country people in the market caught the contagion, and Ann Carson again became the lioness of the day. But she had been so recently in the same character, that we might suppose it was become familiar to her: but here it was quite the reverse; while she had set Philadelphia city and county, with the adjacent districts; nay, even Jersey, and the state of Delaware, in consternation, she was hid in a cockloft

next the roof, covered over with carpet-rags, on a hot day in June, in the house where she boarded, while "Phœbus shed his glories on her head." When the clerk that followed, had left her, she made the most of her time, and hastened home to her breakfast; this meal she had not long finished, when the news was brought to the house of the active measures taken by the Mayor against her, and of which she was informed by a person whom I did not know.

I had heard she was in the city, and had passed a five dollar note on a person who had informed against her; and that all the constables were then on the alert, in search off her. Terrified, she left the parlor, and took refuge in the upper loft, as before described, where she ensconced herself along side of the chimney; here she remained till she was almost suffocated with heat and the want of air; then, she told me, she learnt what a source of happiness it was to live honestly, without apprehension; that she would cheerfully have given all her surreptitiously acquired money to have been restored to my friendship and former confidence; and she then vowed if she ever could be united to me, no temptation should ever allure her from me; and inwardly execrated her journey to New York, and the facility with which she had yielded to Mrs. Ferris, and once more combined herself with the banditti who, by obtaining all our money had bound her like a prisoner to their chariot wheels, as she had no means of living but by circulating their stuff. She having deprived me of the means of assisting her; and now all she had gained would scarcely carry her through the expences of her trial, if taken; thus it is that vice treats her votaries; first leads them into a quagmire and then leaving them to wade out as they can; the dishonest cannot look to heaven in his dark hour of tribulation, for his conscience tells him he has offended; and he cannot even say, God be merciful so me a sinner; he has not grace to seek the Lord in his hour of need, and trust to his fellow man, whom he has too often deceived. But I must now return to my unfortunate heroine, whom I left suffocating in the loft, along side of a chimney; Mrs. Parrish was preparing dinner, consequently she had a large fire burning; here she had remained upwards of three hours, with a hot sun beating on the roof, and a hot

chimney in which a fire was burning along side of her; this she endured until she was summoned to dinner, when she descended to the cellar where she dined and remained in the cellar until dark, concealed behind a beer cask. Butler returned in the evening, who had made an excursion to Frankford and Germantown, where he had disposed of nearly one hundred dollars, and having heard nothing of the alarm came home highly elated, but soon proportionally depressed on hearing the intelligence of the active measures taken against him; his first idea was to return to New York, which Mrs. Carson approved of, and would have followed had she not have been overruled, and advised to remain in the city, at least until she effected the purpose she came for, which was to bind her son William to the cabinet making business; that night passed in safety, though Capt. Parrish asserted there was a watch kept on the house, and next morning early the conspirators met at the yellow cottage, where having settled the business of the day, by giving out the *cogniac*, and receiving her portion of the good money, the honorable corps adjourned to attend to matters of more importance, while the generalissimo, Mrs. Carson, took a walk down the bank to the Point house, where she dined and did not return until evening, when horror upon horrors, she learned that Butler and the whole party were taken and herself eagerly searched for; where she passed that night, she never informed me, but early the next morning she set off for New York. I was very much surprised about 6 o'clock in the morning to hear the trampling of a horse in front of my house, and a person make some enquiry from Sam, who replied in a surly voice, no; what you think Mrs. Clark want with that bad woman here, had plague enough with her, if you want her you had better go hunt her, I hope Mr. Warton got her in the work house by this time; and my next door neighbor's voice confirmed the boys assertion. The horseman galloped off; after breakfast I went into the city and stopped at the office of the Erin a weekly paper then owned and published by a gentleman with whom I was conversing, when Mr. M'Clain the high constable entered, and after shaking hands with me he said he had come to enquire where I resided; adding, is Ann at your house? I assured him she was not; but,

said I, I cannot expect you to take my word, you can go to my residence up Chestnut St. the second door above Schuylkill 2nd. st.; you will find the key of the house in the parlor window, and you can then search the house; I then presented him with the key of my bureau, that being the only place that was locked in the house. No, no, replied he, your word is sufficient; where do you suppose she is gone? I replied to New York; a good thought, replied he, and set out immediately for Trenton, which he reached before the mail coach drove up, in which he observed there was one female traveller; and enquiring of a gentleman who came out whether that lady was attended by her husband, he was answered in the negative, adding that he took her up in a gig about 12 miles from Philadelphia; Mr. M'Clain then stepped into the stage and made her a prisoner; announcing her as the celebrated Mrs. Ann Carson.

This must have been about 12 o'clock, and Mr. McClean left us between 10 and 11; report then said he went to the New York mail stage office, in Third street, and there found her name on the books, he instantly ordered a horse, and set off in pursuit of her; that he must have ridden smart (Jehu-like) is a fact, for as I have before observed, it was then between ten and eleven o'clock, and he overtook the mail stage at Trenton. Mr. McClean now says, in contradiction to the report which then circulated that he went up in a steam-boat, but I am rather inclined to think his present statement not perfectly correct, owing to memory; as I have never heard of a steam boat running at that hour, and I certainly saw her name in the stage books. When on the day of her trial, I called at the stage office, for a balance of her passage money the day she was made prisoner, and the clerk referred to her name written in the books, to ascertain the validity of the order, and finding all right, he refunded three dollars and fifty cents, which I expended in necessaries for her; this induces me to think that the gossip fame, although I am not always willing to give that lady credit for her stories, was in this instance correct; however be that as it may, at Trenton, Mr. Mc Clean caught and secured her, by taking her arm, and saying Ann you are my prisoner.

The polite gentleman, who had been playing the am

iable to her, having handed her out of the stage, dropped the hand he held, and started back, as though the ghost of Hamlet's Father had appeared and "stood armed cap-a-pie before him," When Mr. McClean announced to the public, that the handsome, elegant, intelligent lady companion, was a criminal flying from justice, and no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Ann Carson,

> Aghast they stood—
> And wondering gazed,
> Each sense was buried in amaze.

But Mrs. C. regained her self possession first, and astonished them all by peremptorily disputing Mr. McClean's authority to arrest her in the state of Jersey, upon a warrant from Pennsylvania, and insisted on being immediately taken to New York. Why Ann, replied he, that would answer no purpose, the whole posse of constables are in pursuit of you; forty dollars, and all expences paid, is the reward for apprehending you.

By this time a crowd had collected, as was generally the case, when the mail stage arrived; and a voice from among them, exclaimed, well done my old buck, you have made a good mornings work of it; for like John Gilpin, you have rode a race by yourself, and won it too, with the addition of forty dollars. Mrs. Carson, finding the people beginning to take sides, finally consented to enter the house; which she had hitherto refused to do. Mr. McClean leaving her under the care of the landlord, and one of the Trenton constables, went to the magistrates and had his warrant recognised; thus she was made a prisoner in a legal form, and ordered to be searched; here a new altercation took place between her and him; she refused to let any man search her; in which she was backed by the bye-standers, but,

> In vain was all they said,
> For McClean, he knew his trade.

and peremptorily insisted on having her searched, in which he was backed by the Trenton constable.

He having secured her by her three different names, Carson, Smyth and Mitchell; as she peremptorily insisted that she was the wife of Charles Mitchell, the great

counterfeiter, and nephew to Dr. Mitchel, the naturalist of New York. Thus finding every art unavailing, and all subterfuges useless, she consented to be searched by the females, but declared that the first man that attempted to lay his hand on her, might abide by the consequences, as she would defend her person from outrage at the hazard of her life, and the risk of his; adding you know me, Mr. McClean, you and I are old acquaintances, any female is welcome to search me in private, but I have never yet been subject to public exposure.

I am no black-guard, but the daughter, and widow of two American officers, who sacrificed their *all* in defence of their country. Mr. McClean then gave up the contest, knowing her desperate courage; she was therefore consigned to the care of the landlady, and one of the women of the neighbourhood, who conducted her into a private parlor, when they unlaced her corsets and searched her clothes; but they found only her pocket book containing fifty dollars of lawful money; this with herself was consigned to the care of the jailor, the one for her use, and herself for safe keeping, the humane and patriotic jailor could not brook the idea of confining Captain Baker's daughter in a common prison, until she was proved guilty of the breach of the laws of which she now stood accused; accordingly she was placed in a pleasant apartment in the Court House, there to remain until the Governor of Pennsylvania had made a legal demand of her person, from the Governor of Jersey, and Mr. McClean returned to Philadelphia to report progress,

> For like John Gilpin he had rode a race, and won it too,
> With Ann and forty dollars in view.

And returned triumphing in his success to Philadelphia, where he found the other officers of justice had been equally busy; Butler, Dr. Loring, Mrs. Mayland, Rosanna, and three others were all in custody; Mrs. Willis, alias Hughes, made her escape, the ensuing week, reached New York in safety, but was apprehended there with Kitty Maguire, alias O'Brian; and this delectable pair were brought to Philadelphia, and lodged in Arch street prison. Mrs. Willis now justified the opinion I had first formed of her, by turning states evidence; thus volunteering to convict all her associates, to preserve her

own liberty; thus by treachery escaping the punishment she more justly merited as it was her persuasion that induced Mrs. Carson to reunite herself with the banditti of the country; this treacherous woman having adhered like a leach to her until she got her completely involved, disunited her from me effectually, by persuading her to dismantle my house of all its best furniture, and defrauding me of everything she stood in debt to me; they even tried to injure my character, by informing Mr. Wharton I was perfectly acquainted with the whole business; I know that, replied Mr. Wharton sarcastically, she has done her duty. The whole eight were then committed for trial; and Mrs. Willis was lodged in Arch street prison, till the affair terminated in her convicting her former friends; an embassy was dispatched to the governor, and the excitement subsided for a few days; we will now return to Mrs. Carson, who we left seated in a pleasant room in the court house, making a silk dress; and exulting in the facility in which she had duped the two Trenton ladies, who were employed to search her, as she had upwards of five hundred dollars concealed about her person, with the residue of her speculation, in Girard's money; now thought she if I could with this money, make my escape, and get on to the south, I might still evade the laws, and preserve my liberty. She had engaged her meals to be sent from a hotel in the vicinity, during her residence in Trenton; a coloured girl was her waiter who attended upon her; now whether she found any means to bribe this sable Iris, or whether her Juno like appearance had commanded the girl's respect, deponent sayeth not; but we cannot suppose the jailor would be so imprudent, to lodge her in a room where there was a quantity of ropes; one fact has been publicly ascertained, she obtained a rope by which she lowered herself out of the window of her prison, but alas, the rope was too short for the distance she had to descend; there she hung, suspended by her hands, between earth and sky, for a few minutes, when reckless of all consequences she let go her hold, and fell, the height was greater than she imagined, and by it she sprained her left ancle, and nearly dislocated her right knee.

O my countrymen! what a fall was there. The heroine who was at this time the subject of correspondence

between two Governors, and an object of general interest in Philadelphia, lying prostrate on the bosom of her mother earth; here she remained for a short time till she collected her scattered senses and recovered a little self-possession, then impelled by desperation, she rose from the ground, put her pocket handkerchief over her head, thereby concealing nearly her whole face; and thus equipped, proceeded through Trenton at mid-day, with a burning sun beating on her head; she made out to walk or rather limp upwards of two miles, though suffering the most excruciating agonies; but liberty was before her and hope was her guide, who conducted her to a field of rye, its waving shades tempted her to enter, she climbed over the post and rail fence, penetrated into the very centre of the field, and sunk fainting to the ground. This friendly shade concealed her for the afternoon, cooling and refreshing her fevered brain, till soon by its gentle murmur as the breeze passed over it—the hum of the bees, and chirping of the birds, lulled her cares to a temporary oblivion—she sunk in a sweet sleep, from which she did not awake until a late hour.

> For the silver moon was riding high,
> Cheering the earth, the air, the sky.

Ann started from her recumbent posture to her feet, but sunk again to the earth, being too much debilitated to support herself in an erect posture, owing to the pain in both her limbs, which had increased by sleeping on the damp ground—

> Here she lay listless and alone,
> Helpless, friendless, and forlorn;
> Dreading each passer, fearing him a foe;
> When morn should rise, and knew not where to go.

For to whom could she apply for succour? every voice was against her!—she had money but no friends to assist her, procure her a conveyance, or obtain her a meal's victuals: here then she fancied she was doomed to starve to death, as no person would probably visit the field, until they came to reap it, and ere then she would be a corpse; a dizziness seized her head, and she fancied her Father, Capt. Carson, Richard Smyth, and myself hovered round her, and she told me on the day of her trial,

that she heard my voice as distinctly as she ever heard it in her life, telling her to rise, and not lay there and die like a dog on the ground. I had ever, from our first acquaintance, been so accustomed to profit by your counsel, that I made the effort, and succeeded, though I shall ever think that the spirits of my father and Capt. Carson supported me, and as I thought put me to bed in your front room in Chestnut street, when I beheld Richard Smyth looking at me through the window, and beckoning me to follow him. By what means she reached the fence, she never could understand; but the town clock at Trenton striking twelve,

Told her 'twas the witching hour of night.

She found she could both stand and walk, she therefore determined to return to the prison and give herself up; this wise resolution she effected with the aid of a broken rail from the fence, on which she leaned, and by slow marches reached Trenton jail at three o'clock in the morning, thus literally playing a limping heroine, the first I ever heard or read of. On her reaching the prison, she threw away the rail, and knocked loudly at the door, which was opened by the jailer, who welcomed her with a friendly shake of the hand. On learning the injury she had received, he raised the female part of the family, who put her to bed, and prepared an embrocation for her limbs; with a pot of coffee, a plate of toast, and other refreshments. Not an upbraiding word was spoken to her, all seemed to pity and sympathise with her, and she thanked Heaven for having once more restored her to the society of humane persons—her bodily sufferings being alleviated, and the wants of nature supplied, her mind became serene, she calmly resolved to resign herself to her fate, and abide the punishment of the law; with these wise resolutions operating on her mind, she sunk into a profound sleep, from which she was aroused by the arrival of the Doctor. Having examined her knee and ancle, he pronounced them both dangerous, and that she was in a high fever; he bled her, sent embrocations and medicines, which were both punctually applied and administered—for three weeks she lay in a very dangerous state, during which time the public mind was kept in a state of excitement, from the

various reports that were then in circulation. Ann was again a nine days wonder, and every person who passed through Trenton, to this city or New York, had something to relate about her—and as nine of her confederates were then in prison, awaiting her return to the city before they could take their trial—the two Governors had agreed that she should return to Philadelphia as soon as her health would permit.

Thus all things remained in a state of suspense for near a month, till Mr. Wharton, losing all patience, sent Mr. McClean with a peremptory order to bring her to the city, if she was able to be removed; this was effected, and after two examinations, she was committed for trial.

I now wrote to her, offering my services to assist her in any way I could; this offer she accepted, and wrote me a very affectionate letter, sincerely regretting our separation, and assuring me, had I received her kindly on the night she came out with Butler, she would gladly have returned to me on my own conditions.

She remained in prison about three weeks, and Mr. Wharton had secured my attendance at court against her, to corroborate the testimony of the man on whom she passed the note, in addition to the State's evidence.

I will now return to those two very conspicuous persons, Mr. and Mrs. Willis, the latter of whom had turned traitor to Mrs. C. and was now acting the part of the accusing spirit, nor did one gentle tear fall from her snake-like eyes to ameliorate the charges she was bringing against her late friend whom she had seduced from me, as the serpent of old tempted Eve, and serpent-like betrayed and persecuted her even unto death, or next to it, loss of liberty, "that idol of the mind." Mr. Willis had been married when a young man, to a woman old enough to be his mother; but meeting accidentally with a Mrs. Hughes, a widow bewitched, she having left her husband at Cape May, he forsook his old wife for a young one, and the late Mrs. H. became nominally Mrs. Willis. This derelection from duty, the old lady so highly resented, that she put them both in Prune St. prison, and took possession of their stock of furniture; here Mrs. C. became acquainted with Mrs. Hughes alias Willis.

There is something to be learned every where, and

Mrs. Willis, sen. had sent her husband to a good school, thereby performing the duty of a mother, while seeking revenge as a wife; the former being a character much more congenial to her age than the latter.

Previous to his going to prison, Willis had merely taken the initiatory step, by leaving an old wife for a young one, which is an event that takes place every day, as winter and summer can never form a natural amalgamation. In prison Willis soon learnt a "thing or two," and sent for the old lady, coaxed and cajoled her, till she removed the process she had instituted, and set him at liberty. He no sooner became "the prisoner at large," than he proved to the world that he knew how to outwit an old woman—he procured bail for his young ci-devant wife, who immediately on regaining her liberty, instituted an action for burglary against the old lady, for taking the household furniture, which was the property of Mrs. H., and as she could not be his lawful wife, she had no claims to the furniture; but the old lady's friends compromised the affair by returning the furniture, and a resignation of all future claims on her recreant husband.

On these conditions, Mrs. Willis, jun'r. withdrew the action, and the old lady regained her liberty—it was while these transactions were transpiring, that Mrs. Carson became acquainted with her, and the nominal husband and wife became initiated among the *black cloth gentry*, by whom they were instructed in all the art and mystery of the different branches of trade carried on among them. He could occasionally assist a *cogniacer* to push a note—a *dubsman* to come *a pull*, or *a knuckler to cut dirt, and escape* the hue and cry, and turn the crowd upon the wrong path, or stand *slang upon the safe* for a shop-lifter, and upon an emergency *cover the hood*; yet with all these newly acquired qualifications Willis continued poor and tricky; his work, of which he was never very fond, became almost totally neglected, and the sign only kept up for appearances; although his new associates only fed him with hopes, and occasionally a few dollars, while he served their purposes, and they were tolerably successful, but no sooner would a daring robbery, or any other overt act of a capital nature, arouse the myrmidons of the law to sound the *tocsin* of danger, than they fled to a new rendezvous in another city, leav-

ing their poor dupe minus of every thing but mortification and disappointment—he would then curse the fraternity, get drunk for a few days, when all his unjustly acquired cash being exhausted, with pale haggard want staring them in the face, he would forswear all further intercourse among the gang; and with this excellent resolution to impel him, he once more

"Went to work and whistled."

But a new temptation would soon overset all his good intentions, and on any of the banditti revisiting his house, he *cut his stick, packed up his kit*, and again joined them; the money he thus acquired, required no labour but to walk the street, his duty being to receive the goods they brought him, look innocently careless, and if a search was made, return home and report the occurrences of the pursuit, boast how adroitly he had succeeded in putting the pursuers on the wrong scent, to the companion of the person pursued, or perhaps the villain himself, who would laugh heartily, and then exclaim. Bill, you are the truth of a good fellow, to keep your *pard* out of danger from the *boners*, but where is the *bood?* come let us have some brandy, and be off, put it up the spout, leave it safe, and come another pull directly.

Or had he a *cogniacer for his pard*, and there was a note to be pushed; he, generally equipt in borrowed robes, entered the store, first priced and examined the goods, approving some, and condemning others, but most generally depreciating; saying, this will not suit me, and that is too expensive. His gawky air, vulgar voice and manner, when contrasted with his substantial though plain apparel gave him the air of a country store keeper; soon after *Monsieur le Cogniacer* would enter the store, purchase an article, then offer a spurious note in payment; which was generally of a large amount; if the note was questioned, he would take, and looking knowingly at it, examine it accurately, then pronounce it a genuine, good note, wished he had ten thousand of them, and say, sir, or mam, whichever the *cogniacer* happened to be, I will change it for you on a discount, and I fancy myself something of a judge, for I pass a pretty many of such things through my hands in a year; he would then take

out his pocket-book, to make a display of his means. But as his offer was generally declined, the book was not opened, or else held at a great distance; could its contents have been seen, what a sensation it would have created in the store, as they are generally filled with blank blotting paper, old spurious notes, and lottery tickets that have drawn blanks; the blotting-paper cut into the proper size of a note; and, perhaps if the note was taken, he would receive three dollars, or in proportion, for the value of the note; but if the store-keeper could not be duped, the *cogniacer* usually answered they knew where they had received it and would return it; this had been his employment, as the one best adapted to his capacity, and personal appearance, as he usually got himself out of the store, by saying he would look further; this, his easy and profitable business lasted till *cogniac* got scarce in the United States, particularly in Philadelphia, whence the vigilance of Robert Wharton, Esq. and his coadjutor Jno. Hart, in conjunction with our worthy high constable Mr. M'Clean, who will not permit even the ties of Free-Masonry to interfere with his duty to the public, had driven them, to inhale the genial breezes of the southern states, and fatten on the wealthy and unsuspecting planters: it was from thence that Mr. —— of celebrated twenty dollar memory had emerged, judging it wiser, to trust to the negligence of Mr. Wharton, who having cleared the city, had become somewhat remiss in his attentions to them, or, the carelessness of the New York police, with whom money is every thing.

Having excited in Richmond some suspicions derogatory to his honor, in the mind of a young Virginian, at a faro-table, he was required to make good his assertions; that I will, by my honour, replied the highminded Virginian, and the duty I owe to the laws of God and my country, by proving you a swindler, and a villain in a court of justice, and the face of the world; or atone for my offence against your honour in any way you may require. This was an alternative Mr. —— did not wish to meet, so he was obliged to decamp that night, without beat of drum, on foot, till by *forced marches*, he reached a place of safety, from whence he could obtain a conveyance to Baltimore. Now Henry W., Ann's former friend, who had been one of her coadjutors in her intended rescue of

Richard Smyth, and been made prisoner with herself on the banks of the Susquehanna; being, as she herself acknowledged one of the conspirator's, who was to have made prisoner, Simon Snyder, or his child, and had volunteered, if the pardon could be obtained, to convey Smyth on board a vessel then waiting for him at the Capes of the Delaware, from whence she was to sail to Ireland, the living freight, for which alone she waited; and convey him safe to his native land, the shores of the Emerald Isle. But fate had decreed it otherwise, and selected Mary Connelen in conjunction with Jno. Binns as her agents, who by performing their duty, aided in conducting the unfortunate man to expiate his offences on the

"High gallows tree."

Their mutual sufferings during their long imprisonment in Harrisburg, and her enduring attachment to Smyth, which I believe ended but with her life, had gained even the obdurate heart of a felon, and taught him how severe it is

"To doat, yet doubt,
"Suspect, yet fondly love."

Although well acquainted with his attachment, she had never experienced a mutual flame, and had merely remained a prisoner in Harrisburg upon principle, when bail was three times offered for her, which offers she had uniformly refused to profit by, unless her companions could participate in the same advantages; but as no gentleman chose to fill his house with felons, they all remained in Harrisburg jail, till conducted to Philadelphia by Jno. Hart, to stand their trial for the celebrated conspiracy against Governor Snyder; now the motive, that originated in her high sense of honor, that prevented her accepting the generous offers made her, of a temporary suspension of imprisonment, this man's vanity had imputed to personal preference, and consequently resolved to return her, *love for love;* but Ann had no idea, of all for love; she was young, respectably connected, handsome, and the lawful wife of Richard Smyth, who had sacrificed his life for her. This ill-placed passion, Henry

still nourished, and continued to lavish on her presents, of which she knew not their real value, for in addition of having supported her, and her children near three years, viz. from the time he conveyed her to Baltimore, till he was arrested in Milledgeville, whilst she was a resident of New York, from whence she returned to Philadelphia under the protection of T. N. and was located in — St. opposite the Pennsylvania Hospital lot. Her residence in Baltimore, her journies through the southern states, had been under the protection, and at the expence of Henry W. who, being satisfied of having her always with him, ever announced her as his sister, always procuring her separate apartments, where they boarded, and this platonic attachment had continued from the period she had relinquished, (intimidated by his threats,) the honorable and eligible establishment offered her by the Kentucky doctor, with the remarkable white hands, who had come seven hundred miles to marry her; but on Henry's hearing what was going forward, he hastened on love's light pinions to Baltimore, summoned her to a private conference, declared his love, adding, Ann, as I know you do not love me, and probably never will any other man but Richard Smyth, this engagement can only be a marriage of convenience,

> ————And here I swear
> If it takes place, to send both your souls to wallow in despair,
> Shakspear.

as I will, on your quitting Baltimore, pursue your gig in my own; there is not a pass in the mountains with which I am not acquainted, and can way-lay you where I please, when both your lives shall be forfeited, by your gig being dashed down a precipice; in almost any part of the Allegheny mountain, one turn of my arm, that will scarcely cost me as much exertion as raising a chair, will send you, and this brain-sick fool, horse gig and all down to the shades below; your death will not be a painful one, as long before you reach the bottom, you will be an inanimate corpse; and no person be suspected, as it will be announced as an accident, and will make an excellent article for the newspapers. This frightened her, she was conscious of the truth of what he said, and the fierce, unrelenting cruelty of his disposition. She gazed at him in terror, while he continued, to you Ann I have impart-

ed the early events of my life; the only woman I ever loved, I killed on her wedding day, in the Isle of Man, on her return from church, in the face of the whole wedding party, consisting of more than forty persons; I bounced from a recess in the woods, put a pistol to her heart, and in one moment she was a thing of air, and by the swiftness of my flight, I eluded my pursuers, gained my fishing-smack, put off to sea, and have never since visited my native land. You are the second woman I have ever loved; swear fidelity to me, and I will support you. While there is a house to be robbed, a pocket to be picked, or false keys to be obtained, you shall enjoy, not only the comforts, but the elegancies and luxuries of life. Terrified by his threats, she gave him the required promise, relinquished her engagement with the doctor, (as has been related,) who returned in safety to Kentucky from whence he frequently wrote to her; this is the true reason of her refusal of the eligible offer of marriage made her, by a gentleman of unexceptionable character, honorable profession and independent fortune. True to his engagements, Henry W. continued to support her in ease and elegance, with him and his brother she made a tour of the southern states, and four years afterwards, when he and a parcel of his confederates, having robbed the house of Mr. Lear the American Consul, resident in Washington, he sent her by post a small package containing real diamonds, for which a jeweller in this city gave five hundred dollars to a jew pedlar, who had purchased them for seventy five dollars, at a pawn broker's sale, where Mrs. Carson had borrowed on them ten dollars; and intended redeeming them, the very day she was arrested on account of the robbery of Mr. Mann; they were then sold by the pawn-broker to a jew trader. I merely relate this anecdote, to prove how powerful passion is in an unsophisticated heart. Henry W. loved Ann, and altho' she had been the mistress of T. N. and was then supposed to be the wife of Charles Mitchell, now a resident of Cherry Hill prison, and married to one of the girls who was accused of having been concerned in the death of the unfortunate Ann (Miss Kitty O'Brian alias Maguire) Henry W. was at the time of her incarceration, in consequence of the robbery of Mann, a prisoner in one of the southern jails, or she

would not have remained so long in prison, as it was only the want of money that detained her there; her lawyer having done his duty, in obtaining for her a second trial, and being well acquainted with the state of her purse, knew it would not be in her power to make him any further compensation, had relinquished the case, and it was only through the exertions of Mrs. Stoops' lawyer, now Judge King, that they both regained their liberty; as in pushing Mrs. Stoops' bill before the Grand Jury of the supreme court, he brought both into notice, and both were enlarged.

On Henry W. being released from prison, his first enquiry was for Ann, it was then he first learnt her present situation, and the means she had adopted to repair her shattered fortune; money at that time he could not send her, as his all had been spent in prison, or divided among his lawyers; and was totally unacquainted with her address; and until his new *pard* M. ——, committed the *faux-pas* at the Faro Table, that sent him from Richmond to Philadelphia, he had no means of communicating with her.

From Philadelphia Mr. —— wrote to Henry, that the book was then on the eve of publication.

These men fancy money the summum bonum of life, and that it will effect every purpose, but here they had occular demonstration, that in a noble mind, money is but a secondary consideration. Without money Ann had got her book written; without money it was printed, and we had in prospect in a few weeks, the probability of enjoying the reward of our mutual labour; but the tempter came in the person of Mr.——, he offered us paper and gold; with her, he told Mrs, Willis he would have succeeded, but my influence and some other powful feelings impelled her to refuse his offer. Now said he, madam, try your influence to detach her from Mrs. Clark, or draw Mrs. Clark to join our band; and you shall make your own conditions.

Mr. —— was on his way to Canada, conscious, that as a black-leg he could not appear in public for some time; he took the third step and turned cogniacer, or to use the mercantile phrase, a wholesale importer. They met in New York, it was from him, Ann obtained her money, at the same price she would have paid for it in

Canada; and he engaged to furnish her every three months, with a constant supply at the same price; if she could draw me to New York, we were to open a boarding-house. I to attend to the affairs of the family, and she to the business of the *cogniac*; if any difficulty should arise, we were to make off south, but this elegant plan failed, as Henry W. was imprisoned in the south, only two weeks before Ann left New York, where he remained four years; of Mrs. Hughes' success you have already seen the result, she first like old Satan, tempted her to sin, and having fairly drawn her into the very vortex of crime; from whence I had endeavoured to rescue her, she like Arnold, turned traitor, and betrayed her confederates: but for her persuasion, Mrs. C. would not have robbed my house, nor rejoined the counterfeiters, and might now have been a happy and respectable female, as thousands of her books might have been sold, herself established in New Orleans, with her children around her; who are, as I have been informed, sober, study, industrious young men.

Such is the effect of female influence, when exerted for any purpose. To aid his designs on Mrs. C. Mr. —— had supplied Mr. Willis with the white over coat, fair topped boots, and fur cap, which first awakened my suspicions. I have now given my readers a sufficient account of Ann's last dereliction from moral rectitude; the tempter, the tempted, and the temptation, have been presented to them in all their varied forms; I have endeavoured to throw light on many events that occurred in the first edition, which wore an air of ambiguity; instance her refusal to marry the Kentucky Doctor, for which she has been frequently blamed. Her travelling with Henry W. to which ill-natured persons have attached the name of an illicit intercourse; had that been the case, he would not have sent her diamonds from Washington City, at the time when he knew, if she was not the wife of Charles Mitchell, she ought to be according to the laws of society.

This is a tribute of justice I always intended to pay my unfortunate friend, should I ever publish a second edition of our book. Mrs. Carson was not a licentious woman, but easily tempted, consequently "more sinned against than sinning;" and her feelings once excited in

any persons favour, it required a deep personal injury to detach her from the friend she loved. I had done her that injury, consequently given her that offence, by forsaking her interest in favour of Mr. D's. This opened her heart in favour of Mrs. Willis, which I, from a haughty carelessness of manner towards Mrs. W. increased. What Ann fancied, I know not, but I was myself conscious I did not always play the hospitable lady towards Mrs. W. this excited Mrs. C's. sympathy for her, and created disgust tewards me; that forwarded Mrs. W's. plan, and ultimately conducted them both to a prison. From whence Mrs. Willis regained her liberty by turning states evidence, and convicting all her associates to seven years imprisonment. That Mrs. Carson has been, and still is spoken of as a libidinous and licentious woman, is a part, not to be controverted, but I peremptorily deny the charge; she was neither—she was a woman with a warm affectionate heart, high spirits, and of vivid imagination; in her youth she no doubt had been thoughtlesss, and imprudent as other girls are, and when her passions were excited by her love for Mr. M. who was certainly one of the handsomest young men in Philadelphia, and loved her to enthusiasm, as they could not marry, the result was obvious, an intrigue commenced that lasted for three years, and was only terminated by a misplaced jest; he one evening showed her a miniature likeness of his sister, telling her it was the resemblance of a lady he loved, as well as he did her; then said she, why are you not true to her? I am replied he, faithful as the sun; then said she rising, you must be deceitful to me, as a sincere heart cannot love two women at the same time; she left the room as she spoke, and from that time uniformly refused his visits to her house, from that time till Capt. Hall excited a second affection, she passed her life in domestic industry, encountering all the fatigues and toils of business, to support not only herself and children, but for upwards of two years, her husband; had she been a sensual woman, or one who would have sold her favours for money, she might have commanded thousands, nay, even during her residence with me, three different married gentleman, wrote her proposals to become their mistress, offering her an establishment, and a settled income; one of them was so polite as to invite me to take up my residence with her,

but she rejected them all with contempt. The most singular circumstance is, that all Ann's calumniators, who show her no mercy, and are the loudest in exclamations against her, are persons whose conduct, if held up to public inspection, as her's has been, would be found deficient even in morality; they consist principally of married men, who have themselves outraged the laws of God and man; and of females, who are very far from being immaculate, these are amongst her greatest enemies, while these persons whose lives have been purely virtuous, speak of her with pity, and trust that her sins were forgiven her before her spirit quitted the frail mass of clay to which it was bound. While those who were in youth, as frail as flesh is generally, condemn her to eternal perdition.

A married lady, with whom at one period of my life I was on the most friendly terms, yet whose visits to my house I interdicted, from a thorough conviction that she had an intrigue with her most intimate friend's husband, and made my residence their place of meeting, on pretence of visiting me; we meet some years afterwards, par accident in the street, time and circumstances in conjunction with reason may ameliorate prejudice; years had elapsed since I had last seen her, circumstances had changed with us both, I was no longer the proud, high spirited editress I had been, nor she the gay flirting coquette; we meet with apparently much pleasure—times past were forgot, and the present only engrossed our thoughts; after some friendly conversation, so, said she abruptly, you have yet Ann Carson at your house, I answered in the affirmative, why did you take her in? said she, simply because I chose it replied I; your mother and daughters are very angry at you on her account, answered she; so they were on yours some years ago, replied I, well I will never disgrace myself by visiting you while she remains with you,

"Nobody axed you, sir, she said."

replied I, laughing, good bye; this was the last time I ever saw her, she was then prosecuting her first husband for a divorce, to authorize her marrying a second one, and they only waited the decision of the court, till she

was announced as a bride, both husbands are now living.

Thus after having three intrigues, two with married men, she may have become a pattern lady in the place where she resides. Her first husband was in Philadelphia a short time since, should he take a trip to M——e and be as hot headed as Capt. Carson was, there might be a second tragedy, and another Ann to censure, as they were both beauties and smart intelligent ladies, of genteel standing in society.

Calling one day on an elderly lady, who having in youth had one or two illegitimate children, she blamed me for taking Mrs. Carson into my family; pho, said I laughing, *you* ought to have some consideration for a female "fallen from her high estate," come and see her, perhaps you will then think more favorably of her; that is what I say, replied her eldest daughter; no, no, answered the youngest, tossing her head and looking scornfully, we want nothing to do with such characters;

"Charity, charity fair saint,"

said I, as I quitted the parlour.

Reader, the young lady was then in the *family way*, unmarried, and her swain expressed some doubts of the child being his; but as his family were pious people, they persuaded him to marry her. The eldest daughter married honourably, nor has a blot ever stained her fair fame, she is now a happy wife and mother.

A man in New York one day, when Mrs. C. was the subject of conversation, observed, she ought to have been hung with Smyth. "Let them who stand, said I, take heed lest they fall." Christ said of the woman taken in adultery, and sentenced to be stoned, "let him who is without sin, first cast a stone at her;" none were thrown. He said, "go, sin no more." Before three months this very upright man, who was so liberal in his censures, was convicted of *forgery*, served two years in prison, then came out, and *bearded* the public by recommencing business in that city. Thus I ever found those who condemned her, nearly as bad as herself. Passing Mr. Berrits' the painter in Cherry street, we met, he enquired why I had not visited them for some time; do you

know, replied I, that Mrs. Carson boards with me? yes, said he, is that all the reason you can assign, for neglecting your old friends? Mrs. B. has some intentions of calling on you, but our house is full of boarders, of course she is continually engaged. Mrs. Jennings, (the widow of Alderman Jenning who resided in their family,) talked of going to see you, but feared you might think it impertinent curiosity rather than a friendly visit; then said I, you do not blame me for having her there; certainly not replied he; Judge Booth observed the other day, it was one of the most honorable and benevolent actions of your life; do not absent yourself from us on that account, the judge has just returned to New Castle, he would have been pleased to see you.

Mrs. B. was Judge Booth's sister, one of the most perfect females I ever was acquainted with. Mr. B. was "an Israelite in whom there was no guile," an upright feeling man, a fond father, a kind husband and brother, and a pure Christian.

It was the approbation of a number of such friends as these that encouraged me to persevere and finish the book, notwithstanding all the privations and mortifications I was compelled to endure.

Would that it had never been written.
"Oh! that mine enemy had written a book,"

was the exclamation of a celebrated English author, and I fully coincided in his opinion. At length the distressing day of her trial arrived, and I appeared as I had done for four days previous, Mr. Duane having assured me there would be no further procrastination, all that could be collected of the fatal notes, lay spread on the green table. Mr. Roberts, who was then Mr. Girard's Cashier, was engaged in the examination of them, and I entered into conversation with the gentlemen. Mr. R. observed, that those persons who had received the notes deserved to sustain the loss, nor would he take it on his conscience to swear a forgery against her, as the name of Mr. Girard was improperly spelled, and the paper had no water mark. Mr. Roberts then left the Court, and I requested Mr. Duane to grant me a favour, to which he replied, with pleasure madam, what is it? Sim-

ply sir, said I, not to put Mrs. Carson in the bar—he looked at me astonished. Why not Madam? said he; out of respect to her Father, replied I, and complaisance to me, as I shall continue with her, and you surely would not wish to see me among criminals and convicts. Certainly not, madam, replied he, I hope you may never deserve being among such persons. Heaven forbid I ever should, said I emphatically. Judge Reed then enquired of Mr. D. the subject of our conference; that good man then mentioned my request to him, and stated my reasons for it—the Recorder smiled, and said, sir, she will do it no doubt. Judge R. looked at me with an approving smile and a nod; I retired to my seat on the steps, Mr. Duane to his. The Judge held a short whispering conversation with Alderman Bartram, who nodded his assent, and the business of the court went on as usual, but the audience looked in vain for the secret of the interruption of the case then trying, while I the origin was seated on the steps leading to the judges' seat, with a mind absorbed with conflicting thoughts, and vainly struggling to stifle the hysterical agonies that tortured my bosom, and distracted my brain. Will this, thought I, be the last time I shall ever see her? About 11 o'clock the prison carriage drove up to the door, filled by Ann and her wretched associates, among whom were Butler and Mrs. Willis, who was handed in and seated along side of Mr. Duane; but the other members of the *corps de Cogniac*, were put into the bar—Mrs. Carson entered last, though she was not the least, borne in the arms of Messrs. Mills, and Hofficer, marshalled by Mr. McLean, as grand master of the day. On the arrival of the coach, the rush from the Court room to the front door was like the falling of a torrent; it was so great and tremendous, that the room was left almost empty—the seats which had been filled but a few moments before by hundreds of

"Gaping louts,"

were all vacated, so eager were they to see a poor limping heroine, they might almost have said, the devil take the hindmost. She now entered in triumph, followed by the mob, or "swinish multitude." Mr. McClean had open-

ed the door of the Bar, and was going to put her in, when dear reader, only imagine the astonishment of the whole body of persons that filled the court-room to hear Judge Reed in a calm, mild tone, say—officers, put Mrs. Carson on that bench, nodding to one of the seats round the room.

> The mass look'd amazed, and wondered to see
> This strange deviation, for poor Mrs. C.

While the Lawyers looked "unutterable things"—the jury stared, as did the officers, who seemed to obey the order with pleasure.

Instantly a murmur of approbation and displeasure rung through the room, and a voice spoke out audibly, that is done to oblige Mrs. Clarke. Who, enquired some of the strangers, is Mrs. Clarke, who has so much influence in the Court? The lady who wrote her life for her, was the reply. Yes, replied another voice, then betrayed her, and has turned States' evidence. That is not true, retorted Mr. Mills, for there sits the States' evidence, and here comes Mrs. Clarke. Hofficer had apprised me, that Mrs. C. wished me to come to her, I therefore mechanically followed him almost suffocated by suppressed feelings—the crowd respectfully made way for me, and the buz of where?—why there, was all I heard or knew, till I regained some self-possession, and found myself weeping on her bosom as she sat; she, on my approach had risen, and held out her arms to me—thank God, said she, we meet again in peace and love; but with her reconciling kiss glowing on my lips, and warming my heart as in former days, the transition from deep and impressive sorrow, to

> All the joy that hope can give
> I felt as though again I'd wish to live,

And with her. The conflict was too much, it overpowered my bodily strength, and I sunk almost fainting into her arms, while she could scarcely support her own weight, and the officers were obliged to take me out of her arms, and seat us both on the bench; here she passed her arm round my neck, she drew our veils over our faces, and held her essence bottle to my nose.

And softly whispered words of comfort in my ear
Which joy'd my heart, though but to hear.

How thin and pale you are, said she, have you been sick? The sickness of the heart has almost killed me, said I, I have scarcely eat a comfortable meal since you left me; the boys go into the City as soon as they eat their breakfast, William to school, and Sam to his business. When I rise I take my solitary meal, which I eat

With what appetite I may.

I then go into the City, stop at Alderman' B's. office, to learn something of your proceedings, and from thence stroll about the streets, or make short visits to kill time till night, then return to my solitary dwelling, take tea with William, while Sam counts out his money, and rattles out his nonsense. Do you not write, said she—no, replied I—

Pens and ink are all forgot—
I often wish I knew them not.

And this, said she, with a sigh, is partly my fault, but principally your own. How so, replied I, piqued at her observation and manner, I only did my duty as a good citizeness should. You were too rigid, had you been as sternly strict when I first came to live with you, the book might have gone to the D—l.

Here the crowd, eager to participate in our conversation, silently pressed on us till they almost crushed us—hurt her lame ancle and knee till she groaned with agony—in vain the officers called out, gentlemen, you annoy the ladies, and have hurt Mrs. Carson's knee;—it was a very hot day in the latter end of June, the room crowded to excess, the smell was intolerable, yet we endured it with fortitude.

She was in full flesh, looked fat and healthy, having lived "in the high" since she left Philadelphia, both in New York and New Jersey; that the New Jersey people know how to fill a table, is almost proverbial; their state produces

"The fat of the land,"

and they can enjoy it if they please in perfection. I

have never seen a better covered table in my life, than I have in the taverns of Jersey, when I travelled, not with *kick-shaws*, but rich, substantial diet, such as kings might envy, well-cooked and genteely arranged, for the Jersey women are complete, thorough housekeepers, and the persons in Trenton, who Mrs. C. boarded with, had really done her strict justice in the table line. At length a person in the crowd became so distressing on us both, that Hofficer in a whisper, advised me to endeavour to have her seated at the back of the room, that looked into what I should call the park, where we could have more air, and be less annoyed by the crowd. I accordingly applied to Mr. Duane, stated our grievances, and made my request, and he to Judge Reed, who after whispering to his coadjutor, referred me to Mr. Wharton; when Mills heard this, he shook his head doubtfully. Yes he will, said poor Butler, (whom I had not yet seen) from the bar, the Mayor will consent to any thing Mrs. Clarke requests him, in favor of Mrs. Carson. I started at the change in his voice, which was hollow and sepulchral, and I really looked over the railing to ascertain if it was him; after shaking hands with him in a friendly manner, Well Pilgarlick, said I, do you not now find that my maxim is the best to live safely by, and that

"Honesty is the best policy."

Ah! said he with a groan, my conviction comes too late, I shall never carry another paper for you, nor sell songs and pamphlets again—how happy I then was, and the

Silent tear ran down his cheek,
He sobb'd, but had not power to speak.

He silently pressed my hand, sent his love to William, Sam, and the other boys, who sold for me, saying the young rascals still love me; I have seen them all since my return from New York.

Here a voice

Whispered softly in my ear,

Mr. Wharton's coming; 'twas Mills—meet him in the hall; I gave Butler my hand—he kissed it—God bless

you and yours, said he,—laid his head on the railing, and I believe never spoke more that day, except the word *guilty*. Mrs. C. and he did not exchange a word or look. I met Mr. Wharton in the hall, and briefly made my request as a matter of course. Why, is she not in the bar? said he sternly. No sir. How came that? At my request, Mr. Reed, and the other gentlemen, permitted her to sit along with me, now I want to inhale a purer air than I can in the centre of that court-room; I have complied with your request, and come here contrary to my free will, to testify against her—I hope you, sir, will oblige me. Ahem, said he, half-laughing, I could have compelled your attendance. No, said I, that you could not, nor should not; had I thought it possible you would be so cruel, I could have gone to New York early on the Monday morning after Mr. McClean had arrested her, then how would you have found me there? True, replied he, so come in and I will see about it. We walked into the Court room together, he stopped and observed our situation—how are you now Ann, said he. In a great deal of pain sir, replied she, and then showed him where I wished to be seated. I will see about it, replied he again, and went to his seat. A short conversation took place among them in a low voice, when Mr. Wharton said in a loud and emphatic tone, Mrs. Clarke, you may remove your friend to what part of the Court room you please, but take care she does not jump out of the window again. I laughed, and replied, I believe there is no danger at present, she has done that once too often for her own good. True, said he—officers obey Mrs. Clarke, and remove Mrs. Carson as she directs. Ann was then carried to the back window, the Judges all sent her their cushions, and being placed in a recumbent posture, her limbs became easier, and she grew cheerful; several of the lawyers and other gentlemen came and shook hands with her, sincerely regretting her last career, as the most disgraceful action of her life; to this she replied, and wished she had acted as I required; but added, they can only give me seven years, that won't last forever. Oh! said one of the gentlemen, Mrs. Clarke may obtain your pardon before half that time elapses. At length the trial was called, but her lawyer was not in Court, and after waiting some time, Mr.

Wharton requested he might be sent for; here a new difficulty arose, there was but one officer in court, and even the crier had gone out. Mr. Wharton got angry, the audience all impatient, as her trial was a criterion for all the rest—she being the principal, the others only accessaries; if she was not proved guilty, they were clear, or *contrarie* if the verdict was against her, then their trial followed of course. What a state, thought I, for the seven poor d—ls sitting in that bar; I really pitied them, all had friends and enemies present, yet none of them offered to go for Mr. P. till I volunteered my services. I found him deeply engaged with a pile of parchment and papers before him. My dear Mrs. C. said he, I can do nothing for her, there is you, the only friend she has to testify she knew the note to be counterfeit, and the man she passed it on, to swear she is the person—now what can I do for her? I studied for a minute, took a bird's eye view of the case, and was convinced he could indeed do nothing. I, said he, have a heavy case in the City of Washington, and must be off at 2 o'clock; so do tell the court I am gone; he then handed me a note for Mr. Duane--prevent her from speaking, do not let them appoint her a lawyer, and by carrying the case into the Supreme Court, I may yet get her off, and a few weeks in prison will tame her; if she will do such things she deserves punishment. We shook hands and parted, I returned to court and reported progress; ahem, said Mr. Wharton, Judge Reed smiled, but Mr. Duane looked archly at me, when he had read Mr. P's. note, then handed it to Mr. Wharton.

Ann, said that gentleman, shall the court appoint you a lawyer? She answered, no sir, I have paid Mr. P. for his services, and I will either have him, or my money back. The case can be adjourned till next court, said Mr. D. No, no, replied Mr. Wharton, I must put Mrs. Clarke under bail for the next trial. You had best put me in jail Mr. Wharton, said I. I should be sorry to do that, replied he. Oh! said I, I shall be paid for my time, save house-rent and provisions—ahem, said he half-laughing, you and Ann would make another book I suppose.

They consulted a few minutes, and then Mr. Duane arraigned her--he called her three times, but she kept a

profound silence. Sir, said I, Mrs. Carson does not answer to the charge, and I walked up to her. I observed on my return from Mr. P's. nearly all the best lawyers leave the court room, and they now returned; the first witness called, was the store-keeper on whom she had passed the note; he swore positively to *that* and her person—this his clerk corroborated. Mr. Roberts was next called, he testified the signature was not his handwriting, and that he, as Mr. Girard's Cashier, signed all his notes. I was the next called, but would not swear that she had ever passed a spurious note; I related the story she had told me on her return from New York, but as I had never seen any of the notes until that morning, I could not swear to them; ahem, said Mr. Wharton, come madam, you shall not outwit me, although you are so very conscientious.

Why Mr. Wharton, do you want me to go to the d–l for false swearing? I now tell you and all present, I do not know that ever Mrs. Carson passed a counterfeit note of any kind; all I know, I have told you, and I believe it is in substance what I repeated to you in your private room, and the information I gave Mr. Badger, on her return from New York is it not gentlemen? to this they both assented. Take one of them notes said Mr. Wharton, and examine it; Mr. Duane, smiling handed me one; I examined it narrowly, then took up two or three others; now said he, I ask you on your oath, and the duty you owe your fellow citizens, is that the hand writing of Ann Carson? answer to the best of your knowledge; my voice faltered and I trembled, when I said to the best of my knowledge it is sir; there now madam, you may go to her, you have done your duty. I left the table, the crowd made way for me, on sitting down by her, I burst into tears; now you have done it, said she, I do not care, they may give me seven years if they please. What could I do, answered I; no more than you did madam, said a gentleman, who stood by us nearly all the morning, had brought us fruits and lemonade. Had she been your sister, you could not have done more than you did, said another; I could have sworn to the hand writing, said a third.

The states evidence was then sworn, and entered into a long tedious detail of all their transactions; here

Mrs. C. lost her self possession, and frequently contradicted her; come here Mrs. Clark, said Mr. Wharton; stand or sit down there; I know you will publish this trial, so hear all that is said; and see that she gets a fair one; I sat down facing Mrs. Willis, looking her full in the face, as she went on with her testimony; Mrs. Carson again contradicted her, she retorted, and a quarrel ensued, Mrs. Carr, exclaimed Mr. Wharton, will you stop that woman's tongue? Mr. W. replied I, my name is not Carr, but Clarke, and there are persons here who may report I go by two names, as you know; I beg your pardon madam, but do make her keep silence; can you sir, stop the falls of Niagara? no madam, said he; neither can I her tongue, if I must sit here; let me go to her, and I will stop her mouth with my handkerchief; I then ran to her, put my hand over her mouth, and said, will you keep silence, are you crazy, or has the D—l got into you? Mr. W. again called me; do you think sir, said I, that I am like Paddy O'Leary, can be in two places at once? no, madam, but I command you to stand there; I turned from the table, saying, I have done my duty as a witness, and will sit where I please. Again Mrs. C. and Mrs. W. quarrelled; hush, Mrs. C. exclaimed several persons, or all Mr. P. can do will be in vain; I put my handkerchief on her mouth, but she was outrageous, and pushed me away; I then walked to the green table, while she continued to contend with Mrs. W. the people laughed, Mr. Wharton got angry, bring her up there officers, and Ann, if you do not behave yourself, I will put you in the bar; she was then placed in her first seat, front of the bar, this frightened her; I sat down by her, and took her hand, she then listened silently for some time to Mrs. Willis's stories; where did you get acquainted with Mrs. Carson? enquired a juryman; at Mrs. Clark's, sir, I started from my seat, and called her an audacious lying huzzy; Mrs. Carson now silenced me, she pulled me to my seat, and said to Mrs. Willis, on your oath, where did we get acquainted? in Prune street, said she; was it not in Prune street prison? asked Mrs. C. she was silent, speak said the foreman of the jury; Mrs. C. repeated her question, was it not in Prune st. prison? yes, said she; what where you in the work-house for? asked the foreman, adultery, sir; ahem, said Mr.

Wharton, the people all laughed; were you acquainted with Mrs. Clarke, before you were with Mrs. Carson? enquired a lawyer; no sir, did you not, said a juryman, say that you became acquainted with Mrs. Carson at Mrs. Clarks? yes sir; did you not come there to me with a message from a friend? asked Mrs. C. yes Ann; then how can you tell the court and jury, that you got acquainted with me in her house? she scarcely treated you with common civility, as she generally sat and read when you was there, and never said any thing to you, but how do you do, when you came in, and good-bye, when you went out; I am sure Ann, I did not want her to talk to me; here the people burst into a loud laugh; you may set down, said the foreman, we have had enough of you. Ahem, said Mr. Wharton; Mr. Duane repeated the command, which she obeyed, and the court adjourned.

The prisoners in the bar, and Mrs. Willis, were taken back to Arch street prison, but Mr. McClean had an excellent dinner provided for Ann, and myself, at Mrs. Holts; but she refused to leave the court, saying, perhaps Mrs. Holt might not like her coming to her house; on this being reported to Mrs. Holt, she with a feeling of true feminine kindness, that did her honor, came over to the court room, and invited us both over to her house, where we dined; both her sons came to visit her, on my going for them; a doctor came and examined the injuries she had received in Trenton; he told her they would always give her some pain; but that she would not be a limping heroine, said I; no madam, replied he, laughing, she will walk as graceful and majestic as ever, in a few months. Alas! poor Yorick, exclaimed I, a few months; months are not years, replied she, and offered the doctor money; no madam said he, not one cent, I am happy to find your injuries are not so material as report made them —he then bowed himself out.

She related to me all her follies since we parted, expressed her disgust of the specimens she had seen of the banditti, and promised never again to join them; take care of my books said she. I have money to print a second edition, if I live to get out; if I die it is yours, and you can get it out. Yes replied I, with additions, just as you say, replied she laughing.

The trial concluded about six o'clock, with a verdict of guilty, and she immediately left the court. I only saw her once more; the court sentenced her to seven years imprisonment to hard labour. Out of the nine persons concerned with her, five were convicted, viz: Butler, who died in prison, Doctor Loring, Miss Kitty O'Brian, alias McGuire, who boasted she had been in the counterfeit money business, since she was ten years old. Mrs. Mayland, an old convict, and Miss Rosanna, I never heard any other name for her; all were sentenced for seven years to hard labour: one woman and two men got clear, as there was no testimony to prove that they knew the notes were spurious, except Mrs. Willis, and the jury did not believe her oath.

Mrs. Carson offered if I would meet her in the court room, the day of her sentence, to pay me the thirty dollars she owed for board, and the hundred and fifty for the books she had sold, to give me a power of attorney to recover my furniture, and the trunk containing her clothes and mine, which she kept on her return from New York. Mr. Duane promised to let me know when sentence day came, but failed to keep his word, and I lost all.

The furniture was sold in New York, to pay Willis' rent, and his wife kept the clothes. Mr. Wharton, Col. Swift, and several other influential gentlemen of the city, the day after she got her sentence, promised if she behaved well for three years, they would obtain her pardon, conditionally, that I would again take her under my protection; this was done to soothe me, when I complained of the hard sentence they had put on her. I informed her of this, when I visited her by permission, the day before the Christmas after her trial; she said they had all given her the same assurance, and we might yet hope to spend happy years together.

But an all wise Providence decreed otherwise, she, I trust is in heaven, while I am still a lonely wanderer on earth. I have never found any female like her, that I could live happily with, and I am indeed alone. When I saw her in prison, she looked fat and healthy, her spirits were good; she said she was contented, that she merited her present punishment, and took it as a salubrious medicine, that would renew health hereafter; we parted with a God bless you, and met no more.

Of the manner of her death, the April after her imprisonment, there has been so many vague reports, that the truth has never been publicly ascertained; my information I obtained from a person connected with the prison; and I now give it to you my readers verbatim. The Coroner's jury gave their verdict, that she died of the typhus fever, but the following facts preceded the illness that caused her death.

Miss Kitty O'Brian, alias M'Guire, Rosanna and Mrs. C. were room-mates; Ann, on her return to prison had been installed in her former office, as principal in the work-room, and being allowed her choice of room-mates, had selected those two girls, having been her intimate friends out of doors; on the afternoon, that the quarrel ensued, she exempted them from their duty in the work-room, that they might white-wash, clean and arrange their own apartment neatly, but was very angry to find on her return at night from the work-room, that they had passed their time in playing at cards, this she knew would occasion them to be reprimanded if not punished, as the fact was obvious, the room was uncleaned, and they had been absent from their duty on pretence of doing it; she scolded, they retorted, and cursed her as the present cause of their imprisonment, for passing the damned botched stuff of *cogniac*, that she had brought from New York; upbraided her for her bad spelling; then all her faults, high crimes and misdemeanors, were arraigned before her; Rosanna said she ought to have been hung instead of poor Smyth, that if she lived, she would bring Charles Mitchell to the gallows too; no, that she shall not exclaimed Miss Kitty, for I intend to have Charles myself. This exasperated Mrs. C. to madness, and her retort was so truly expressive of the secret hatred she bore the fair Catharine, who was young and pretty, that she provoked them till they wound up the cat battle, by both jumping on their feet at the same moment; Rosanna seized her at the back of her head, by her fine long hair, (which she had been permitted as a favour to retain,) and it was now twisted up in a thick coil on the top of her head, concealed by the cap, which all the female convicts are compelled to wear; this coil the fury took hold of, and held so firmly, that their victim became helpless; Miss Kitty took a billet of

the split wood, left for the morning fire, with which she beat her on her loins, shoulders, and every part of her person where she could strike her; in short the young amazon rained her blows so rapid and heavily, that Mrs. C. dreaded getting a blow on her head, which might fracture her skull, and cried murder; the tenants of the adjoining apartment, who had hitherto listened in silence, now gave the alarm, used on such occasions, by beating on the bars of their room door, in an instant the battle ceased to rage, but the war of words, or rather tongue-thunder continued, till the deputy keeper, of the ladies apartments came, when lo,

> The storms are hush'd,
> The Heavens serenely clear,

each of the fair nymphs were vociferous in their statement of the grievances they had endured from Ann, before they had even by a word defended themselves; but said pretty Kitty, young and witty; I will not be beat by her, and if Rosanna had not held her, I believe she would have killed me; what for, I know not; I do not write to the men, and send the letters by the passage runners, if she does, Charles Mitchell is not in prison now, to write to, but there are plenty of others, if he is at liberty. During this harangue Mr. B. had summoned some of the other keepers, who found poor Ann sitting on on a box in the room looking like

> "Patience on a monument smiling at grief,"

for although, so severely beat, she could not, she said, help smiling at Miss Kitty's rhodomantade, while Rosanna stood, "the very emblem of silence personified," but the keepers are not the judges in these cases, their duty is to place all the parties in separate cells, till the board of Inspectors meet, who hold a miniature court in the watch-room, when the guilty person or persons are remanded to the cells, there to await a public court-trial, and the aggrieved person set at the usual liberty of the prison, being restored to the same consideration they held before the offence had taken place. This law, or regulation was now in force, each fair lady had a separate apartment assigned her for the night, where instead

of a good clean straw bed, they might choose the softest plank, as Ann did in Harrisburg, and pass the night as they could.

The board of Inspectors met early on this case.

> For the cry had gone forth to the street,
> Lord save us, the convicts are fighting,
> Pretty work, here's the devil to pay.

The judgement here was easily given, for as Rosanna and pretty Miss Kitty, who fought for her man, were separately examined, Rosanna candidly owned, altho' Ann had scolded them severely for not cleaning the room, according to her orders, not a blow had ever been thought of, till Charles Mitchell's name was mentioned; this name like "Pandora's box," had raised the storm to its height; the other witnesses as far as hearing went, agreed with her about Charles, and the Inspectors then perceived that, "the green eyed monster," was at work in the affair.

Miss Kitty then told "her tale of woe," shed crocodile tears in plenty, and was sent back weeping to her cell, as was Rosanna, there to abide, till the Mayor's Court should decide on their punishment.

Mrs. Carson shewed her marks; her eyes were both blackened, her face bruised and swelled to an immense size, her arms, shoulders, and breasts, bruised and blackened in several places, in short, she was beaten almost to a mummy, and could not stand while she preferred her complaint, being in a high fever, her mind wandering, yet she did not shed one tear, but stated her case simply, nor made a single animadversion on the treatment she had received. From the watch room, she was transmitted to the care of the nurse, who was, (as I have been informed,) Mrs. Mayland, alias Loring, Mrs. Carson's greatest enemy, and one of the women who was convicted for passing one of her bad spelled notes, which was the cause of her present imprisonment, as the storekeeper, where she attempted to push one of her notes, really laughed at her folly in attempting to dupe him with such a gross counterfeit, but added he, my pretty lady, you shall go to jail for that, she then ran out of the store, but was followed and traced to her residence, from whence Mr. Mc'Clean conducted her to Mr. Wharton,

who, after all the forms of law had been gone through, gave her seven years employment, *pro bono publico*, as this was her third or fourth time of being convicted.

This lady was also a secret enemy of Miss Kitty's, who Mrs. M's. *cheramie*, Dr. Loring, said was the only female in the fraternity that he would marry, if he was disposed to matrimony, as he really believed her personally virtuous.

Now, their consigning Ann to her care, was literally like

"Giving a Wolf a Sheep to take care of."

Mrs. C. was not in a state of mind to direct how she should be treated, but mildly passive, she obeyed nurse Mayland in every thing she said.

The visiting physician having been there, was not again expected until the next day but one, therefore Mrs. Mayland had her entirely at her own disposal; what a glorious opportunity to gratify her hatred to both her and Miss Kitty; for if Mrs. C. should die, Miss O'Brien might be hung for her murder. One minute was sufficient for her, to comprehend all her present advantages over them both, and act accordingly. On being informed Ann was coming to the sick-room, she ordered the sheets of a bed to be folded down, from which a woman who had died of the Typhus Fever had been just removed, and into this mass of effluvia ordered the unfortunate Ann to be placed—no cooling medicine was administered, not even a cup of tea was offered her—yet she was no sooner placed in bed, than she fell into a deep and profound sleep, from which she did not awake until some time in the night, when all the inhabitants of the room were safely locked in the arms of Morpheus, and for her to awaken them was almost impossible, for her tongue literally clung to the roof of her mouth, for want of a cup of water to moisten her mouth, parched with fever, and quench the intolerable thirst that was consuming her; in this agonising state she lay, till daylight aroused the sleepers. How are you madam? inquired the assistant nurse, (a colored woman) who observed she was awake, and went to her bed side. Water, water, murmured she, oh! give me water, or I die! The

woman put a pint tin cup full of water to her lips, and raised her head, she drank it off at a draught, and called for more; another was given her, in half an hour she was in a profuse perspiration, her fever broke, and in a few days she was able, conducted by Mr. Bradford, to walk up to the Mayor's office, and swear she believed her life to be in danger from Catharine O'Brien, alias McGuire and Rosanna. They were then ordered to remain in the cells until the ensuing Mayor's court, where they were tried on her oath, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the cells, from whence Miss Kitty was released by a special pardon from the Governor a few months afterwards, but Rosanna served her time out in the cells, and then finished her seven years in the other part of the prison. No further intelligence was heard of Mrs. Carson till her death was announced to the public; but as the opinion that she died of her bruises prevailed generally, the inspectors, to exonerate the prison from the charge, and allay the excitement such a report was calculated to excite, sent for the coroner and a jury, who gave in their verdict from the testimony of Mrs. Mayland and the doctor, and reported that her death was occasioned by the Typhus Fever.

Thus died in the bloom of womanhood, the once admired and respected Miss Ann Baker, one of the fashionable belles and beauties of Philadelphia, then

"A father's hope and mother's joy,"

on a bed of straw, a convict in the prison of that city.

Now who that knew her as an elegant girl, and in after life as a beloved wife, the idol of a fond husband, or in her third character, when Capt. Carson had lost his place in respectable society, and she had perforce become a woman of business to support herself and family, smart, active and intelligent, honorable and just in all her dealings, but unprotected—now admired, followed, and flattered by some of the first gentlemen of the city, and tenderly beloved by Mr. M——r, a young, rich, handsome man, a son of one of the first merchants in the city, who would have married her if he could; now who, I repeat would have thought it possible she could be thus as Walter Scott says,

"Lost, lost, lost."

I had, during her residence with me, repeatedly promised, that if I outlived her, I would see her buried along side of Richard Smyth; and when informed of her death, eager to redeem my promise, I hastened to the prison and demanded her body, intending to have her buried from my house in Castle Street; but I there learned that her good and dutiful son William, had provided a coffin for her, and that Mr. Dennis, who was then coroner, had just taken away the body in his hearse; shocked at the thoughts of her being buried in *Potter's Field*, and terrified lest the doctors would get her body before morning; I set off for the public ground accompanied by a young lad, a companion of my eldest son's, and a warm friend of Mrs. Carson's, who when he heard her censured, would exclaim, I don't care for that—even there she was noble; he too, had heard of her death, and came to me for confirmation or contradiction of the fact. It is too true, Alexander, said I, weeping bitterly, and the coroner had taken her body before I reached the prison. If she is buried in Potter's Field, said he, the doctors will have her before morning. That they shall not, exclaimed I, if I sit on her grave all night, and I started on my feet; that is right, come on, and I will sit there with you. Having consigned my house and the boys to the care of a neighbour, who promised to put them to bed if I did not return, we set off, having full two miles to walk, with a strong north east wind blowing in our faces and a heavy storm evidently impending; we almost ran till we reached Francis' lane, and turned towards the Potter's Field. Just as we gained the entrance of the common, fronting the public ground, the most tremendous hurricane I ever witnessed met us; the rain and sleet fell in large sheets; the wind blew; drove us two steps back for three we got forward, but our object was in view, for there stood the grave digger's house, where we would be sheltered from

"The pelting of the pitiless storm,"

but here disappointment met us in all its most mortifying and aggravating circumstances; the house was uninhabited, and even the out houses so closely shut up, that not a nook could we find to hide our heads in, and the storm

raged with redoubled fury, we had not even the temporary shelter of an umbrella.

We now concluded, that she could not have been buried there that evening, or we should have met the hearse on its return. We then came to a determination to seek lodgings for the night at a tavern on the ridge road where I was acquainted, and be there at day dawn in the morning. We were now wet to the skin, it was nine o'clock, the night was so dark, we could not see each other—in going to seek lodgings, we inadvertently took a wrong turn, instead of making the best of our way to the Ridge road, we turned towards Schuylkill, and stumbled about in pitchy darkness; we found ourselves along side of the wall of the prison at Cherry Hill, more than a mile from the ridge road; but oh! joyful sight, on the opposite side of the road, apparently at a short distance, we saw a light, and made for it, but it seemed to go from us, and Alexander thought it was a jack-o-lantern that would guide into a marsh, where we should perish before morning. I laughed at him, and described the appearances of those exhalations, but he refused to proceed; then replied I, remain here, I will go on. If I reach a house I will call and meet you. No, replied the faithful heroic lad, we will live or die together, so here's on alone with you; we locked arms, and in about five minutes we came to a shanty a short distance from the road, where a large fire had been kindled by the woman of the house, to warm and dry her husband, who had just got in from his work; they were poor Irish people, and received us with that genuine hospitality for which that nation is so justly celebrated, till corrupted by their intercourse with different people, they lose the generous spirit of Erin—they degenerate.

The kind woman lent the lad a shirt and trowsers, and myself a change of her own apparel, washed and hung up my clothes to dry, her husband gave us a bowl of warm whiskey toddy, and the woman set out a table with a plentiful supper of mush and milk; then made up a straw-bed on the floor, in which she put the lad and her husband, while she and myself occupied an excellent feather bed, on which I slept soundly until five o'clock in the morning; the intelligence she gave me that no funeral had taken place at the public ground that after-

noon, nor had the coroner's hearse been out for some days, alleviated my apprehensions, and in

> Wearied nature's calm repose,
> I found a respite from my woes.

On my leaving the house, where I had been so hospitably entertained, I offered them a trifling compensation for our accomodations, which they both refused; the woman mildly, with a benevolent smile, and the man rather indigantly, saying, no madam, we would have been worse than the savages, had we done less than our duty on such a terrible night. I thanked him, gave my address, and requested them both to call on me, but they never did. After breakfast, I went to the coroners, where Mrs. Dennis informed me, Mrs. C's. body had been locked up in the Coroner's tool-house all night, that her sons, and Mr. Hutton's family intended to have it taken at ten o'clock to Doctor Staughton's ground, to be laid along side her Father, at her own request; from thence I proceeded to Mr. Huttons' Senr. where I saw her son William, and informed him of my repeatedly given promise to her, which he well knew, and that I had now come to fulfil it; he said she had sent her love to me almost with her dying breath, exonerated me from my engagements, as she desired to be laid along side of her Father, and bade him tell me she died, as I would wish, a sincere penitent, with a sweet gleam of hope warming her heart, and a trust that the blood of Christ had washed her clean of sin. She knew she should die, for one week before she expired, and lay silently communing with her Creator, the tears stealing down her cheeks.

She forgave both the girls, who beat her, and died in peace with God and man.

Thus terminated the life of this once beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished woman, the victim to man's passions, and the world's persecutions, in the thirty eighth year of her age.

> Rest, persecuted spirit, rest in peace;
> Thy joys I trust began where others cease,
> May we hereafter meet in realms above,
> In life eternal, bless'd with Jesus' love.

MARY CLARKE.

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